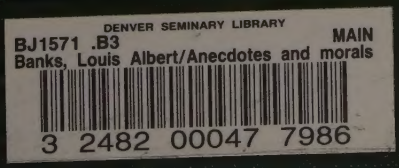
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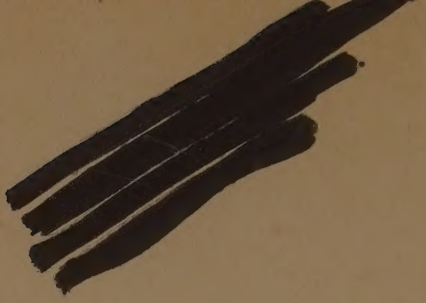

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ANECDOTES AND MORALS

A VOLUME OF ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM CURRENT LIFE

By
REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.
Pastor First Methodist Episcopal Church
Cleveland, Ohio

Author of . . .

Christ and His Friends
Poetry and Morals
On the Trail of Moses, etc.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE contents of this volume have not been gathered either from books or from the religious press. They are almost entirely composed of incidents happening throughout the world within the last few months, which have been seized upon to point a moral and illustrate some important theme. I have gathered here five hundred and fifty-nine of these anecdotal arrows, to which I have prepared an index, with cross references, which I hope will make the contents easily available to every reader. I have had in mind, in the preparation of this volume, the desire not only to furnish a volume of useful illustrations for the use of preachers, Sunday-school teachers, prayer-meeting leaders, and other Christian workers, but to suggest how like incidents, which are occurring every day in the year in all parts of the world, may be utilized by the public speaker to freshly illustrate divine truth.

Hoping and praying that the book will furnish windows into many a rich treasure-house of God's Word, this volume is sent forth on its mission.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, November 29, 1898.

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ANECDOTES AND MORALS.

GOD'S JEWEL-BOX.

A noted Western railroad man is an ardent admirer of beautiful gems. For a number of years he has been steadily adding to the treasures of his wife's jewel-box, and seldom visits another city than his own without carrying away one of its greatest treasures. His especial fancy is for emeralds, and the finest collection of them in America is owned by his wife. The wife is very quiet in her taste and does not share her husband's love for these beautiful bits of color. She seldom wears any jewels, but keeps them in a box, where, she says, it gives her husband much pleasure to look at them.

God's Word is like a jewel-box, full of precious promises that are not only beautiful, but are rich with comfort. In olden times rich people stored up their wealth in jewels because they could be easily carried and were always salable. The promises of the Bible are like that; nobody can steal them, and they are wealth that can always be used.

GATHERING UP THE SMALL GOLD.

In the United States assay office in Wall Street, New York City, the refining of metals containing gold

and silver goes on year in and year out, and the dust of the precious metals permeates every nook and crevice. The fumes from the melting-caldrons also bear minute particles of value into the flue. It is usual for the government to have a general house-cleaning at least once a year, just prior to the making up of the annual statement; and from the sweepings of the roof and the collecting of the soot several hundreds of dollars are saved each year. But for many years the old smoke-stack had stood without a careful cleaning, or repairing of the fire-bricks that lined its interior. Last fall it was noticed that some of the bricks were worn out, and it was decided to reline the entire stack. The work has just been completed, and from those old fire-bricks have been taken $1,500 in gold and silver.

In the work of saving souls we must not despise the small gold. We must carefully seek after the little child and tenderly encourage the weak and the unfortunate. The spirit of the Christ, on whose mission we are sent, is to deal kindly by the bruised reed and the smoking flax. The fine gold of human hearts is as dear to Him as the big nuggets.

THE FOOLS OF STRONG DRINK.

An amusing but pathetic accident happened in New York City, when a man with a wooden leg became so drunk that when he got home at night he lay down on the floor and dropped into a heavy drunken slumber. He turned over in his troubled stupor, and rested his

wooden leg against the stove, andit finally got afire. When the policeman broke into the house, after first calling a fire-company, he found the poor sot snoring away while his wooden leg was burning brightly. What stupid fools drink makes of men! A wise man of old said of the drunkard: "Thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. They have stricken me, shalt thou say, and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." If Christians have any duty, surely it must be to interpose in behalf of intelligent manhood, and save it from such waste and folly.

SHUTTING OUR EYES TO A BROTHER'S SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

The American schooner *Thomas M. N. Stone* went down at sea, and Captain Henry Newcomb and his crew of six men were picked up from the life-boat by the bark *Africa* and landed in New York City. The *Stone's* crew had spent five days in the life-boat when the *Africa* hove in sight. After they had abandoned the *Stone*, a black-hulled, single-funneled steamer passed within a mile and a half of their boat. The captain says the vessel's "lookout" had evidently seen the signal of distress hoisted on the boat—an oar with a blanket attached—for the steamer blew three blasts on her whistle, and then deliberately kept off on her course. This happened

at two o'clock in the afternoon, and the weather was clear at the time. Captain Newcomb said on arriving in port: "If I knew the name of that steamer and her captain and owners, I would publish them to the entire world."

Of course everybody feels that the captain's indignation is well grounded. It shames us to know that there are people so selfish and mean as to leave shipwrecked sailors in such peril; but, alas! that is only a type of the selfishness and meanness exhibited by many Christian people and churches, who see the flag of distress flying from the drunkard's home, and in the sorrow and anguish of his wife's face, and yet pass along on their own course, as if there were no licensed liquor-saloons sending a hundred thousand drunkards to a wretched grave every year.

SETTING A DEATH-TRAP.

One morning a workman clambered through a fourth-story window of a building going up on a New York street. The moment his full weight fell on the boards of the high scaffolding there was a crashing noise, one of the heavy beams gave way, and the workman was thrown into the street, from whence he rolled into the excavation for the cellar. Tho terribly injured he was not killed, and the physicians say he may recover. The most awful thing about it is that the workmen suspect that some one had tampered with the scaffolding and had prepared this death-trap for victims.

Horrible as such a suggestion is, it is not more so than what certainly takes place every time a liquor-saloon is licensed to open its death-trap under the protection of the police and the laws of state and nation. This setting of death-traps would surely be stopped if the Christian citizens of the country could each one feel his personal relation to the awful business. It is not only the saloon-keeper who sets up a death-trap, and causes men to fall from places of trust and profit into beggary; causes them to fall from honorable and noble character down to beastly degradation. The preacher who sees it all, week after week, and keeps his voice silent has a hand in it. Listen to what the Word of God says: "If the watchman see the sword come and blow not the trumpet, and the people be not warned; if the sword come, and take any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at the watchman's hand." Every voter who casts his ballot to support a political party or a political candidate who is committed to license these death-traps has a hand in it. God help the Christian Church to wash its hands clean of this awful iniquity!

OPPORTUNITIES.

There used to be in one of the old Greek cities a statue called "Opportunity." It was a human figure standing on tiptoes to show that it remained but a moment. It had wings on the feet to suggest the speed with which it passed by. The hair was long

on the forehead to show that men must seize an opportunity when they meet it; while the back of the head was bald to indicate that when an opportunity has once passed it cannot be caught.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

In the New York City aquarium there is what is called a "happy family." In a wooden box, the bottom of which is covered with sand, there are a number of fiddler-crabs from local waters, a dozen or more climbing crabs or land-hermits from St. Kitts, and a small diamond-backed terrapin from Georgia. Altho these little creatures live together happily, they are each fed on different food, and their habits and nature are by no means the same.

The distinguishing characteristic of the Christian Church is that, tho men and women are gathered from every kind of sinful past, they are transformed in their spirit by the grace of God, so that they feed upon the same spiritual food and are one in their love for Christ, who, as Paul says, "hath raised us up together and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER'S MARCH.

Mrs. Margaret Sangster sings a very suggestive song of the march of duty, which requires us to go forward with the same fidelity in the afternoon of weariness as in the morning, when the heart and foot

are light. Duty is a splendid harness to hold us to our place. The last lines of her poem can not help but strengthen us in our purpose:

"And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shirk:
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work;
We must march when the music cheers us,
March when the strains are dumb;
Plucky and valiant, forward, march!
And smile, whatever may come.

"For, whether life's hard or easy,
The strong man keeps the pace;
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace."

DEFENDING THE WEAK.

A young lady went out with a little girl eight years old for a walk in the mountains in Pennsylvania. Becoming weary, she seated herself and beguiled the time by reading. The child was playing near. Suddenly the woman was startled by an agonized cry, and was horrified to see an eagle trying to carry the child away. She went to the rescue. When the fierce bird saw her it left the child, and with a swoop came down with terrific force on her shoulders. Then began a desperate struggle. The girl tried to drive the eagle away. As often as it was beaten off it would return with a swoop, tearing her clothes. When almost exhausted she succeeded in getting a tight hold of the eagle's head. This proved her sal-

vation, for the eagle, in its struggle to get free, broke its neck. Covered with blood, she led the child, which was but little hurt, and dragged the eagle a mile to her home.

If we are to share the sufferings of our Savior, we must stand ready to defend the weak and the tempted from the fierce birds of prey that swoop down upon them in this wicked world. Every day we come in contact with those who are being torn and wounded by the cruel talons of sin. To go to their rescue, and bare our shoulders to their danger, and conquer their enemies in Christ's strength, is our blessed privilege.

If we share with Christ in suffering, we shall also share with Him in victory.

HOW PEARLS ARE MADE.

The finding of pearls in some parts of New York State, as well as in many Southern lakes and streams, has brought to notice again the strange way in which pearls are made. A grain of sand is sucked in by these fresh-water clams with their food. Every nine months the clam throws off a milky secretion, which forms a new coating of mother-of-pearl inside the shell—white, blue, or pink. A coating of this substance forms around the intruding grain of sand, which must be a constant annoyance to the clam, and thus in course of time the pearl is formed. So soul-pearls are made by patience under trying circumstances.

CONVINCED OF SIN, YET FASCINATED BY IT.

Prof. Charles Rice, the botanist, once had a most thrilling experience with a monster rattlesnake. He was on a botanical expedition with a fellow scientist, and was sleeping in an open tent. He was aroused from his slumbers, one morning, to find to his horror a large rattlesnake coiled on his chest with its head raised to strike at the least movement. While he realized his awful danger, the eyes of the snake seemed to fascinate him, and left him powerless to think or act in any way to save himself. The strain was so great that he mercifully swooned away, and his companion on awakening discovered the snake and destroyed it.

There are many times when people are conscious of their sins, and yet are so fascinated by their evil habits that they seem powerless to break away from them, or crush them out of existence; but if we will breathe a prayer to Christ we shall never lack His help in delivering us from the deadly danger of our sins.

BLOOD WILL TELL.

A Mr. Perry, who was with Lieutenant Peary, the great discoverer, on his Arctic trip, snared a beautiful blue fox in Greenland, and decided to make a pet of it. On returning to this country, Mr. Perry took the fox to his home at Phillipston, Mass., and installed it in a roomy cage. The fox ate well, and was keeping in good condition, and her owner was

hopeful of ultimately gaining a place in her affections. But one night she broke out of the cage, went to a neighbor's and killed a number of valuable fowls, and was shot by one of the farm-hands. Beautiful as the blue fox was, she had the true fox blood, and it led her to death.

One may be a blue-blooded sinner, or a fashionable sinner, but such sins are just as truly sins as the most common and vulgar witnessed in the street. They are just as dangerous too. Anywhere and everywhere, "the wages of sin is death."

MAKING READY FOR SERVICE.

One of the greatest servants of mankind is the locomotive engine, and it requires the greatest care. The engineer comes down to his post of duty nearly an hour before his engine is to go out on the road. But all night long in the engine stable, called the roundhouse, a man has been rubbing down the great iron horse until every rod and cylinder shine like a mirror. Fire has been kept going, so that all night there has been a little steam in the boxes. When the fireman comes he goes over the big steam horse and sees that everything is all right. Then when the engineer comes he examines everything just as carefully as if there had not been a wiper and a fireman there before him. All the bearings are oiled, and when everything is ready the engine is run out of the roundhouse for a little trial trip. Then, for fear something might have been overlooked, after the engine stands hitched

to the train an expert mechanic comes along and strikes a sharp blow on every wheel to make sure that the wheel and axle are sound.

That is only a suggestion of how careful we ought to be to keep our bodies and minds and hearts in such a perfect condition for service that none who trust sacred interests in our hands need fear a wreck. Many people cause wreckage who mean to be all right, but who have gone to their service in an unfit condition. We can not afford to be careless where there is so much at stake.

THE VALUE OF SKILL IN SERVICE.

A very remarkable illustration of the value of great skill in one's business in an emergency, was shown on Lake Erie, when Capt. Frank Root, of the steamer *Mariposa*, rescued the two survivors of the ill-fated *Idaho*, who were clinging to a spar. There did not appear to be one chance in a hundred for saving the men in the awful sea that swept about them. The risk of losing his own boat in the seemingly hopeless effort was great. Two fruitless attempts made final success an improbability; a third time he swept close to the spar on which the nearly dead men were clinging. Suddenly he reversed the engines at full speed, and in the instant when the *Mariposa* stood quivering with the shock of arrested motion, her sailors snatched the men from the spar, and they were saved. It was was an exhibition of masterly seamanship, nice calculation, cool judgment, and daring courage scarcely, if ever, surpassed. Captain Root never could have

saved those lives if he had been content to be only an average seaman. Only a first-class captain could have done it. So there will be many opportunities that will come within our reach to serve our fellow men in which we will fail unless we are doing our best, and have the skill which comes from high endeavor and persevering effort.

DESPISE NOT THE LITTLE THINGS.

A plainly dressed woman was noticed to be picking up something in the street—a poor slum street, where ragged, barefooted little children were accustomed to play. The policeman on the beat noticed the woman's action, and watched her very suspiciously. Several times he saw her stoop and pick up something and hide it in her apron. Finally he went up to her, and with a gruff voice and threatening manner demanded: "What are you carrying off in your apron?" The timid woman did not answer at first, whereupon the policeman, thinking she must have found something valuable, threatened her with arrest if she did not show him what she had in her apron. The woman opened her apron and revealed a handful of broken glass. "What do you want with that stuff?" asked the policeman. The woman replied: "I just thought I'd like to take it out of the way of the children's feet." Dear soul, she was doing what she could. How much sweeter the world would be if each of us would be careful to save the bare feet of the young and the weak!

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A touching illustration was given in New York City of the supreme power of affection in a mother's heart. An unfortunate woman who had become mentally unbalanced, so that she absented herself from her home and her friends, was lured to the hospital by sending her a telegram that her child was dangerously sick in one of the city hospitals. She immediately went to see her child and was taken into custody, and placed in the insane ward. Her poor brain was so bewildered that she could not act intelligently on ordinary information, but her mother-love was stronger than her disease, and for the moment stilled her feverish unrest. How strong is that promise of God's Word which declares that tho a mother may forget her child, the Heavenly Father will never forget those who trust in Him!

THE UNION OF GRATITUDE AND LOVE.

An amusing as well as a suggestive incident occurred in New York City. A gentleman was standing in the lobby of the Equitable Building, when he happened to notice a scrap of paper on the floor. He picked it up, and gasped for breath. It was a certificate of deposit for over $18,000. "Some one must be out of his head with anxiety," thought the gentleman, and he took a great deal of pains to tell all his friends, so that the news might get to the owner as quickly as possible. Sure enough, by and by there

came to his office a little man, in a hurry. The gentleman who had found the certificate handed over the paper with a smile, expecting some expression of thanksgiving. Instead, to his astonishment, he was met with the rebuke, "Why didn't you take this to the bank? You have caused me a great deal of trouble." After all, that is the way a great many people treat the Lord. They receive all the bounties of life in that spirit. It is only as we come to understand God's personal love for us that gratitude springs from our hearts and speaks from our lips in return.

PRIDE IN OUR INHERITANCE.

There has been quite widespread discussion of late, in the public press, concerning a proposal to purchase as a public reservation Thomas Jefferson's famous home in Monticello. The scheme was thwarted at the very start by the refusal of its owner, Mr. Jefferson M. Levy, a descendant of the great commoner, to part with it. He said, when asked about the matter, that it was a matter of personal and family pride with him that Monticello be kept up, and that no sum of money could possibly compensate him for the loss of the estate. Some years ago William M. Evarts, then Secretary of State, urged Mr. Levy to allow him to ask Congress to purchase Monticello. His answer was: "Mr. Secretary, if you offered me all the money this room [the Secretary of State's private office in the State Department] would hold, you could not

tempt me." Mr. Evarts replied: "Well, Mr. Levy, I admire you, and do not blame you."

There is no more striking figure under which the New Testament seeks to arouse our love and gratitude and righteous pride than St. Paul's declaration that the Christian is an heir of God and a joint-heir with Jesus Christ. We ought to be proud of our inheritance. If a descendant of Thomas Jefferson is to be admired for sacrificing many personal luxuries in order that he may keep up the family inheritance, how much more admirable is he who endures hardship with gladness, that he may keep the Christian name in honor before all the world!

THE SCORCHER ON FOOT AND ON WHEEL.

The "scorcher," as he is commonly understood in bicycle parlance, is a rider who is determined to have his own way and his own good time on the road, tho he endanger the happiness, and even life and limb, of hundreds of other riders. He is certainly a nuisance, and a despicable character. Alas! there are scorchers in other departments of life than bicycle riding. The scorcher in business or social or religious circles is just as mean and dangerous a character as when going at breakneck speed down the cycle-path on his wheel. The scorcher is such because of his selfishness. It is the work of Christianity to eliminate the scorcher and bring in the "brother" in his place. The proverb of the scorcher is, "Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." The

law of the brother is, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

OPEN EARS.

An amusing story is told concerning the late Jean Ingelow, the poet. She was once staying with some friends in the country, when she remarked in conversation that altho she had often written of nightingales, she had never heard one sing. So, one night, the whole company went out in the moonlight especially to hear them, and when for many minutes the nightingales had been singing most beautifully, they were startled by Miss Ingelow's asking: "Are they singing? I don't hear anything!" It was then found that the poetess had a great dread of drafts, and before going out in the night air had filled her ears with cotton-wool. So many people fail to hear the call of God to comfort the discouraged or carry the Gospel to the neglected because their ears are not open.

COMMON SENSE.

There is a remarkable illustration of the emphasis which Paul placed on the value of common sense, in the fourteenth chapter of his first letter to the Corinthians. He determines that he will both pray and sing, not only with the spirit, but with the *understanding* also. There is something exceedingly strong in his declaration that he would rather speak five words with his understanding, in a way which would teach others,

than ten thousand words which his audience would not understand. All modern preachers and leaders of Christian Endeavor and Epworth League meetings might well choose him for their model in that respect.

PRAYER PRODUCES SONG.

There is a beautiful suggestion of the way prayer soothes our fears, comforts our hearts, cheers the soul, and awakens music and song, in Luke's description, given in the sixth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, of the experience of Paul and Silas in the dungeon at Philippi. Tho they were wounded and bruised and hungry, and uncomfortable with their chains, they prayed to God in the midnight, and afterward their hearts were so full of joy that they could not help but sing. And it is well to note what they sang. It was not "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound!" but the other note altogether, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Song flows out of prayer as naturally as a spring gushes out of a mountain-side full of treasures of the melted snow.

WHAT DO THE WRINKLES MEAN?

I often wonder when I look in the faces of a large congregation of men and women, and see the furrows and wrinkles on the brows of the people before me, what has wrought these scars on the various faces. Sometimes I can see, plainly enough, that the man is a money-getter, and has worshiped day and night,

through many years, before the altar of Mammon. I know that man got his scars in the service of gold. On another face there are certain indications of the worship of fashion; and the scars, however it may be sought to cover them up, are unmistakably there. On other faces there are the lines of dissipation that tell of the gross worship of lust and appetite. But I see other wrinkles that warm my heart. They seem to me like the scars I saw on a sugar-maple in New Hampshire. It was an old tree, and every year for a hundred years somebody had been tapping it for the sweet sap in the springtime, and it had been giving its sugar to sweeten the world. The old tree's scars seemed beautiful to me, and I said to myself: "They are like the wrinkles on the face of a good man, or a noble woman; they are signs of age and burden-bearing, and are the scars that show where they have been tapped for sweetness."

SMOTHERED IN DIAMONDS.

A tragic report comes from the diamond-fields of South Africa, stating that several Europeans and a large number of native miners were entombed in the De Beers pit at Kimberley. How mocking must have been the presence of the rich gems about them in the hour of death! Alas! such accidents do not belong to South Africa only, nor to the diamond-pit alone; men may be smothered to death in a spiritual way in the stock-exchange just as surely. Let every man seek to use his money, and see to it that it does not become his god and use him.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE THORN.

Paul had a great many successes; his splendid genius gave him great power over men everywhere. Heathen cities were turned upside down at his coming. The most learned and influential men waited on his eloquence with admiration. Kings and governors trembled at his passionate appeals. His devotion, too, was rewarded with marvelous visions of spiritual beauty, and Paul says that, lest he should become puffed up by all these triumphs, there was given unto him "a thorn in the flesh." There have been many curious ideas with regard to what that thorn was. Some commentators have thought it was a scolding wife, though the more common opinion is that Paul was a bachelor. A late writer of great note thinks it was a malarial fever; it is a case in which one man's guess is as good as another, but the way Paul dealt with it is the interesting point. He earnestly besought God, again and again, that he might get rid of it. This is the answer that he received from heaven: "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." "Most gladly, therefore," said Paul, "will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

A LITTLE BRIEF APPLAUSE.

It is wonderful how some people worship the applause of others. The newspapers have said a great deal about a reporter who has been trying to swim

the English Channel. The description of his sufferings, and his endurance, and his persistency, until he lost his reason and became blind before he would relinquish his determination to finish what he had undertaken, would arouse one's admiration were the deed undertaken for a great cause; but when no possible good end could be served by it, and no result could come to him save a little brief applause of his fellow men, the incident only serves to illustrate how the love of notoriety and applause may come to be an idol which we worship.

THE SHEET-ANCHOR.

The body of a suicide, whose story is infinitely pathetic, was taken out of North River at New York. The dead man was a lithographic artist, musician, and linguist. He was born in Friesland fifty-seven years ago. After he had been graduated from a German university he went to Puerto Rico, in the West Indies, to seek wealth. Fortune smiled on him, and he sent home glowing accounts of the great lithographing business he was conducting. At the height of his prosperity he loved a beautiful woman and married her, and while his wife lived he was happy; but eight years ago she died. With her death his power to work and plan seemed to cease. From that moment fortune seemed to desert him. He lost his zest in his work and finally failed in business. Two years ago he came to New York and was advised by a friend to teach languages. He spoke German and English,

French, Spanish, and Italian, with great fluency, but he lacked that appetite for life and nerve of purpose that make men succeed. Finally, without money and without heart, he filled his pockets full of stones and leaped overboard into the North River. The thing he lacked above everything else was the great sheet-anchor of faith and hope in Christ. His heart was anchored in his love for his wife, and when that cable parted he drifted. If his soul had been buoyed and held steady by a sublime faith in Christ and the immortal life, he could have gone on, with a chastened heart, but with a serene and dauntless spirit.

SHIELDING OTHERS.

There is a new scheme for training horses to pace or trot. A pair of horses are driven in front of the pacer, with a big shield, like a sail to a yacht, erected on a frame at the back of the driver. The team in front is driven at full run, so as to keep out of the way of the trotter or pacer that comes on behind. This sail drawn by the first team shields the horse that is following from the resistance of the atmosphere, and it is able to make much better speed. When I read that I said to myself: "That's what my father and mother used to do for me when I was a child, and I know plenty of people who go with all sail set on the journey of life, but who are careful to make their success a shield to some one who is weaker and not able to keep up without this kindly protection." Paul says that the strong must bear the burdens of the weak,

and so fulfil the law of Christ. It is that element of Christianity which makes the strong man's arm a shield to protect the weaker brother, which alone can take the brutality out of the competitions of life.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

Brussels is the city of lace-shops. I was very much interested, a few years since, to be told by a lace-merchant in one of the most beautiful of these shops that the most splendid patterns of lace are spun in a darkened room, the only light being admitted through a very small window, where it falls directly on the pattern. So our human lives can only be worked out in the loveliest figures by the aid of shadows, and every wise soul should sing out of a full heart:

> "I thank Thee more that all my joy
> Is touched with pain;
> That shadows fall on brightest hours,
> That thorns remain;
> So that earth's bliss may be my guide,
> And not my chain."

A MEMORY OF BETTER DAYS.

In a small town in New York State two little girls, aged five and ten years respectively, being alone in the house, tried to kindle a fire in the kitchen stove, when the clothing of one of them became ignited. A tramp who happened to be passing the house at the time saw the flames at the window, and ran to the door, but found it locked. He then broke through

one of the windows and extinguished the little girl's burning garments. He continued his efforts in spite of being severely burned on his hands and arms until he succeeded in putting out the fire in the rooms. When some neighbors arrived, and the tramp was convinced that the children would be well cared for until their parents returned, he left the house, saying: "I am so glad I had the privilege of saving the child from death. She reminds me of one I once lost when things were different with me." He was urged to tarry and receive a reward for his services, but he refused. "Poor as I am," he said, "I would never accept a reward for saving a child's life." There was a vein of gold in that man worth saving at any cost. If we could only know the sad story of many a man or woman who seems only a stick of human driftwood, and understand the deep soul-hunger and possibilities for goodness underneath a rough exterior, we would be more patient and more Christlike in our compassion in seeking and saving the lost.

"THE KNIGHTS OF THE SORROWFUL FIGURE."

Some one aptly describes the people who go around full of cynical criticism, and finding a rotten spot in life's sweetest joys, as "the Knights of the Sorrowful Figure." But the disciples of Jesus have no right to go about in any such masquerade. It is not a fancy or a dream, but the real truth, that there is always a bright side to life and to every experience in life, and the bright side is the right side, the side where

God is. There is no sorrow so dark but you may delve out from under it, if you will keep your face toward the light and dig with courageous heart.

DRAINING THE MARSHES.

The proposition to drain the Hackensack and Newark meadows is a constant source of discussion. It is very interesting from many standpoints. It would not only reclaim to fertility a large extent of land that is now useless, but it would add to the healthfulness of the atmosphere breathed by millions of people, besides doing away with a vile breeding-place of innumerable mosquitoes that torture multitudes of human victims every summer. There seems to be no objection anywhere; all the discussion is about the method by which it may be best accomplished.

Christianity is in this world to clean up and drain all the pestilent marshes that have been caused by sin. The slums of our cities are marshes which it is our duty to cleanse out of existence and leave self-respecting populations in their place. Every liquor-saloon is a marsh which breeds many sorts of vile and poisonous tormentors; it must be drained and transformed into some honorable business, and yield to the welfare of the community rather than to its destruction. The only way properly to reclaim a liquor-saloon is to drain all the liquor off. A genuine Christian faith that gets into the bone and sinew of its possessor will make him a constant enemy of these vile marshes of sin.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

This world is God's factory. There are multitudes of busy weavers, both visible and invisible, forever plying their shuttles on the loom of life, weaving the warp and woof of human experience. Every life in a combination of many threads, and almost every day's experience shows the bringing together of influences from all parts of the earth. Earth and sky, law and literature and art, past and present and future, all yield their threads into the weaver's ready hands to help make up the finished robe of every day's life experience. Few, if any, of us appreciate how numerous and diversified are the "all things" which are constantly working together under God's loving eye to bring about the good results which he designs for them that love him.

THE CHRISTIAN OPTIMIST.

The Christian must be an optimist, in the very nature of things. If he is sure that all things are working together for his good, he would be a strange creature indeed to go around with his head down. Those who go about Christian work with long faces and no joy in their hearts get little done, or do their work in a way that is anything but a good advertisement of their religion. We ought to go to Christian work every day rejoicing in the Lord, like the victorious soldiers at the battle of Leuthen. They sang a Christian song as they marched to the engagement. A

general asked the king if he should stop the singing. "No," said the king; "men that can sing like that can fight."

BURNING UP THE BREAD OF LIFE.

In a storm on Lake Erie, the steamer ran out of fuel, and was compelled to throw small sacks of flour out of the cargo into the furnaces in order to keep up steam. A car-load of flour was burned in this way before the steamer came into port. Of course everybody will agree that it was much better to burn up a car-load of flour than that a whole ship-load, as well as the officers and crew, should have gone to the bottom; but how different it would be if a captain should, out of indifference or carelessness, burn his cargo to make steam for his voyage! Yet that is what we are doing in American citizenship when we sacrifice our principles and burn up 100,000 of our citizens in the saloons in order that we may get revenue from a licensed partnership in the liquor traffic. And the individual citizen who thus forswears his conscience burns up the bread of life in the furnace of party prejudice or greed of gold.

THE MEMORIAL TO COLONEL SHAW.

One of the most significant memorials that has been erected in the present generation is the one which was unveiled on Boston Common, May 31, 1897, to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, who, in the face of many

a sneer of prejudice and opposition, led his regiment of colored troops with splendid heroism, and found his death on the battle-field. It is encouraging to every man to go straight forward, doing his duty, whatever it is, assured that time, God's great arbiter, will set him right. How splendidly Thomas Bailey Aldrich opens his "Memorial Ode":

"Not with slow, funereal sound
Come we to this sacred ground;
Not with wailing fife and solemn muffled drum,
Bringing a cypress wreath
To lay, with bended knee,
On the cold brows of Death—
Not so, dear God, we come:
But with the trumpet's blare
And shot-torn battle-banners flung to air,
As for a victory!"

HEROIC CITIZENSHIP NEEDED IN CITY STREETS.

A young lady in New York City saw hitched to a truck a horse which was manifestly very ill and unfit to be driven; but his driver urged him on with repeated blows, until finally the poor sick animal fell a helpless heap in the street. The driver grasped the bridle and savagely pulled and kicked to force the poor beast to his feet. Then this well-dressed young woman stepped into the street and exclaimed to the driver: "Unhitch that poor creature; do you not understand that it has fallen from sheer exhaustion?" But the driver refused with a brutal remark, which caused the young girl to beckon to a policeman who

was passing. "I am a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," she said. "I order you to arrest this man for cruelty. The horse is unable to draw the truck, and he refuses to unhitch it from the shafts. I will act as complainant." When the case was called in court the young girl was on hand, and managed it herself, and the driver was held for trial. That is good citizenship in time of peace. It requires great self-denial on the part of some people to perform that kind of duty, but there is no class of duties more important, if we are to have a law-abiding nation.

HOW TO TREAT THE FOES OF THE REPUBLIC.

An Illinois boy had a very interesting experience with a she-wolf and her cubs. He was only fourteen years old, but full of pluck. He rode out on his pony one afternoon, with an ax tied to the horn of his saddle, and his squirrel-dog following, hoping to capture some squirrels in the timber. After they had gone some distance in the woods, the dog charged toward a hollow log, and began barking furiously, but did not dare enter. The boy, getting off his horse, knelt and peered into the cavity, and saw glaring out upon him the fierce eyes of a large wolf, around which were six puppies. She snapped her teeth viciously. The boy, with rare courage for one of his age, sharpened some stakes with his ax, and drove them over the entrance to the log, the dog meanwhile keeping the wolf inside. After having imprisoned the animal, the boy mounted

his horse, rode quickly home, and returned with a small revolver. He then, lying flat on the ground, began firing into the log, and did not cease until he had killed the wolf, which made desperate efforts to get out. The lad had no trouble killing the wolf pups with his ax, and then loaded his victims upon the horse and carried them all proudly home. That is what we want to do in American citizenship. The she-wolf of crime, of poverty, of political corruption, of lawlessness and anarchy, is the legalized liquor traffic. If the Christian citizens of this country would only get together on some common platform and shoot the old she-wolf of the licensed saloon to death with their ballots, it would be a short matter to slay the pups that suck at her breast, and the kingdom of God would come in the earth.

TAKE YOUR HOUSE WITH YOU.

One of the interesting things connected with the Klondike gold excitement is the preparations made to build houses to be sent from New York to Alaska in sections and put up in the gold-camps. Vessels are loaded with these ready-made houses in New York harbor, and sent around Cape Horn, thus reaching Alaska in time for the opening of navigation on the Yukon at the beginning of summer. That is the way we must do in going to heaven, in regard to a house of character for the soul. It is idle for us to suppose we shall enjoy heaven unless we cultivate the heavenly spirit here. We must take heaven with us, made

day by day in the doing of duty, in resisting temptation, in obedience to Christ here in this world.

PRINTING ON THE SKIES.

A man in Cincinnati has invented an apparatus by which it is proposed to print news or bulletins in letters of fire on the sky. The apparatus is worked by electricity. First, a shadowy sheet regulated to suit the size of the bulletin or telegram is cast upon the heavens by an electric camera, and then, with another camera, words in fiery letters are cast on this. It is the dream of the inventor that the time will come when the important news of the day will be spread out on the skies each evening, so that every toiler can read in comfort and at his leisure; and these news bulletins, prepared by conscientious, intelligent, and incorruptible public officials, will bring about the abolition of ignorance, misinformation, and prejudice. Whatever may be the result of this invention, we know that there is an invention as old as the human race that has been registering matters of infinite moment in the skies. Jesus said to his disciples, when they were rejoicing that even the devils were subject to them, that it would be more appropriate to rejoice because their names were written in heaven. We may know that our names are written there if we have within us the spirit of Christ; but Paul declares that if we have not the spirit of Christ we are none of his.

SHOW YOUR FAITH BY YOUR WORKS.

In Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was collecting a tax of one dollar, levied by law, upon the owner of every dog in the city. Under this law, every dog upon which the tax was not paid within a specified time must be taken to the pound and killed. For several days a poor, lonely dog, homeless and friendless, had been wandering the streets. It seemed evident he would end his days in the pound, but one day a blind boy, who was crossing Main street, unaware of the approach of a trolley-car, suddenly heard the ringing of the gong, and stopped, bewildered, right in the track of the car. The motorman jammed his brake down hard, but it was evident that he could not stop before the car struck the youth. Women shrieked, but no one went to save the blind boy. The old dog happened to be standing by; he took one look at the blind lad, leaped to him, and, pulling him by the coat-sleeve, caused him to step from the track just as the car grazed his shoulder. The dog was enthusiastically cheered. Somebody started a collection, and enough money was raised not only to pay the tax, but to buy the dog a collar with brass trimmings. The father of the blind boy adopted the waif, naming him Rescue, and he will have a good home as long as he lives. If one wants to capture the attention and sympathetic interest of humanity, let him throw his faith into action in the rescue of the blind and the tempted. Make your faith live in a helping hand, and men will believe in it.

GIVE YOUR HEART ROOM.

The newspapers have been telling us of a child who had been given up to die, because his heart did not have room to work, who was cured in a few weeks by an old physician in Missouri, who punched and prodded the lad until he gave the heart more room. The little fellow's chest by this constant exercise was reconstructed on new architectural lines and his cure is now considered permanent. There are a good many Christians who are suffering from that sort of trouble who might be cured in the same way. A great many people are so shut in by their selfishness that the heart does not have a fair chance to perform its functions. God often seeks by prodding us and punching us and putting us under the hard pressure of discipline so to enlarge us that the heart may beat in a manner worthy of the sons of God. Let us welcome his loving correction.

THE POOR MAN'S CHRIST.

How much more Jesus Christ has meant to the world because he lived a life of toil and hard work, and knew the exactions of poverty and self-denial! His ancestry had in its list many a poor toiler like Ruth the gleaner. He spent his boyhood playing in the shavings of a humble little carpenter-shop in Nazareth. He knew what it was to be lonely and tired. He was touched with our infirmities at every point, and yet kept his soul spotless and never lost

his divine courage. What a wicked thing it is when any one undertakes to set the working-people against Christ! Up from slavery to justice and noble manhood, he will lead to a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

STRENGTH IN UNION.

Paul prays for the Thessalonian Christians, that they might abound more and more in love one to another. That wise master-builder knew that in such a union there would be invincible strength. All common life is full of illustrations of this truth. A man fishing for black bass near the shore of a lake, the other day, saw a large black-snake hanging head downward from a bush and swinging to and fro. At first he thought it was admiring itself in the water; but suddenly a little chipmunk ran from under a log near by, and, quick as a flash, the snake seized it by the head, and at the same time lost its hold on the bush and dropped into the water. It quickly swam ashore, dragging the young chipmunk with it, and deliberately began swallowing the chipmunk without attempting to crush it. The chipmunk's head had entirely disappeared when another chipmunk jumped on the snake's back, and off again, in a flash; and then another chipmunk came, and still another, and on and off they jumped, striking their sharp teeth into the snake's body, inflicting a terrible wound, and then getting away so quickly that they avoided a stroke of his tail. Finally, with a fling of its head, the snake

got rid of the chipmunk it had been swallowing, and glided away in a lacerated condition. The valiant chipmunks then turned their attention to the one that was so near death, and found that he was not much hurt. When Christians stand by each other, in loving fellowship, they can put all enemies to flight. The Bible declares that one genuine Christian can chase a thousand, but two can put ten thousand to flight.

LOST A CISTERN BUT GAINED A RIVER.

A most curious freak of lightning is reported from near Bucyrus, Ohio. A very severe electrical storm passed over that part of the country, and during its progress lightning struck a residence and followed the eaves-trough and waterspout into the cistern, which had been filled to overflowing by recent rains. After supper a trip was made to the pump to get water to use in the kitchen, but, tho the pump was worked vigorously, no water came. An examination showed that the cistern was empty. A small, bluishly stained hole in the bottom showed where the water had run out, and the gurgle of an underground stream could be plainly heard. Evidently the bolt of lightning pierced a thin crust of earth which separated the cistern-bottom from a river of fresh water running underground. What farmer with a cistern would not like to trade it for a stream of living water like that? That is what Christ asks of the worldling—to exchange his little cistern of temporary pleasures and

riches for the living fountain that shall spring up into everlasting joy and peace.

SAVING PEOPLE IN SPITE OF THEMSELVES.

Two men going into a rough surf at Rockaway Beach were warned by a boy aged fifteen years to beware of the undertow, but they told him to mind his own business and treated his warning with contempt. Before they had been in the water five minutes there was a swirl of waters about one of the men, and he was drawn down, twirling about. The other man swam to his assistance, but he, too, was dragged underneath. Then the nobility of the brave lad came out. He went to their assistance and risked his own life to save theirs. That is the way Jesus Christ does with poor sinners; tho they sin against his warnings, yet he follows after them, even when they are caught by the deadly undertow and are dragged down into shame and disgrace. He swims out to them with the life-line of hope and mercy. We must have the same spirit toward the lost.

LOST BY SAVING.

The expert appointed by one of the railroad companies to tell the reason for the comparative failure of the Delaware peach-crop in 1897 said that the peaches nearly all dropped from the trees during the month of June. The damage was done by the curculio, and wherever it stings the peach is sure to fall. So nu-

merous were these destructive insects that a peach was noticed with thirteen stings on it, any one of which would have spoiled it. This gentleman says the rapid increase of the curculio is the fault of the peach-growers themselves. In 1895 and 1896 there were large crops of peaches, and the ground under the trees was covered with fruit that had either rotted and fallen off, or had been thrown there as culls and left to rot. Instead of picking up the decayed fruit, as is done by the California fruit-growers, and getting rid of it in some other way, it was left there for these insects to breed in, with the consequence that in 1897 there was an enormous crop of curculios, and the peaches were destroyed. They saved in labor one year, but they lost a hundredfold another year. Many a young man lets the worms breed in his surplus money or his leisure time—worms that sting him to death in days to come.

THE CRAVE OF GOLD.

India is said to be the grave of gold. A constant stream flows into that country, year by year, but there is no ebb tide. The money does not reappear in the Indian banks. There is but one possible solution of the difficulty. India is the one corner of the world where hoarding is yet largely practised. Many of the splendid maharajahs have become shrewd enough to use banks of deposit, but there is still barbaric display of jeweled idols in the strong-rooms, and of golden vessels in the princes' apartments. More im-

portant than all this, the plain people, who have no use for banks, simply hide away money, a rupee here and a rupee there. Every year in India many thousands of people are killed by venomous snakes or wild beasts; others, of course, die suddenly of natural causes. It is thought that a large portion of these leave hoards of which the hiding-places are known only to themselves, and so their little treasures are forever lost to the world. This hoarding does not make the country rich, but keeps it poor. It is a good illustration of Christ's words: "He that saveth his life shall lose it."

TUNNELING THROUGH OBSTACLES.

What a splendid question that is of Paul: "If God be for us, who can be against us?" He does not answer it, for no answer is necessary. Nothing can stand in the way of a determined soul that obeys God. Helen Keller, deaf, dumb, and blind, joyously welcomed those who tunneled into her imprisoned soul along the single nerve of sensation in the palm of her hand, and is conquering vast fields of knowledge. At fourteen years of age she received two hundred and fifty dollars for a magazine article. How this ought to shame some of us who lie down lazily in front of obstacles which a little pluck and self-denying exertion would carve into a stairway for higher achievements!

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Paul's prayer at his conversion, on the way to Damascus, when he was overwhelmed by the wonder-

ful vision which he beheld, and asked tremblingly, as he staggered to his feet, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" is suggestive of the practical character of his Christian career. The church would take on new life and vitality everywhere if all Christians, young and old, were to arise some morning with that prayer swelling up from their hearts. Above all else, we need men and women whose religion is in their very blood, and controls in the daily duties of life.

THE MEN NEEDED.

During the Queen's Jubilee exercises in England, a very stirring poem which was written by the Bishop of Exeter was recited by Canon Fleming at the close of an impassioned speech and aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The poem was entitled "Give Us Men!" I quote one verse, which applies as well to America as to England:

"Give us men!
Strong and stalwart ones!
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreath them
As her noble sons,
Worthy of their sires!
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others;
Give us men, I say again,
Give us men."

HUMANITY'S NEED SHOULD BE OUR MASTER.

In the war between Turkey and Greece, the first American who volunteered to go and nurse the wounded Greek soldiers was a slender, blue-eyed little woman of twenty-five. She was a graduate of a surgical hospital. In reply to the reporters, she said: "I should not have taken this step were it not that I am a trained nurse by profession. I understand thoroughly the gravity of the step I am taking. I have thought over every phase of it, but the necessity seems to me to overbalance any personal danger that may be incurred." That is the secret of really heroic service: a keen sense of humanity's need, and a feeling that we are responsible to use our gifts, whether natural or acquired, for the service of our fellow-beings.

HELPING TO MAKE THE WORLD CLEAN.

A story is related that Queen Victoria, in her girlhood, was spending the day with an aunt, who, wondering how to entertain the child, made a rash offer: "Victoria, you shall amuse yourself just as you want to amuse yourself to-day. Choose anything, and you shall do it, if it is possible." The small guest took in the gravity of her situation, meditated carefully, and announced her decision: "I have always wanted to wash windows." So the usual pail, chamois-skin, etc., were provided; and the future Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India scrubbed away diligently to her heart's content. It would be a good thing if all people who are to be in authority, whether as may-

ors, or governors, or presidents, or kings, or queens, could have a preliminary course of scrubbing of a higher and more important kind. Every one who has power is under obligation to the extent of his ability to make the world a cleaner, healthier, and safer place in which to live.

GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS.

The United States Assay Office, in Wall Street, has an annual sweeping to gather up the fine dust of gold which would otherwise be lost. I suppose no housekeeper in the world subjects her house to quite so thorough a sweeping as this building receives. Chimneys, ceilings, walls, and flues are scraped, floors are mopped—sometimes torn up—and roofs are swept. This is done to the end that much of the valuable metal that has sifted away in dust may be returned to swell the coffers of Uncle Sam. This reminds one of the command of Christ to his disciples, on the occasion recorded in the New Testament, when he fed several thousand people with a few loaves and fishes, and then required of his followers to gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost. Many people who have abundant health and strength are tempted to prodigality and wastefulness in time and opportunity. We need to gather up the fine gold of every day's privilege, in the way of Christian service. It is often these little nicks of time and the small opportunities of helpfulness that count for most.

LIVING BY THE SPIRIT RATHER THAN THE LETTER.

By rank mutiny and the courage of a hero, August Wilson, a boiler-room mechanic, saved the lives of Chief Engineer Cowie and a dozen members of the crew of the United States monitor *Puritan*. Thirty men were working down in the "inferno," for that is what they call the fire-rooms of the warships. The crown-sheet of one of the boilers was blown off, and in an instant the whole place was enveloped in a blinding cloud of hot steam and afloat with a sea of scalding water. August Wilson was in charge in the compartment, and, altho the others were startled and dazed and helpless, he kept his head. Groping to the door which led to air and safety, he opened it, and called out: "Stand by to escape! This way out!" One by one the men under his command were guided through the doors to safety. The last man left was the brave boiler-maker, and just as he turned to go he ran plump into Chief Engineer Cowie, who, attracted by the report of the explosion, had rushed down to the fire-room to shut off the valves communicating with the other boilers. "Let me pass," shouted the engineer. "Get out quick!" replied Wilson. There was no time to explain, and so the big boiler-maker seized his chief in his arms and pushed him out of danger by main force and saved his life. According to the letter, it was rank mutiny; but in spirit it was the noblest obedience. It is a good illustration of what Paul meant when he said: "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive."

PAUL AS A FRIEND.

One of the sweetest stories of friendship ever written is in the little Book of Philemon, which is the only book in the Bible composed entirely of a private letter written by Paul to one of his friends. Paul had once been a guest in Philemon's house, and had been the cause of Philemon's conversion. Slavery was universal in those days, and Onesimus, one of Philemon's servants, ran away from his master and drifted to Rome, where Paul was. Paul received the poor refugee with gentleness and won his heart to Christ. Then he sent him back to Philemon with one of the loveliest letters any man ever carried in his bosom. The noble character of Paul comes out in his private letters perhaps more brightly than anywhere else.

PAUL ON THE WITNESS-STAND.

Paul thought his Christian experience was by far the most powerful argument he could give to the truth of the Christian religion. When he was brought before King Agrippa, instead of undertaking to defend himself by some great oration, or some strong legal argument, which he was well able to make, he simply told his experience, of how Christ revealed himself to him on the road to Damascus, and how ever afterward he had been obedient to the heavenly vision, and had gone on this new way rejoicing. The gospel in us is the most powerful we can speak to the people whom we wish to win.

APPRECIATING ONE'S FRIENDS.

It is one of the characteristics of truly noble souls that they are tender and sensitive in their appreciation of any kindness that is done them. Paul was especially grateful to the people who stood by him in the times of need that often came in the course of his stormy career. There is a very delicate touch of this sort of gratitude in his second letter to Timothy, where he says to his young friend: "The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus; for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chains; but, when he was in Rome, he sought me out very diligently, and found me. The Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day; and in how many things he ministered unto me at Ephesus, thou knowest very well."

THE SURE ANCHORAGE.

There is an interesting story of one of Paul's sea-trips, in which it is said that in the darkness the sailors cast out four anchors and then waited for the day. There are some anchors that we may be sure will always hold. Washington Gladden has recently given us a striking little poem on "Things that Can Not Fail." I quote four verses:

"When the anchors that faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that can not fail.

"I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

. . . . .

"In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt.

"And fierce tho the fiends may fight,
And long tho the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side."

MIRACLES.

The age of miracles has not passed. To take a young man who has been indifferent, who has been living along as tho this world were all, and suddenly confront him with the call of Christ, and have him yield to that call so that he turns away from the things he has loved, and enters upon a new life, rejoicing in the fellowship of Jesus Christ, is surely a greater miracle than to cure a man of leprosy. One Sunday evening a young man heard the story of Christ's love and yielded his heart to it. It was the first time he had ever been in the church where this wonderful change was wrought. A few days afterward I received a letter from him that opened with these words: "I have found much peace with my Savior, whom I accepted as my personal Savior last Sabbath evening. I only regret that I did not take that step a long time ago; but now, as a young man,

twenty-four years of age, I shall do all that is in my power to advance his kingdom. Oh, how grand it is to be a Christian! I have enjoyed unspeakable comfort, peace, and joy during the past week."

PAUL'S THORN.

A great deal of curiosity has been piqued during all the Christian centuries by the reference which Paul makes in the twelfth chapter of his second letter to the Corinthians, concerning his "thorn in the flesh." A lady said the other day that if Paul hadn't been a bachelor she would have thought Paul meant a wilful child by the reference to the "thorn"; but at least one distinguished writer thinks Paul was married and this thorn was a scolding wife. Some others think it was a malarial fever, and any one who has ever had malaria or fever and ague knows what a thorn that is. Still others think it was weak eyes that troubled him. Whatever it may have been, Paul has been relieved from it for a great while now, in heaven. The delightful thing about the story as he gives it is that tho the Lord did not see that it was wise to relieve him from the troublesome thorn, he gave him grace to endure it with composure and good cheer.

WATER IN THE DESERT'S HEART.

The most important feature of the last English expedition against the Mahdi was the successful sinking of wells in the heart of the great African desert. The

presence of water at such a distance from the Nile had never been suspected, either by Europeans or natives, and bids fair to revolutionize not only the desert tribes, but the entire conditions of desert life. Indeed, the problem of converting the great African deserts into fertile territory seems to be at length in a fair way toward solution, not by means of letting in the sea, as proposed by Count de Lesseps, but by the sinking of wells. Water is evidently to be found everywhere, provided one digs deep enough. And the Christian will find it like that with every hard experience he is called upon to face in the path of duty. To do what seems to be the will of God may be like going into the desert, but if we look beneath the surface, and dig deep enough, we shall find there the water of life, which will transform the desert place into a garden of peace.

THE FATE OF THE RECKLESS.

A large party of mountain-climbers made the ascent of Mount Rainier, in Washington, during the summer of 1897. They reached Camp Muir on the descent just at night, and prudence required that they should spend the night there, as it was then nine o'clock, and the uncertain light reflected from the sky by the snow was not sufficient to enable them safely to continue the descent, altho it is easy by daylight. Several young men, however, dreading an uncomfortable night, rejected the advice of the guides and the more prudent of the party, and continued their journey down the mountain. For a time they made good progress.

Then they lost the trail and became bewildered, altho they could plainly see the beacon-fires brightly burning in the camp below them. They scattered out in all directions, but go where they would they found icy slopes too steep for them to descend, yawning crevasses ready to swallow them up, and masses of lava rock which threatened them with destruction should they lose their footing and slide against them. In this search for the trail Prof. E. S. McClure, of the Oregon State University, who had ventured some distance below the others, was suddenly seen to throw up his hands and disappear. A dull sound like the crashing of rocks came up from far below, and then all was still. His companions shouted to him, but received no answer. Next morning his body was found on the precipice below. A lack of patience had lost him his life. Patience to endure present discomfort for the sake of the safe and sure reward to-morrow is the key to many a successful life. Moses won his crown by choosing present affliction with an eye on future rewards.

THE SOIL FITTED FOR THE SEED.

There is hope of winning the world to Christ because the human heart everywhere has a soil to which the Gospel seed belongs. That was a striking thing which an Indian woman said when she first heard the message of the missionary. She exclaimed: "That is what I have been expecting to hear all my life."

SEIZING THE LIFE-LINE.

A man falling from the ninth story of a new building in Atlanta was saved from death in a marvelous way. As the falling man shot through the air he was thrown near a rope which was being hoisted by the engine beneath lifting up material for the workmen. He caught at this rope with the frenzy of a drowning man catching at a straw, and, seizing it, was drawn upward and hauled safely to the roof. It is the mission of the Christian church to throw the life-line within reach of falling men. We never know when it may be a man's last chance, and should therefore never miss an opportunity to give a sinner a chance to seize the life-line of hope.

INSANE FROM IDLENESS.

It is reported that seven men were removed from the King's County penitentiary to insane asylums in one week who were driven mad by the lack of employment. Work is a sweet refuge for man, physically, mentally, and morally. To bend one's mind and heart to performing a task worth doing is the surest path to peace. In good, honest work, needed for the advancement of humanity, one comes into close fellowship with Him who ever works, and who is "the Lord of Peace." Christ put the crown on the head of the worker when he said: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

THE STING OF THE SWEET.

A farmer undertook to hive a swarm of bees. One lighting on his face received an angry blow, when the entire swarm settled about the head of the unfortunate man and stung him until he screamed and howled with anguish. He rolled over and over on the damp earth, and several other men went to his aid, but when they rescued him he was dead. Many are stung to death by the sweets of life. It was the quails that started the plague in the camp of the Israelites. Many a man is all right so long as he lives on simple manna, but the honey of prosperity has for him the sting of destruction.

THE LITTLE FOXES.

A canal near Oklahoma City, in Oklahoma Territory, was destroyed in a strange way. Public-spirited capitalists believed that the waters of the rapidly flowing North Canadian River could be used to operate all the mills that could be placed on its banks at Oklahoma City. Engineers were employed to make a survey, and it was said that a canal five miles long could be made to carry the water that ran a distance of twenty miles by the sinuous course of the river. Many thousands of dollars were spent in constructing the canal. It was diked part of the way, and the river was crossed twice. Its completion was an occasion of great importance to the city. The water was let in at the head gate, and the electric-

light plant and a large flouring-mill were run as if by magic. An unsuspected enemy, small in size but prodigious in industry, soon overwhelmed the enterprise in disaster. The banks of the canal were of porous sandy soil. Gophers attacked the dike. A hole no larger than a man's wrist burrowed by these animals widened into a crevasse in half an hour and the water easily swept away the sandy dike. It was so expensive fighting these little animals that the promotors of the enterprise gave it up in despair, and the canal is a thing of the past. One needs to beware of little sins that burrow in the dark and sap the currents of life. It is the "little foxes" that spoil the vines.

YOUTH IN DANGER.

Two young girls went out rowing from Fisher's Island, in Long Island Sound. The wind and tide were against them. The rudder of the boat was swept away and they lost one of the oars. They were in easy sight of their friends on shore, who saw them waving their handkerchiefs, and heard their shouts for help, but thought the girls were only playing. Not until the darkness hid the helpless girls from view did the truth dawn upon the people on the shore. Then messengers were despatched, telegraph and telephone were called into requisition, and naphtha launches and steam yachts were sent out in search. The girls finally drifted ashore after a fearful night, and parents and friends spent a night of agony in

search before they had tidings of their safety. Many a youth drifts to ruin while friends looking on think it is only play. A life lived for pleasure's sake alone has always slumbering within it the elements of a tragedy or a shipwreck.

THIEVES IN PRIESTS' ROBES.

A Catholic church in Brooklyn was robbed in full view of the street in a peculiar way. The robbers entered the rear of the church, and, clothing themselves in white surplices, boldly lighted all the jets in the sacristy and commenced their work. People saw them in the church, but supposed that they were priests performing some ceremony. It is a testimony to the worth of Christianity that the robes of a Christian profession are sometimes worn by wolves who seek thereby only to cover up their ravening. Men do not counterfeit a coin unless it is valuable.

LOST WITH HELP NEAR.

A man fell overboard from a steamer at the Brooklyn wharf and was permitted to drown through the ignorance and gross carelessness of the steamer's crew. Everybody cried, "Save him! Throw a rope! Get a life-belt!" but nobody did anything in time to save his life. I fear there are churches in that condition. People perishing within sight of the preacher and the membership, going down even out of their own families, and many remarks are made about

"reaching the masses," "throwing out the life-line," or "rescuing the perishing," but nobody really does it, and immortal souls drift away and are lost.

DO IT NOW.

A little three-year-old girl in Williamsburg toppled from a third-story window, and would have been impaled upon the sharp points of an iron fence but for the bravery and promptness of a grocer's boy. He was carrying a big cheese in his arms, and when he saw the child fall and strike against the cornice on the store he dropped the cheese and darted to the iron fence and caught the child in his outstretched arms. The impact of her body forced the brave fellow to the ground, but the little child did not even touch the pavement. There are many things that must be done like that or it is too late. If you have a duty to perform, do not dally or wait, but *do it now!* "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

GREAT SUCCESSES MEAN HARD WORK.

Mr. Hall Caine's book, "The Christian," which is said to have brought its author the largest pecuniary reward ever paid for a work of fiction, cost three years of the hardest kind of work. At first he made six barrels of notes, then the complete book was rewritten three times. This is simply another suggestion that great successes are the result of hard, painstaking work. Mushrooms will grow in a night, but they are only mushrooms after they are grown.

MONT BLANC YIELDS ITS DEAD.

Capt. Henry Arkwright, who was aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a guide named Michael Simond, and two porters, François and Joseph Tournier, were killed by an avalanche on the Grand Plateau of Mont Blanc, in October, 1866. The bodies of the guide and the porters were found after a week, but Captain Arkwright's body was only recovered from the ice in August, 1897, nine thousand feet below where he died. The ice had preserved in his hand the red tint of blood for thirty years. From the pocket of his gray waistcoat was drawn a blue-bordered handkerchief as good as new, with his name on it. The deceased officer's collar had in it a gold stud, and in his shirt-front was a larger one set with a diamond star. His gold watch and chain were found on the ice near the body. The justice of the peace, the mayor, a doctor, and the local gendarmes held an inquest over the remains as tho the accident had occurred only the day before. There is something impressive in the grim old mountain's yielding up its dead after so many years, a suggestion of the day when earth and sea shall yield up their dead for the final judgment.

MAN'S WEAKNESS AND GOD'S POWER.

The utter impotency of man's wisdom or strength to cope with the mighty forces of nature when once they are aroused was impressively illustrated on Mt.

Washington, in the White Mountains, when the wind picked up one of the mountain trains, consisting of an engine, a passenger-car, and a baggage-car, as tho it had been a toy, and threw it over the precipitous side of the mountain, where it was completely demolished. Man is strong only as he allies himself with God's power through loving obedience.

"BE YE ALSO READY."

The Scripture declaration that in the midst of life we are in death had never a more striking illustration than in a thunder-storm on the Hudson, where a young officer of the Twenty-Second Regiment, militia, was sitting writing a letter in the Y. M. C. A. tent. There were several long tables in the tent, at which the men were accustomed to sit and write. Corporal McDonald and ten others sat at the table nearest the entrance. The young corporal had arranged to celebrate the close of the tour of camp duty on the following Saturday by getting married, and when the tent was struck by lightning, leaving its mark on the floor and furniture, he was writing to his betrothed. The letter was complete, and its last words were: "Yours until death." The date was to follow, but when the expectant bridegroom had written "State Cam—" the flash came and the pen stopped. The tour of duty was over—taps had been sounded—the lights were out. The best way to be ready to die is to live with reverent fidelity to duty. None of us ought to leave anything undone for last hours which may never be consciously known to us.

THE PATH OF THE SIMOOM.

It has certainly been a very significant fact that so many of Mr. Ingersoll's relatives and friends have sought to take their own lives. Some men go through this world having the influence of a deadly simoom, that withers and blasts wherever it touches; that seems to be the influence of this notorious infidel's teaching. It is an awful thing to prostitute brilliant gifts to such an end.

WITHOUT A GUIDE.

A wealthy citizen of Portland, Ore., lost his life in a foolhardy attempt to ascend the snow-clad summit of Mount Hood without a guide. He declined to take a guide with him from the inn, and in reply to all warnings said that he was determined to register himself in the record-book on the summit as a "party of one." He ascended to within about eight hundred feet of the summit, when, instead of taking the safe but longer route, he attempted to climb a steep incline, where the snow covers a treacherous footing of sliding shale, and where a footstep is likely to bring down an avalanche. The foundation gave way under his feet, and down, down he swept in a fearful descent, grasping at every jutting point of rock, until he was thrown over a precipice four hundred feet high and crushed to death. This unfortunate man might have gone to the summit in safety if only he had had a competent guide. His fate is a sad illustration of the

fate of many who are attempting to climb the giddy heights of life relying on their own strength and wisdom, and refusing the guiding hand of the Divine Savior.

A DESERTED GOLD-MINE.

Two miners have returned from the desert region in Arizona, near the Mexican border, bringing a story of extreme suffering and of their success in the discovery of the California mine, one of the most famous of the lost mines of the West. The region seems absolutely waterless, and they could stay at the mine only a short time, but brought back samples of gold-specked ore taken from the bottom of the shaft, where they found the tools left by the miners of over thirty years ago. It is their intention to return with a complete outfit and reopen the mine, which has remained unworked for a generation.

There are a good many deserted mines in our large cities, in the shape of Christian churches from which the members and workers of years ago have moved away. There is a tendency to return to these old mines and reopen them with reinforced strength and devotion. These old churches, standing in the midst of the crowded populations of the poor and the sinful, are the richest gold-mines in the world, and will yield rich return to the spiritual miner.

THE GLORY OF A RIGHTEOUS OLD AGE.

It must be an infinitely sad thing for an old man to see the gray hairs coming on his head, the wrinkles

gathering on his brow, to feel the trembling and hesitation of age in his step, to know that the end of his earthly career can not be far off, and yet to feel that the lines of the poet are true of him:

> "I'm farther off from heaven to-day
> Than when I was a boy."

How different it is to the sincere Christian, who feels as age comes on that every step is bringing him nearer to heaven, and is bringing into his heart and life ever more and more of the spiritual atmosphere of the heavenly land!

SELF-MADE BONDS.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, in a poem, brings out very clearly and beautifully the great truth that no one can really harm us but ourselves. The real chains which bind the soul are self-made, and deliverance can only come through that Divine Love which saves us from our own sinful self. These are his lines:

> "Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul,
> Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;
> And, when he comes to call thee, arise, and follow fast:
> His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light at last."

HIDDEN TREASURES.

A whaling-bark returning to New York brought, in addition to its cargo of oil and whalebone, a lump of ambergris weighing eleven pounds, worth $320 a

pound. They took many whales, but only one had a store of this precious commodity. The treasure came to them, however, in the line of their regular duty, and suggests a great truth—that it is to the men and women who proceed with fidelity on the course of their mission that unexpected treasures are likely to come; and not to the one who, indifferent to the prosaic requirements of daily life, is looking for some unusual and romantic good fortune. To him that is true in commonplace days, God will intrust greater commission in times of emergency.

"SECURE AMIDST PERILS."

It is related that, on the first awful day of the fight against fire made on board the *City of Rome*, the passengers had been driven out of the forward cabins and their quarters were shifted aft. It was impossible to set the evening meal in the first cabin, and it was spread aft also. It is a remarkable fact that the discipline of the ship made it possible to serve the evening meal, and perhaps still more remarkable that most of the passengers gathered at it, and many of them enjoyed it. In fact, it was even a cheerful meal, and the prevailing spirit seemed to reflect the motto of the Anchor Line, "Secure Amidst Perils." If voyagers could sit down and eat their dinner quietly and with good cheer, knowing that they were hundreds of miles from land, and an awful fire was raging in the hold underneath them, because of their faith in the captain and the heroic fidelity of the crew, how much more

should we, on the voyage of life, trust the Great Captain, and face the storms of human living with good cheer and confidence. It ought to be easy to follow the Psalmist's injunction: "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."

BEARING ONE'S OWN BURDEN.

The letter of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) to the editor of the New York *Herald*, declining to accept the fund which that journal had undertaken to raise for his relief, is full of suggestive illustration. The famous humorist writes: "I made no revelation to my family of your generous undertaking in my behalf, and for my relief from debt, and in that I was wrong. Now that they know all about the matter, they contend I have no right to allow my friends to help me while my health is good and my ability to work remains; that it is not fair to my friends, and not justifiable, and that it will be time enough to accept help when it shall be proven that I am no longer able to work. I am persuaded that they are right. While they are grateful for what you have done, and for the kindly instinct which prompted you, it is urgent that the contributions be returned to the givers with their thanks and mine. I yield to their desire, and forward their request and my indorsement of it

to you. I was glad when you initiated that movement, for I was tired of the fact and worry of debt, but I recognize that it is not permissible for a man whose case is not hopeless to shift his burdens to other men's shoulders." Nothing that Mark Twain has ever written will so commend him to the honor of mankind, now and in the future, as this letter. One of the important truths that need emphasizing in our time is Paul's declaration that "every man shall bear his own burden," when he is able. That is just as true and as important a statement as the other made in the same chapter, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Self-respect requires us to do to the full measure of our possibility before we accept sympathetic aid.

UNKNOWN HEROES.

After the writer of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews has mentioned seventeen names of heroic characters, he seems suddenly to catch a vision of that great background of unknown heroes whose fidelity and splendid heroism made the triumphant leadership of those whom he had named possible; and he closes the list with this significant sentence: "And others, . . . of whom the world was not worthy." The great bulk of the work of life is done by heroes who are unjournalized and unknown. This is strongly illustrated in the struggle which the *City of Rome* had against fire at sea. Below in the stoke-hole the smoke became so thick that the firemen kept up steam with difficulty. It grew worse and worse until the men could only

work short shifts, and exhaustion began to tell upon them. But without the steam to keep pumps and engines going, the fire would have had its own way with the *City of Rome*, and the stokers were spurred on in their labors. At last it was difficult to breathe in the fire-rooms, and the shift was cut down more, but even this hardly lightened the labors of the men, and one fell at his work. Toppling forward, he fell on his face in the ashes, and was carried on deck senseless, and on the brink of death. The labors of the stokers were still further severe from the fact that when not below in the stoke-hole they were mustered for service on the saloon deck; but to the honor of humanity be it said that not one member of all the ship's company shirked his turn. God keeps record of all the unknown heroes, and not even a cup of cold water offered with the right motive shall go unrewarded.

THE DEVIL'S SLEUTH-HOUND.

The victims of the liquor traffic who are victims through no fault of their own are being hunted to the death before our horror-stricken eyes every day. A wife in Brooklyn leaped from the second-story window into the street to escape the murderous assault of her drunken husband. She struck on her head and was taken up dead. Her little five-year-old boy was left motherless, with such a father as one can imagine. This drunken maniac pursuing his terror-stricken wife through the window to her death seems a fitting suggestion of the character of this entire traffic, as it

hunts down poor suffering humanity through all our streets. "How long, O Lord, how long?"

ENDURING TO THE END.

There is something pathetic in the story of the ship *Francis*, of New Bedford, Mass., which was wrecked on the New Jersey coast. The ship had had a four-months' voyage of fair sailing, and the captain and crew were hopeful of closing a pleasant journey in a day or so, when suddenly, in sight of land, and almost in sight of the harbor, the ship took fire and both the vessel and the cargo were destroyed. The officers and crew escaped only with their lives. It is sad to go down in sight of port. There are many such wrecks of the moral and spiritual kind—men and women who have made honorable careers, but who forfeit all their gain of a lifetime by some sad lapse into sin when almost in sight of the port of Old Age. The middle-aged and the old need to be watchful as well as the young. It is the one that endures to the end that shall be saved.

THE TRAGEDY OF SINGLE SINS.

A woman in Frankfort, Ky., was the victim of a strange accident. She arose in the night to get a drink of water, and in drinking she also swallowed a small black spider that had dropped into the bucket during the night. She felt the spider going down her throat, but did not know what it was. In an hour or

two she became nauseated, and ejected the spider, but not until it had bitten her internally. The poison from the bite soon spread through her system, and her condition became alarming. The flesh puffed up in rolls and ridges, her ears swelled so tightly that the blood oozed through the skin, while her tongue swelled till she almost suffocated. Physicians worked for several hours, administering all the antidotes known to medical science, and finally saved her life. The little spider that had such a venomous bite is not larger than a pea, and can roll itself up into a complete ball and float on the water like a piece of cork. So a single sin may poison the whole life-blood of the moral nature. A single sinner in a circle of acquaintance may spread his moral pestilence through a score of hearts. Beware of the tragedy of single sins!

THE BLINDNESS OF SIN'S SLAVERY.

A wild, insane negro, about sixty years old, was captured in Alabama. His hair was matted closely to his head with crude turpentine, making his head look twice its normal size. The upper part of his body was uncovered. He wore a remarkable pair of short trousers, consisting of seven pairs, placed one inside the other, and quilted together with leather strings. They had evidently seen years of service. He was bareheaded and barefooted. Since his capture he has acted like a wild animal. It is believed that the man escaped from bondage before the war, and has since lived in the swamps, not knowing that

the war had given him his freedom. Alas! how many men there are whom the bondage of sin drives into the deep swamps of vice and crime, and they die there in their despair, never realizing that Christ has redeemed them, and that the price of their full pardon has been paid. It is a chief part of the Christian's privilege to shout the good tidings of deliverance to those who are in bondage.

RIDING TO DEATH.

A strong young man who was an expert wheelman, and felt that he was safe anywhere, lost control of his wheel on the pier at Hoboken, and, being unable to stop, rode off the end of the pier into the river. It is supposed that his feet became entangled in the wheel; at all events, he sank and did not rise again. One is reminded of the Scripture, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." No man is safe who depends solely on his own strength or wisdom to lead a good life. History and observation combine to teach us that the strongest men and women are liable to lose their self-control and fall into sin unless they are nerved and sustained by divine fellowship.

WASTED WEALTH.

Edward Schieffelin, the miner who discovered Tombstone, Arizona, and who twenty years ago was immensely wealthy, died alone, in a little log cabin,

without friends or money, in the mountains of Oregon. He was a man of great energy and of splendid courage, and at one time was a millionaire, but scattered his wealth in erratic ways until old age found him in poverty. Many do the same thing in a spiritual way. In youth they are enriched by spiritual wealth, which comes to them in a Christian home, and in the rich faith of godly parentage and Christian education. Faith, hope and love, with all their train of virtues, are ready to be builded into their character and dower them with princely spiritual fortune. But these are frittered away for glittering worldly pleasures or ambitions, that turn to ashes in their hands and leave them in the end spiritually bankrupt. The spiritual bankrupt is the most hopeless of all, for "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

RUNNING FROM SALVATION.

A young girl ran from a house on a New York street with her dress ablaze, screaming with terror. Some little boys rushed to her assistance, and one of them, with remarkable presence of mind, quickly threw off his coat and tried to smother the flaming dress with it, and would have succeeded, but the girl, driven frantic with pain, pulled away from him and dashed up the street, when the wind caught her dress and fanned the flames to her destruction. Alas! multitudes of poor sinners are doing the same thing! Afire of evil and suffering from their own wrong-

doing, they turn away from the Bible and the church and the minister and those who would put out the flames of sin with gladness, and flee wildly toward their own disaster.

TRY AGAIN.

The German steamer *Arcadia* was wrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Her passengers and crew, numbering nearly a hundred people, had a desperate experience in trying to reach land. Three men attempted to swim through the surf, one after another, with the life-line, but failed. Then a fourth brave man stepped to the front, and he succeeded, and attached the hawser to the rocks in a favorable position, so that all were safely landed after a hard struggle. Let no man fail to strike for the life-line and salvation from sin because one man or another has failed among his acquaintances, or because attempts of his own have met with failure. Try again! No man shall fail of safety who throws himself into the waves with face toward shore and reliance upon Christ.

SAVING THE DRIFT-GOLD.

A remarkably interesting experiment in gold-mining is being successfully worked in the Snake River, in Idaho. It has long been known that enormous quantities of fine gold are washed down the creeks and rivers from the great gold-yielding mountains of the West, and lost in the gravel-bars and mud-flats of the larger streams. Now and then a gravel-bar

has been worked with success, but nothing has been done on a large scale. An enterprising man has now conceived and built a number of boats fitted to work backward and forward across the stream, with an immense suction pipe worked by steam, the nose of which is kept to the gravel-bar in the bed of the river, and which sucks up the sand and gravel, or anything else within its reach, on to the deck. All this material is delivered into a sluice on board the boat. All the coarse stones are carried by an endless chain over the side of the boat into the water again, and the gold-bearing sand is conducted over burlap tables and finally over copper plates, where the gold is amalgamated and saved. The Christian church may learn a lesson from this experiment in mining. Innumerable particles of human gold have been swept away by rapid currents of evil from the home veins of settled and successful life. This drift-gold, which in America comes not only from our own farms and villages, but from the homes of every nation under heaven, we have been too ready to give over as hopeless of salvation. Let us arouse ourselves to devise schemes by which this drift-gold may be amalgamated and saved.

THE DARKNESS OF THE TOMB WITHOUT THE CHRIST HOPE.

The grave-diggers in Greenwood Cemetery, Trenton, N. J., saw an old white-haired man ride past one morning on his bicycle, with a bunch of rosebuds dangling at the handle-bars; but the old man did not

see them, and they heard him muttering to himself: "Don't look at the handle-bars, father! look straight ahead of you!" The old man was on his way to the grave of his son, the bright-faced child of his old age, who but a few weeks before had taught his father how to ride the wheel, and had then died very suddenly. Slowly the old man pedaled up beside the little mound; he detached the bunch of roses, and laid his bicycle on the ground. Then he knelt by the grave, stretched out his hands, and scattered the rosebuds over the sods so that they made a carpet of pink and white and yellow. A gardener who was working a few yards away heard the old man repeat: "Don't look at the handle-bars, father!" There was a little sob in his throat as he said the words, and the next moment he had pitched forward over the grave, with his face among the roses. A while after it began to rain, and, noticing that he did not move, the workmen went and touched him on the shoulder to arouse him, but he did not respond. They lifted him up and found that he was dead—dead of a broken heart. And it would break all our hearts if it were not for the glorious Easter hope we have in Jesus Christ. The Christian father knows that his son is not in the graveyard, but rejoicing in the realms of immortal life. Death is no longer a blind alley, but a thoroughfare leading toward the world of light.

THE GLAD IMMORTALITY OF THE GOOD.

In the splendid ode written by Thomas Bailey Aldrich for the unveiling of the Shaw Memorial on Bos-

ton Common, one of the truest and happiest conceits of the poet is found in the lines which elaborate the fact that tho we at first shed tears of sorrow at the death of our true and noble friends, yet, as the years go on, the sorrow vanishes away, and only our love and admiration of their goodness and greatness remain. Aldrich sings:

"Time was—time was, ah, unforgotten years!
We paid our hero tribute of our tears.
But now let go
All sounds and signs and formulas of wo:
'Tis Life, not Death, we celebrate;
To Life, not Death, we dedicate
This storied bronze, whereon is wrought
The lithe immortal figure of our thought."

A FAILING FIGHT.

Somewhere to the westward of the Costa Rican coast lies the wreck of the full-rigged Clyde clipper *Buckhurst*, bound from New South Wales to Panama with coal. For ten days before the ship was deserted the men had fought fire like demons, day and night. Sometimes it seemed as tho they would gain on the fire, and be able to reach port, but about the time they thought they had the flames under control they would burst out again in a new place. At last they saw there was no possibility of saving the ship, and officers and crew took to the small boats. Two hours after the ship was abandoned she blew up and went down. That is like the disaster that comes to many a voyaging soul. The fire of sin bursts out in a hu-

man heart. A man undertakes to deal with it by shutting down the hatches and pouring upon the flames the feeble resistance of his own will, already enervated and half palsied by his sin. Nothing is more sad than the pathetic attempts which men make to quench the flames of unholy lust and appetite that are burning everything that is holy and good out of their lives. Men fly to pledges and societies, and bolster themselves up in one way and another, only to find that the flames of evil that are barricaded at one spot will belch forth with still more hellish intensity somewhere else. Thank God! to every such man there is hope in Jesus Christ. The river of the Water of Life is abundant enough to quench all the fire of evil.

ON THE EDGE OF THE GORGE.

In a railroad wreck on the Wabash road at Missouri City, Mo., in which several people were killed, a still more appalling disaster was narrowly averted; the passenger train had broken through a trestle, and a freight train, which was following only ten minutes after, must be flagged, or scores of passengers, unable to escape in time, would be crushed to death. Those who were free rushed back, and were able to flag the freight train within a few feet of the deadly gorge; but those few feet meant safety. There is an illustration in this that ought to quicken the energy of every Christian worker. Multitudes about us are hastening toward disaster. Our only possibility of saving them is to catch their attention and arouse

their consciences before it is too late. It is now or never with many a man of our acquaintance.

PERISHING WITH HELP AT HAND.

One of the saddest possible tragedies occurred on the little River Bronx. The stream is a narrow one, and the two men who were capsized were almost within oar's reach of pleasure-boats about them. One swimmer was striving to get away and the other was holding on with the death-clutch of a drowning man. A boat with a man and woman in it was near enough to save them. The man stood up to reach for the two and draw them out. The woman in the boat lost her wits. "Don't go near them!" she shrieked; "they'll upset us!" And as he reached out the rescuing arm, with a shriek she threw herself upon him, and pinned his arms to his sides. He struggled to free himself, but the woman, unmindful of all save her own danger, hung on the tighter; in the mean time the drowning men sank to their death. This horrible tragedy, so unnecessary, is, I fear, duplicated by the carelessness or selfishness of many Christian people, who permit tempted and sinning souls that are perishing within their reach to go down to hopeless ruin rather than risk the disturbance of their own peace and comfort.

KISSING THE GOLD GOD.

In a will contest before Surrogate Arnold, of New York City, the niece of a deceased millionaire testified that she once went with her uncle to visit his box in

a safe-deposit vault to look over his bonds and other papers, and while there the rich man took a package of bonds, kissed them, and then held them over his head and exclaimed, "This is my God." I fear there are many who are not so frank about it who are yet worshipers of the gold god. But it is better to go through the fiery furnace with the Hebrew worthies than to prostrate one's self before this golden image.

A FATHER'S LOVE.

In the common pleas court in Cleveland, Ohio, in the trial of a case, the question was raised as to the affection of a father for his son. A physician testified that when the boy was ill it became necessary, in order to save his life, to secure some living flesh. The father was informed of this, and he unhesitatingly offered to allow the doctor to take as much from his body as he needed for the boy. Thirty pieces of living flesh were literally cut from the father's body, causing excruciating pain and suffering. In the hospital this was engrafted on the poor suffering boy, and he soon began to show signs of renewed strength. During all this time the father did not seem to notice his own suffering, so great was his sympathy for the child. What a commentary such an incident is on such Scriptures as "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," or the other declaration of David, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

THE PRODIGAL'S FATHER.

A very romantic and touching incident occurred in the City Hospital in St. Louis, Mo. A well-known young man in Baltimore, who belonged to an old and wealthy family, had a quarrel with his father, and left home in anger, leaving his parents without any knowledge of his whereabouts. The broken-hearted father traced him from place to place with invitations to return, but was never able to communicate with him, as in every case he had just gone on to some new town. He finally traced him to Texas, after he had been away for six years, and learned that he was ill, and was going to St. Louis to the hospital. The father immediately wrote to the hospital so that the letter would be waiting for his son when he reached St. Louis, telling him of the continued love of his parents, and that the old home was full of welcome for him. On his telegraphing his willingness to return, the father immediately telegraphed him money to come home in a drawing-room car, in comfort and a style befitting the son of such a father. That is a good illustration of the way our Heavenly Father treats poor prodigal men and women who have wandered away in their anger and rebellion. He not only follows poor sinners with invitations to return, but he goes ahead of them, and meets them on their journey into the deeper depths of misery brought about by their sins, with assurances that forgiveness and love are waiting at the mercy-seat. Neither does God ask his prodigal son to come home in his sinful rags like

some poor old tramp, but clothes him with forgiveness and arrays him in garments of righteousness, so that he may come home to heaven as befits a son of God.

MURDER AND SUICIDE IN THE DRINK.

How monotonously the horrid crimes of the drink-curse repeat themselves, over and over, in every day's story! Here is a young man in New York, strong and vigorous, only thirty-two years old. Seven years ago he married a beautiful girl, and earned a comfortable living for his wife and the two babies that were born to them. But the saloon tempted him, and as the drink habit grew he became shiftless, morose, and quarrelsome. Finally, to save her life, his wife hid herself from him; her mother, the grandmother, cared for the two little children. One morning he called; the elder clung to the grandmother and would not go near him, but the little baby girl, not knowing enough to fear the demon in him, ran to him at his request. He gathered her up in his arms, saying that he would carry her around to the kindergarten where she attended school. Immediately after the door closed behind them, two shots rang out. The first one the drunken father had fired through the head of the trusting little girl, and then, permitting the tiny body to roll down the stairs, he fired another bullet through his own brain, and fell dead in the hall. The same old story, you say, but alas! it has new victims every day! How long, O Lord, how long, will

the Christian churches of America permit to exist an institution which fills the land with deeds like this?

THE COURAGE TO REMAIN BEHIND.

There is something truly splendid and great in Nansen's graceful dedication of his new book, "Farthest North," to his wife: "To her who christened the ship and had the courage to remain behind." It is always harder in many ways for those who remain behind than for those who go out to the battle. It is harder to christen a ship and send it forth on its long voyage, trusting it to the guidance of other hands, than it is to go with it and share its destiny. This has a possible application for us all. How often we have the opportunity to christen some good ship of thought, or effort, and send it out with our "God speed!" when duties that hold us to the narrower routine of our daily life will not permit us to share its fortunes. Let us never selfishly or churlishly refuse to christen the ship, because it may not be our fortune to go as pilot or passenger.

THE AWFUL WASTE OF SIN.

A little boy led a policeman to a house which appeared at first to be deserted, but at last a little girl appeared at the door and said she kept house for her father and two little brothers. She is only ten years old. "I am all alone to-day," said the child. "Papa is drunk and has gone away, and he has sold lots of

the furniture." On examination it was found that the father was only a few years since a well-known Wall Street broker, and a member of the Stock Exchange. He married a beautiful girl out of a splendid family, whose parents gave her a present of ten thousand dollars on her wedding-day. This money and all her husband's fortune has been spent in the saloon. A month ago she died, and the husband has been drunk nearly ever since. Who can compute the waste that has gone on in that home! No wonder the prophet exclaims: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

One of the bravest, as well as one of the wittiest, things that has been done lately, was the reply of the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, of New Haven, when the representative of one of the worst of modern newspapers asked him for "a bright, terse interview about hell," for its Sunday edition. Dr. Smyth very kindly complied with the request; his article was as follows: "Hell, in my opinion, is the place where the Sunday edition of your paper should be published and circulated."

THE RELATION OF CLEAN HANDS TO SPIRITUAL POWER.

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in his holy place?" inquires the

Psalmist, and this is his answer: "He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully." Nothing could possibly bring about so great an accession of spiritual power to the modern church as a wholesale cleansing of the hands of its membership from all questionable transactions in business and politics. It is a mockery for a man whose hands are thrust into ill-gotten spoils, either in trade or political rings, to ask God to bestow upon him the power of the Holy Ghost. If God were to answer that prayer, it would smite him as dead as Ananias and Sapphira. That is a heart-searching saying of John Ruskin: "If the ghost that is in you leaves your heart a cheat, and your hand a juggler's, then be assured that, whatever else it is, it is not a Holy Ghost."

DESTROYING THE SIGNAL-LIGHTS.

The engineer of a fast train on the Pennsylvania Railroad discovered a man, one night, at the top of a signal-pole, at an important junction where three railroads crossed. With his fist he was destroying the signal-lamps. The poor fellow was insane, and was doing it simply to enjoy the excitement that he would experience at witnessing a wreck. One can hardly help believing in these days that there are moral teachers so reckless, and so intoxicated with the desire for notoriety, that they are willing to destroy the signal-lights on the highways of life, in order to make a sensation; but they will fail, as this poor fellow

did. He was insane, and in a way they are too. No man except an insane man, or a demon, would destroy the signal-light that has kept generations from going to disaster and ruin, and leave no warning in its place. God has put the signal-lights of danger too surely in his truth to have them destroyed by reckless hands. These careless teachers are the sensation of an hour, but the great truths of God's Word and of human nature are eternal verities that can not be thrust aside by a sensationalist.

ICEBERGS INSTEAD OF ISLANDS.

Mr. H. J. Bull has recently written a book on explorations in the Antarctic, in which he tells how the ship one day sighted a long island, flat on the top, but rising in one place to a much greater height. Sailing along at a distance, they found that it was about fifty miles in length. As no land in that position was marked on the charts, the captain drew nearer and called all hands on deck to celebrate the discovery of an important island. The new land was christened Svend Foyn, in honor of the famous Norwegian whaler of that name, but as they drew nearer still they were bitterly disappointed to find that the new island, which they had hoped might yield much comfort and profit, was merely a floating iceberg of enormous dimensions. Its dirty gray color, given it by the sifting ashes of a volcano, was responsible for their mistake. We sometimes see churches that remind us of that iceberg. They make large pretensions and are the

theater of a good deal of brilliance in intellect and music and display, and if viewed from a distance sufficiently remote appear to be an island of Christian fertility and comfort. But when a wayfaring soul draws near he finds that it is only an iceberg after all, and yields no fruits of Christian kindness and mercy.

FACING SHIPWRECK.

No one who has never been through such an experience can appreciate the joy of the twenty-seven seamen on the British ship *Androsa* when they beheld the steamship *Ontario* answering their flag of distress, and drawing near with evident purpose to save them. They were in danger of immediate destruction. They had been in an awful storm for many days. The bulwarks were swept clean away. The chain-plates were torn off and the topmasts were gone. The vessel was unmanageable, and her starboard side was down in the water as far as the hatches. The vessel sprang aleak, and the men worked at the pumps until it was evidently hopeless. No wonder, when the steamship bore down upon them, weatherbeaten sailors cried for joy. How many poor sinners there are whose ship of character has been swept by storm, whose masts and sails are gone, and whose leaky hull is sure to founder unless divine help shall soon come! To all such, Christ, the mighty Savior, offers a sure salvation. If they will only turn from their own worthless pumps and climb into the life-boat, they shall find safety and peace.

DIAMONDS AMONG THE RUBBISH.

A gentleman from New York lost a valuable diamond from his ring at the station of the New York Central Railroad in Poughkeepsie. He was on his way to Saratoga and waited until the train was moving before attempting to get aboard. He missed his footing and was dragged some distance. On the train he discovered that the diamond was missing. He offered a reward for its recovery, but after two or three days had passed it was given up as lost. A short time afterward the baggage-man saw something glistening among the cinders on the track. It proved to be the missing diamond, and it was returned to the owner. The Bible is full of the advertisements of heaven's lost diamonds. Never were such rich rewards offered for the rescue of lost treasures as are offered there. And our streets are full of these lost jewels. No earnest seeker shall fail of making a find, or obtaining a rich reward.

SELF-MASTERY.

The great heart of the American people throbbed in sympathy with General Gomez, the Cuban leader, when the news came over the wires that he had refused to receive the peace commissioners of General Weyler, who came to offer autonomy to Cuba if the Cubans would lay down their arms. General Gomez replied that the sole conditions of surrender were liberty and independence. This reply reminds us of

Gladstone's strong utterance in the English Parliament when pleading for "Home Rule" for Ireland. He said: "It is not your good laws, but their own good laws, which the Irish want." The right and the power to govern one's self is the most godlike ever conferred upon man. No man can but be miserable when he desires to do good, and yet does evil because his will has been palsied or overborne by sin. That was a great saying of Solomon: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

AGITATION THE PRICE OF PROGRESS.

Representatives of the Chamber of Commerce in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, in public addresses decried very earnestly labor agitation as a great source of loss and danger to the prosperity of the community. Of course there are unwise agitators who do the cause of the workingmen more harm than good; but, after all, freedom of speech and freedom of press for airing any wrong that exists in the community are the greatest possible safety-valve of the Republic. Wrongs are never righted except by agitation. Every step taken in advance is at the cost of agitation and annoyance to many people. The logic of this situation was illustrated one morning by two little children. One little fellow was crying in his crib for his nurse to come and dress him. The other, a little older, went to comfort him, and, instead of asking him to stop, said: "Keep on crying, Sherlock." When his mother

asked him why he had told the baby to keep on crying, he replied: "Why, nurse won't come if he stops." That is the true logic of all agitation which makes for righteousness. Eternal agitation is the price of liberty yet to be attained.

HOW TO KEEP CLEAN.

Former Commissioner Waring, of the street-cleaning department in New York City, in an article containing the history of the revolution which gave New York clean streets, relates that when he put white uniforms on the street-cleaning brigade he answered the ridicule that was heaped upon him for dressing men in white to do such dirty work by saying that they would keep the streets so clean that the uniforms would not be soiled; and he had wonderful success in the attempt. Here is a suggestion for Christian men who hesitate to do their duty as citizens, and become factors in political life, because of the proverbial corruption and filth of politics. The straightforward, genuine Christian man can keep his hands as clean in politics as anywhere else, and it is the duty of Christian men to take hold of the political life of our time, and make it so clean that the white uniform of honest public service can go anywhere unspotted.

IS THE PILOT ON BOARD?

The unique title of a successful book is, "The Port of Missing Ships." One's fancy may take wide

sweeps if allowed to run on that title. There are a great many human ships which never reach any safe port for lack of proper purpose and guidance. The little ship that carried the disciples in the midnight storm of long ago came speedily to land when Jesus came on board and took command. The great Pilot stands outside the pilot-house of every drifting, storm-tossed human ship, and says: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Blessed are they that heed that voice.

LACK OF SIMPLICITY IN PRAYER.

Few people have any idea of the curious things that find their way into the United States mail, and finally bring up in the Dead-Letter Office in Washington—such things as rattlesnakes, skulls, Indian scalps, tarantulas, revolvers, false teeth, bombs, bottles of liquor, inflammable oils and poisons, and innumerable other things that are unmailable. Many people who make public prayer seem to have as erroneous an idea of the object of prayer as the people who send these things have of the proprieties of the United States Post Office Department. How often in the prayer-meeting we hear a man pretending to address the Almighty, while he is in fact trying to explode a bomb for the special discomfort of his neighbor a few pews away! Others drag into their prayers all sorts of information, which they impose on the Lord and those who are listening. Real prayer is something very different. It is the earnest cry of the soul clearly directed, and never goes to the dead-letter office. A

good many churches would stand a better chance for a revival if a stop could be put to the dead-letter prayers.

HONESTY ITS OWN COLLECTOR.

A New England merchant visited New York on a rather unusual mission. Nine years ago this gentleman failed in business and was compelled to allow his accounts to be settled up at fifty cents on the dollar. He was entirely freed from any legal obligation to his old creditors by this settlement. He set himself to work again, however, with a brave heart, and, having prospered in business, he came to New York with his note-book, in which were entered sundry amounts, and the names of a score or more of old New York wholesale and manufacturing firms. He went from one to another, and paid dollar for dollar all the old debts that had been written in the profit-and-loss account long ago. Such a man is not under the law but under grace. He is not honest because he fears the punishment of law, but because of the inner promptings of the soul. He has a law written in the tablets of his heart more imperative than the law on the statute-books. The latter may hold him free of debt, but the inner law still collects the unforgotten obligation. The millennium will have come when the inner law is supreme in the hearts of mankind.

A HEART FULL OF TRAMPS.

A certain community on Long Island was greatly annoyed by a band of tramps, who pillaged the farm-houses and defied the authorities to punish them.

These lawless men made their headquarters in an empty barn, where they brought their plunder and enjoyed their hideous revels. A sinful heart is in much the condition of that barn. The heart naturally belongs to God, and ought to be the treasure-house of good thoughts and holy purposes, and sweet and happy musings. But evil lusts and appetites and sins, like vagrant tramps, invade the heart and make it their den of debauch. They go out through the eyes and the ears of their miserable victim and bring back plunder on which to revel. Jesus Christ is able to dispossess these enemies and garrison the rescued soul with angelic soldiery.

A SOUL ON FIRE.

The citizens of a portion of Wilksebarre, Pa., were at one time greatly alarmed at an explosion in one of the coal-mines. People ran from their homes in confusion. It was soon found that one of the great coal-mines—fully forty acres of coal—was on fire and liable to burn on for a long time, destroying great wealth. The incident suggests the danger of having combustible appetites and passions and lusts hidden in the deep heart-chambers of one's soul, where some sudden temptation may ignite this hidden tinder and set the soul "on fire of hell."

THE DANGER OF LOSING ONE'S RECKONING.

The excuse given by the captain of the steamship *Saginaw* for going ashore is very suggestive. He says that for several days the fog was so bad he could

not see the sun, and he lost his reckoning. How many there are on the broader sea of human life who lose their reckoning in the fog and are hopelessly cast ashore! Thank God, there is a Pilot who never yet has lost his reckoning and who is always to be had by a perplexed soul! He came to the disciples in the midst of the storm at night, long ago, and immediately brought them into quiet and peace. On every storm-swept deck, or fog-bound ship, the prayerful sailor may yet hear that strong but tender voice saying: "Lo! it is I, be not afraid."

KEEPING IN TUNE.

Few people who listen to a great singer have any conception of the exacting regimen popular singers are compelled to follow. Melba never allows herself to eat any sweets, altho she is very fond of them, and many articles of food which would be pleasing to her she nevertheless denies herself because of their hurtful effects on her voice. One of the sweetest singers of Germany lost her voice thro inhaling tobacco-smoke in a restaurant where she went with her husband in the evening after the concerts. This necessary care, in order to keep the voice in tune, suggests the still greater necessity of watchfulness in keeping the heart and soul in harmony. The human soul is like a most delicate musical instrument, and can not be kept attuned so as to give forth the sounds of love and hope and faith unless guarded from evil influences. As the kind of food a singer eats, or the

atmosphere she breathes, tells for good or ill upon her voice, so the books and newspapers we read, the conversation in which we indulge, and the thoughts and meditations we permit, have to do with the harmony or discord of the soul.

MAKING OUR GOOD DEEDS ATTRACTIVE.

A Chicago paper gave an account of the excitement occasioned by an undertaker's wagon driving up to the rear of a house in that city and taking on board a load of something. The neighbors were at once greatly aroused. In the flurry, somebody turned in an alarm at the nearest patrol-box, and pretty soon a patrol-wagon, loaded with policemen, came tearing down the alley, on the lookout for the supposed murderer. The matter was finally explained in a very simple way. The owner of the house in question is interested in a farm, and brings his share of produce into the town. His stock of potatoes being altogether more than he could consume, he told several of his friends to come around and help themselves to as many bushels as they wanted. One of his friends was an undertaker, and he sent his professional wagon; hence the terror of the neighbors. There are a great many people who do things that are good in themselves, but who cause alarm and sorrow because they perform their duties in such a funereal way. Paul says we ought to show mercy with cheerfulness; but many people show mercy in a way to make the recipient feel like thrashing the would-be philanthropist. We do well to remember that the spirit in which

things are done is often more important than the deed itself. It is not more inappropriate to haul potatoes in an undertaker's wagon than it is to do a good deed in a gloomy and pessimistic spirit.

THE GROWTH OF KINDNESS AMONG MEN.

A black cat held up the trolley-roads running through Fulton Street, Brooklyn, for nearly half an hour one evening. In some way the cat had made its way to the flat wooden guard-box that runs along under the elevated railroad tracks, just above the trolley wires. The cat did not mean to interfere with the passage of the cars in any way. It first attracted attention by piteous cries of terror every time a trolley-car passed under it. The cries attracted the attention of people in the cars and on the sidewalk, and they protested against what seemed to be the torture of the cat. The repair wagon was finally summoned by telephone, and the cat rescued from her dangerous position amid the cheers of hundreds of people. It surely was a very significant thing that two hundred cars stood idle, and thousands of people waited at the busiest time of the day, to rescue a cat. There are parts of the earth where it would not have been done for a child, or a man, or a woman. Slowly but surely the kindness of Jesus Christ is conquering the brute and the savage in the heart of mankind.

THE TATTOOED CHARACTER.

An English magazine has published a very striking and interesting article on the strange fashion in some

circles, even among very well-to-do persons, of tattooing the body. Instances are given of famous paintings being tattooed on the backs of persons. Some people pay large sums of money to have strange and unique pictures tattooed on their bodies, until every inch of their forms is covered with this evidence of silly and absurd barbarism. But silly as that is, it is innocent when compared to the horrible tattooing of the moral nature which some men and women acquire at such a fearful cost. Some who take the greatest care of their bodies would blush with shame if their tattooed characters were exhibited to the public gaze. It is worse yet when they have become so hardened in iniquity that they are not ashamed, but flaunt the marks of their degradation before the eyes of their fellows.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

A most touching sight was witnessed at Ellis Island, when a Swiss hatter and his child arrived from France, and were detained on a complaint lodged by the man's wife, who had come to this country two years ago. There had been a cruel misunderstanding between herself and her husband, and in their estrangement she had obtained a legal separation and come away, and now sought to obtain the custody of her child. The wise and kind-hearted commissioner of immigration brought the estranged parents together in one of his rooms, and the little girl, who had not seen her mother for two years, threw herself into her

arms, crying: "Mama, you mustn't go away any more, but must come and live with papa and me." Both parents were visibly affected by this childish appeal for a reconciliation, and the commissioner, believing that the parents should be reunited, if only for the sake of the child, urged them to mutual forgiveness. His appeals, reinforced by those of the little girl, were successful, and they concluded to bury the past, and a clergyman was called to reunite them in marriage, and the little girl led them away to a new life on American soil. It was a new fulfilment of the old prophecy which says: "A little child shall lead them."

CAUGHT IN THE QUAGMIRE.

A young man slightly under the influence of liquor strayed into a quagmire on the outskirts of Jersey City and came very near losing his life. He wandered into the place and fell asleep. After a while he awoke to the fact that he was slowly sinking to death in the mud of the swamp. The first sensation was that his legs were freezing. He tried to walk, but his feet were deep in the mud. He couldn't take a step. He began to struggle violently in the effort to extricate himself, and succeeded in raising one foot a few inches. But the other one had sunk lower, and when he paused to rest he found that the water had risen up to his chest. Suddenly the fearful peril of his position dawned on him. He was gradually but surely sinking in the mud. The fumes of the liquor fled

from his brain, and cold beads of perspiration started out on his brow. He tried to draw himself out by throwing himself flat. But the clinging mud now held him by the hips. He yelled at the top of his voice and shrieked for help until he was exhausted. Steadily the water rose to his armpits, then to his shoulders, and the cold ring encircled his neck, and he had uttered his last moan of despair, when he was overheard by a policeman and rescued from an awful death. That living death is a true picture of the way men sink into the quagmire of sin. At first they are intoxicated with its pleasures, then they are asleep to their danger, and when they are finally aroused to their awful peril it is too late for them to help themselves. The only hope of the poor sinner is in Jesus Christ, who is able to take him out of the quagmire and to place his feet on the solid rock.

THE PERILS OF A DRIFTING SOUL.

The British steamship *Beechdene*, on a voyage from Hamburg and Newcastle, was caught in a field of ice, and for many days was in great danger. The cakes of ice were thick and some as large as the vessel. There was no chance for turning around or backing, and little for going ahead. On every side the ice-cakes crashed together, piled themselves, and crunched against the vessel's sides, grinding and creaking and pressing hard the plates. Held in this icy grip, the vessel drifted far out of her course, and, tho she finally escaped from the cold embrace of the ice-field,

she was many days late in reaching port. A drifting ship is always in danger, and so is a drifting soul. A ship is never so safe as when by compass and chart she is steered through open water along her proper track to her accustomed haven. A soul is never safe unless guided in harmony with God's will along the path of duty, toward the harbor of heaven. The drifting soul is in constant peril of awful shipwreck.

THE FOULING OF THE PUBLIC MIND.

During a great northeast storm, the south Jersey coast was deluged with the rubbish and offal of New York City. Half-decayed fruit and refuse of every kind filled the air with the most noxious odors. In an intellectual and moral way, that is what some of our daily newspapers are doing every day. Nothing is too dirty or revolting for them to spread to the wind, until the very air is reeking with the bad smells that come from the mouth of the pit.

A VOLCANIC HEART.

Professor Friedlander, a German scientist, who has made a study of the islands of the Pacific, has returned from Hawaii, where he spent several weeks in the vicinity of the crater of Kilauea. From his observations there he predicts that a great volcanic eruption on Hawaii is close at hand. These eruptions are exceedingly dangerous and destructive. Without warning, usually, a stream of lava breaks through the side

of the mountain and flows down upon the fertile valleys, carrying death and destruction with it. Hundreds of settlers on coffee plantations around the base of the mountain are fearful of an eruption in the near future that will wipe out many plantations and homes. A volcano is a treacherous neighbor. It sometimes sleeps, but it is likely to wake at any time with death in its hand. A sinful heart is like that: it may be covered over with vineyards and orchards and flowers of cultured and civilized manners, but so long as the fires of sin burn deep in the thoughts and imaginations of the heart, there is likely to be an eruption at any time that will lay waste the fair and beautiful life. The fires of sin may be drowned out forever by the forgiving and transforming mercy of Jesus.

THE VALUE OF ADAPTABILITY.

Great talents often fail of achieving success through lack of tact and adaptation. To study to know how to adapt one's self to the situation at hand, so as to make all one's powers count for a good purpose, is the duty of everybody.

An observer saw a black snake try to capture a lizard for its dinner. The lizard had the better of the snake in the contest, which took place in a cluster of saplings. The lizard would run up a sapling clear to the top, and patiently wait until the snake would slowly wind its way about half-way up the sapling, when the lizard would jump from the top of the tree to the ground, and the snake would fling itself from the

tree, both striking the ground about the same time; but before the snake could get itself straightened out, the lizard, which did not have to uncoil, would scale up another sapling, when the snake would repeat its efforts to procure the dinner. The snake, not being the ready climber that the lizard was, was at a great disadvantage in the contest, and, after many efforts, apparently gave it up as a fruitless job.

"UNCTUOUS RECTITUDE."

This very striking phrase, uttered by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the African millionaire and adventurer, in regard to the people who were condemning him for his part in the Jameson Raid, has been widely quoted and commented upon. It suggests the parable of the Pharisee and the publican who went up to the temple to pray: "The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess" (Luke xviii. 11, 12).

PERSEVERANCE.

It was a bitterly cold night about the year 1840. Around the cracked, unpolished kitchen stove of one of Boston's humblest homes were huddled a man, his wife, and family. The surroundings were of the plainest possible. Of furniture there was scarcely a

piece that would bring anything at a pawn-shop, but of evidence of squalor and want there was abundance. Part of the two remaining chairs had just been broken up to keep the fire from dying out, and as the flame crackled with renewed life the man picked up from the floor a dark-looking substance and gazed at it with a longing that was pathetic. He held it up and studied it with many a sigh that cut the heart of his faithful wife and his loyal children. In changing this substance from one hand to the other, it dropped upon the hot stove. There was a sudden filling of the room with a pungent, offensive odor before the man, with a startled cry, could snatch the now half-scorched substance from the stove. But there was a marked change on the man's face as he examined the burned spots. He felt the substance with a new and intense interest. Was he near the end of years of labor, suffering, and disappointment? Thanks to the cold outside, it did not take long to decide. The burned substance was hung outside the door. In an hour the cold had not affected it. In two hours it still retained the properties most desired. In the morning no change had taken place. A great discovery was complete. Charles Goodyear had found the process of making vulcanized rubber. Success that is worth having always comes hard. It requires devotion, fidelity to purpose, perseverance to the end. A mushroom will grow in a night, but it takes half a thousand years to grow an oak-tree. Great achievements are largely and commonly the prizes won by great perseverance.

LET NOTHING BE LOST.

Modern science is finding wealth where once there was only waste. A company has been organized with fifty million dollars of capital to put in operation a new invention which makes it possible to manufacture car-wheels, basins, barrels, and other vessels now made of iron, wood, or paper, and also board and other building materials, from the pith of cornstalks. This pith, which is called cellulose, is also to be prepared for use in the construction of warships, for filling in between the inside and outside armor of ironclads. This invention is suggestive of the law of economy that runs throughout the universe. There is abundance everywhere, but nothing meant for waste. What a transformation would be produced if all the dormant strength and ability in our Christian churches could be economically used for the salvation of the world! The most wicked waste of all is the waste of moral and spiritual force.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS.

With the doing away with horses for use in street-car transportation, and the widespread use of the bicycle, the bands of horses in the Southwest are becoming valueless, and great droves of wild horses are getting to be numerous. They are troublesome, as they lead away the horses belonging to the cattle-men and farmers, and when a domesticated horse once gets

with a wild drove it sometimes takes several days to catch him. The gentlest family horse, after associating for a few days with these mustangs, seems to forget his raising; all the old-time wildness of his forefathers seems to crop out in him, and altho formerly he may have allowed himself to be caught anywhere, he will not then permit a man to get within half a mile of him. We have in these horses an illustration of the effect of bad company. No youth or adult Christian can afford to put himself unnecessarily in the midst of evil associations. Just as a well man would be reckless to willingly remain where he must breathe foul gases, so a Christian is presumptuous who prays, "Lead me not into temptation," and then deliberately seeks companionship where he must breathe a poisonous moral atmosphere.

THE DESPAIR OF SORROW WITHOUT CHRIST.

One of the saddest of stories is told concerning the death of an old hermit who had for many years lived a life of great loneliness and sorrow. In his youth he was a very bright young man and a brilliant lawyer, but through the tragic death of his brother and sister in an accident he became heartbroken and shut himself up in a lonely farmhouse. He had great wealth, but sought none of the pleasures or comforts that it might have brought to him. The old house fell into decay about him, but in the midst of the dirt and rubbish he miserably existed until death came. The only physician who can really heal the great

sorrows of the soul in Jesus Christ. It is a world full of heartache, and more than anything else it needs the hope and good cheer of the Gospel.

THE IDOLATRY OF FORCE.

In Yezo Island, the natives put skulls of bears they have slain on the tops of poles set in front of their huts, and worship them. Alas! recent events, both at home and abroad, indicate to us that this idolatry of brute force is still widely common in nations calling themselves Christian.

WHY NOT A FATHERS' CONGRESS?

There has been held in the city of Washington one of the most successful congresses among all the series of such meetings in recent years, known as "The Mothers' Congress." So great was the enthusiasm and so wide the interest in it, that it was impossible to find a building in Washington large enough to hold the people who desired to attend its sessions. This is all very well, but would it not be a good thing to have a Fathers' Congress? It would certainly be a very novel occurrence for a thousand fathers to gather together, as such, from different parts of the country and talk about the duties, privileges, and responsibilities of being a father. But there certainly is great need of emphasis on the responsibility of fatherhood. It is not fair to leave the bringing up of children to the mother alone. I repeat it, "Why not a Fathers' Congress?"

THE THIRST OF JESUS.

Archbishop Corrigan aroused a good deal of interest among Catholics by embodying the following temperance paragraph in his Lenten circular: "A most useful and commendable custom is that of abstaining during Lent from stimulants, in honor of the sacred thirst of our divine Savior." In connection with the abstinence from intoxicating drink during Lent, as recommended by the Archbishop, half a million "I Thirst" cards have been issued as pledges to be distributed among the members of the churches. On these cards is the following prayer: "O Lord Jesus Christ, who by thy burning thirst and agony on the cross didst suffer for poor drunkards, grant, we beseech thee, by thy sacred thirst and agony, to protect from the allurements of intoxicating drink all who are in danger of eternal loss through the demon of intemperance. Amen." Protestants no less than Catholics might well join in that prayer, not only in Lent, but all the year round. And people who claim the right to drink moderately in their homes might well deny themselves in the spirit of and in fellowship with their Redeemer. "The servant is not greater than his Lord."

A SLEEPING WATCHMAN.

At a fire the watchman, whose duty it was to take care that no harm came to the building he was paid to guard, was the last person on the premises to be

aroused. All the other tenants had escaped, when, not finding him, search was made, and he was awakened and saved with the greatest difficulty. Are there other watchmen sleeping on guard? It is a terrible thing for a church, or for a family, when those who are placed as guardians are like the watchman characterized by Isaiah: "His watchmen are blind: . . . dumb dogs, they can not bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber."

AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

The man who commits sin and imagines he can go his own way and be happy if only his sin is not discovered, makes the fatal mistake of leaving his conscience out of the account. No man can tell when conscience will rise up and shake the accusing finger in his face, and make him condemn himself. This was illustrated when a young thief who had stolen a package of diamonds worth over $1,000 walked into the West Twentieth Street Police Station, in New York City, and confessed himself a thief in order to save a colored girl who was held for the crime. That mysterious thing we call conscience would not let him sleep or enjoy his stolen goods in peace, but took him by the throat and marched him to jail for his misdeeds. It was like the case of the men who were about to stone the woman to death for adultery, and Jesus said to them: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." And John, recording the incident, says: "They which heard it, being con-

victed by their own conscience, went out one by one" (John viii. 9).

TORN BY THE SHARKS.

A published letter from Samoa, the island made forever famous by the residence of Robert Louis Stevenson, tells the thrilling story of the almost miraculous escape of a gentleman and two ladies from death by sharks. They were out in an open boat, far from land, when the boat capsized and threw them into the sea. Being expert swimmers, they abandoned the boat and swam toward the shore. The women were pursued by sharks, and only escaped by climbing the anchor-chain on a lighter. As it was, their clothing was torn from their bodies, and their limbs painfully lacerated. The gentleman was separated from them in the darkness, and finally reached the shore. He, too, was pursued by sharks, which wounded him in a dozen places. He was found wandering, a raving maniac. Between fits of hysterical laughter and sobbing, he would fight imaginary battles with sharks.

I read this terrible story, and, turning over the page, read the story of a man who went to his home in Paterson, N. J., drunk, the night before, and beat his wife and five children in a most brutal manner. The family were compelled to flee to the neighbors for refuge. Then the drunkard took an ax and proceeded to wreck the interior of his house. He was finally arrested and taken to jail, and slept away his drunken spree on the cell floor. The next morning he was in

the depths of despair and remorse, as he is a peaceable man, and kind to his wife and children when sober. As I laid down the paper I thought that the sharks of Samoa were not more fierce than the shark-like passions and lusts which transform a peaceful home into a hell. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city" (Prov. xvi. 32).

A HUMAN LADDER.

Notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary, we believe that it is true that there is more heroism in common life to-day than ever before. At a fire in a tenement-house in New York City in the winter of 1897 the janitor, Charles F. Lorenz, performed an act which places him in the line of heroes. Before the firemen arrived the tenants were having a desperate time on the fire-escapes. The ladder intended to reach the ground was too short by ten feet. People came down to the last platform, and were afraid to venture on the short and shaky ladder and make the drop to the street. Others were crowding down the escapes behind them, and it looked as if some terrible accident would happen. Lorenz, the janitor, was equal to the emergency. Standing on tiptoe on the stoop, he managed to reach the bottom of the ladder, and, holding it firmly by the lowest round, told the excited people to descend. And thus over his body men, women, and children found their way in safety to the street. That was a heroic deed, and yet it is

only a faint illustration of the heroism and self-sacrifice of Him who left all the glory of heaven and came down to earth that we might through Him be saved. "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows, yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed" (Isaiah liii. 4, 5).

IN REACH OF THE LIFE-LINE—BUT LOST.

6-1-41. E.E.

As the Weehawken ferry-boat neared the Jersey side one morning, the captain saw a man on an upturned boat, drifting rapidly down the river. He reversed the engines, and when the ferry-boat got within fifty feet of the capsized boat, the cries of the shipwrecked man, "Help! Save me!" could be plainly heard. A deck-hand seized a life-preserver to which a line was attached, and tossed it to the man in distress. The line fell across the man's shoulder, but he made no attempt to grasp it. Then the deck-hand tied the end of the rope around his own body and, jumping overboard in the icy flood, swam to the upturned boat. When within a few feet of the row-boat he came to the end of the line, and did not dare to loosen himself from it. He could barely touch the clothing of the man, but could not grip him with sufficient strength to take him back with him to the ferry-boat. He cried out, "For God's sake, jump! I'll catch you." But the man remained motionless

on the boat, and only moaned. Overcome by cold and exhaustion, the deck-hand was compelled to go back to his own boat. Then another line was thrown, and coiled about the man on the wreck, and this time he clutched it with a seeming purpose to be saved. Right heartily the crew pulled in on the line, but before he came within reach he let go the rope and sank forever out of sight. How true to life is that sad picture, in illustrating the fate of many who are shipwrecked by their sins, and are drifting to certain ruin! Tho the life-line is thrown within their reach, their sins have so benumbed their power to choose, that they will not seize it, or, if they do, permit it to drop again from their nerveless fingers. A man's own will is the determining agency in salvation. Nothing can stand in the way of the man who really chooses Christ. "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever *will*, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 17).

THE WRECKERS.

In a terrible railway disaster in Alabama, it is believed that the fearful loss of life and property was caused by robbers, who deliberately wrecked the train in order that they might rifle the pockets of the dead and wounded passengers. Immediately after the train fell into the abyss, three men rushed from the side of a hill on the banks of the river and, after robbing the passengers, set fire to portions of the train, and es-

caped. These wreckers were pursued, with a heavy price set on their heads. They were not very shrewd. Had they gone to New York and taken out a liquor license, they could have carried on their work of wreckage and pillage as well, and, instead of having a reward for their arrest, every policeman's uniform on the street would have been a pledge for their protection.

"He sitteth in the lurking-places of the villages: in the secret places doth he murder the innocent: his eyes are privily set against the poor. He lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den; he lieth in wait to catch the poor: he doth catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net" (Psalm x. 8, 9).

A PAUPER IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY.

An old German shoemaker died in the hospital in Paterson, N. J., who was supposed to be without money, as it was known he was without friends. His body was turned over to the poormaster, who was surprised on going to the old cobbler's shop to find not only a life insurance policy, but a bank-book showing deposits amounting to $4,000, and other articles valued at $500 more. The old man had lived like a pauper, while he might have surrounded his old age with comforts. Alas! that there are so many who follow his example in spiritual things—men and women who might be clothed with righteousness, and feast on love, and joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost, but who are living like tramps, and will die spiritual

paupers. How much wiser to live so that we may inherit the promise of Paul to the Philippians: "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. iv. 19).

REPENTANCE THAT COMES TOO LATE.

A pitiable illustration of sinning in haste and repenting at one's leisure without avail occurred in an Eastern city. A husband and wife, both young people, had a quarrel and parted in anger. The man rushed from the house, and tho the wife followed him to the door and piteously called after him to come back, he was heedless of her appeal. Three or four hours later, his anger having cooled down, and being now thoroughly ashamed of himself, he started home to ask her forgiveness, and dreamed of ending the evening in peace. Imagine his consternation and grief to find that in his short absence the house had been burned down and the charred dead body of his wife taken from the ruins. "If I had not left her in anger! Oh, if I could only hear her say, 'I forgive you'!" was the poor fellow's unavailing cry.

A DEMAND FOR PUBLIC SPIRIT.

A vicious young hoodlum brought out a rat which he had caught in a tenement-house, and putting it down, trap and all, on the sidewalk, brought forth a kettle of boiling water and proceeded to have "fun" by pouring the hot water over the wretched victim.

His sport did not last long, however, for an energetic young clerk on her way to work, seeing the cruel deed, shouted, "Stop that at once!" The brutal creature only looked at her in astonishment and laughed. Then she pleaded with him to be merciful, and he mocked her. Then she went to a policeman and had him arrested and taken before the police-court, and, in spite of her dread of notoriety, appeared against him and had him punished. Of such stuff heroes and heroines are made. The moral climate of the world would rapidly grow healthier if we all followed her example.

A NEW TESTAMENT FEAST.

The Salvation Army in Newark, N. J., made a feast, and issued invitations and sent them out everywhere, asking those who were specially mentioned to come and enjoy the splendid dinner they had provided. The only condition was that no man was to come who had money enough to buy a dinner for himself. Absolute poverty was the one necessary ticket for admission. Over a thousand ragged and wretched men were fed at their tables. Perhaps a great many people who shrugged their shoulders and sneered when they read of that feast will read the words of Jesus very reverently where he says: "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the

poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they can not recompense thee, for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." If Jesus Christ were to come to our modern cities, I wonder where he would feel most at home?

LOST AT THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOR.

As an Anchor Line steamer was coming to anchor off the quarantine station in New York bay at the end of a long and stormy passage from the Mediterranean, the boatswain became entangled in the anchor-chain and fell overboard. Tho a boat was lowered at once and every effort was made to save his life, he died there in the mouth of the harbor, when all the dangers of the voyage seemed to be over. So some fall into sin and lose their souls when almost in sight of the harbor of heaven. How important that we should heed the warning of the Word of God that only those who persevere "to the end" shall be saved!

THE SONS OF GOD.

When the Prince of Wales visited this country in 1860, he sailed home on a ship which encountered a very severe storm, and was driven far out of her course. The voyage was so long delayed that the food was entirely devoured, except the salt fare of the crew, and the Prince of Wales was compelled to be satisfied with this scanty provision. And yet, tho enduring hardship for a time, he enjoyed the con-

sciousness that he was the son of the Queen of England and heir to the throne. Christians suffer trial and hardship in this world like other people, but they are comforted and sustained by the assurance that they are the children of God—"and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ" (Romans ix. 17).

FOR THE GOOD OF OTHERS.

A gentleman in evening dress, on his way to a social party, saw a brutal truck-driver unmercifully beating a horse with a shovel. He plead with the driver to desist, and offered to assist him, but the only answer was a huge piece of coal hurled at his head. Then he secured a policeman, had the brute arrested for cruelty to animals, and arrayed as he was, in evening dress, mounted the coal-cart and drove the horse back to his stable. Such men help on the kingdom of Christ on earth. If the man had been simply looking after his own interest, he would have hurried by to his party on the other side of the street. But his deed was in the spirit of Him who denied himself his own ease and comfort for the good of others.

THE WORLD COMING IN LIKE A FLOOD.

A strange case of a church driven out by trolley-cars comes from Brooklyn. The church in question a few years ago had one of the finest sites in the city, but two trolley-lines have converged about it, and the

noise is so confusing that the pastor has resigned on account of it, and declares that the church is likely to be ruined, as the property for church purposes is valueless and the congregation is unable to build on a new site. Other churches have been ruined by the din and confusion of worldliness, tho not exactly in the same way. It is the one great threat, however, against the success of the church. The church needs to stand strong in the promise of God that "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him" (Isaiah lix. 19).

A PASSION FOR SAVING PEOPLE.

There is a young man named John Boice, living in New Brunswick, N. J., who has a passion for saving people from drowning. In three years he rescued eighteen persons from drowning in the Raritan River. That is splendid, but there is a yet nobler passion which has for its object the saving of the soul. Some people become very daring and skilful in this noble art, and it may be learned and practised by every one. "Let him know, that he which converted the sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins" (James v. 20).

A GROVELING SOUL.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* tells the story of a strange man who, notwithstanding he is the owner of

an office-building in Chicago worth several thousand dollars, prefers to go about the country in association with the vilest tramps, and has been an inmate of fifty-two jails. This poor creature is a fitting illustration of men and women who have been reared to noble possibilities, whose education has opened to them the door of good books and pure thoughts and holy friendships, who turn away from all these things to live in their passions and lusts until they are led captive by the devil at his will. Having beautiful raiment at hand, they clothe themselves in filthy rags until mind and heart are "at home" in nothing else.

BROTHERHOOD BREAKS DOWN ALL BARRIERS.

One Christmas Day in New York City a millionaire was driving down Fifth Avenue in his sleigh, when his high-spirited horse ran away. The sleigh was overturned, and the rich man and his coachman rolled in the snow together. As they struggled to their feet and turned to follow the runaway horse they saw the sleigh strike a poor peddler and knock him into a heap, both runners passing over his body. The millionaire uttered a cry of dismay when he saw the ragged peddler fall in the street, and leaving his valuable trotter to vanish in the distance he cast himself on his knees by the injured man and lifted his blood-stained head tenderly in his arms. He got help as soon as possible, and himself assisted in carrying the poor fellow into a fashionable hotel near-by, and sent for a doctor. Later he got him a comfortable room

in a hospital and ordered that every possible attention should be given him. When the peddler was seen by the reporter at the hospital and told that the man whose horse had run over him was a millionaire, he replied: "A millionaire, is he? Well, all I can say is that he's the whitest man I ever seen in me life, an' I'll never say another word agin millionaires. I tell yer wot, that man is a wonder. Why, he—he—he went down on his marrow-bones in the snow alongsider me an' took my head on his knee, same as if I was his brother—an' it all bleedin', too." O brotherhood, how great is thy power! There is no quack way of bridging the so-called gulf between the rich and the poor, but with the brotherhood of Jesus Christ exemplified as in this case there is no gulf.

GOD'S PROVISION FOR HIS CREATURES.

Naturalists have made some wonderful discoveries concerning the position of the ears on the bodies of certain insects. They are not placed as in larger animals, always on the side of the head, but are put on that part of the body where they are likely to be of most advantage, or to have the best protection. The common house-fly, for instance, does his hearing by means of some little rows of corpuscles which are situated on the knobbed threads that occupy the places taken up by the hind wings of other species of insects. The garden slug, or shell-less snail, has his organs of hearing on each side of his neck, and the grasshopper has them on each of his broad, flat

thighs. In some of the smaller insects they are at the base of the wings, and in others on the bottom of the feet. Surely He who has made the grasshopper a special subject of study, and put ears in his thighs that he may better fill his little sphere, will not fail to satisfy the deepest longings of the soul of man.

BEWILDERED SOULS.

At a fire in New York City a man appeared at a window who seemed so dazed and bewildered by the smoke and excitement that he paid no heed to what was said to him. A brave fireman, risking his own life, made his way through smoke and flame, and carrying him in his arms as tho he were a child, saved him almost in spite of himself. Many poor sinners there are who wander dazed and bewildered among the highways and hedges. It is our blessed privilege to go forth and "compel them to come in."

A MAN ON FIRE.

A strange sight was witnessed in Arlington, N. J. A crossed electric wire, one end of which was attached to a large maple-tree, produced a remarkable illumination of the tree's trunk beneath the bark. It seemed as tho the entire trunk was a mass of sparkling fire, each crack and crevice in the bark glowing with an electric flame that lighted up the entire street. The unusual and beautiful spectacle attracted hundreds of people, who stood for hours watching the

sight. It was something like that in a spiritual way which attracted men to Peter and his friends on the day of Pentecost. That above all else it is which we need to attract the heedless throng away from their sins and compel them to listen to the message of salvation. Let there be a man on fire, and there will be those who will come to see him burn.

THE HEALING QUALITIES OF MUSIC.

Several years ago a society was formed in London, composed of prominent physicians and skilled musicians, for the purpose of testing the power of music to heal disease. Its success was so great that a society has been formed in New York City to prosecute the experiment in this country. Many of our leading medical men are enthusiastic in their faith in the new system. One well-known physician says: "Sound vibrations in music certainly act in a marked way upon certain forms of disease. For example, cases of insomnia, no matter how severe, are invariably relieved. We all know how lively music dispels despondency. Every soldier will testify to the inspiriting influence of music in war. This, scientifically considered, means simply that sound vibrations act directly upon the nerves." This is in harmony with the teaching of Scripture that "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and the injunction that it is our duty to make "melody in our hearts unto the Lord." The heart that is attuned to the divine harmonies of the Gospel will be healed of all morbid spiritual disorders.

HEIRS TO A FORTUNE, YET PAUPERS.

An old woman was given refuge at the Bellevue Hospital, who was trying to make her way from her home in Ohio to Holland. She had with her three old-fashioned carpet-bags, to which she clung persistently, because in them were the papers with which she expected to prove her rights to the fortune which she said was awaiting her in Holland. Christians, too, are journeying to a far land, where they are claimants to a rich inheritance. But God does not let us go on our way as beggars; he clothes us with white robes and charges himself with our expenses on the way thither. It is only when we lose faith in God and in his bountiful care and abundant provision for us that we become spiritual paupers.

GIVING THE WRONG SIGNAL.

A trolley-car coming into Allentown, Pa., from Bethlehem, was struck by a passenger-train on a grade-crossing, costing the life of one man and serious injuries to many others. The trolley-car conductor had gone ahead and carelessly signaled to the motorman to cross the tracks. Upon noticing more carefully, he saw an approaching train, and changed the signal, but it was too late. How many parents have made that fatal mistake! They have given the careless signal which afterward they would have sacrificed their lives to change, but found it too late to save the young hearts that trusted them.

A MAN OR A MINISTER—WHICH?

A distinguished Massachusetts clergyman tells a good story at his own expense. He was on a tramp through the White Mountains with another clergyman for a companion. One day they mounted the driver's seat of a stage-coach. As is often the case, the stage-driver was an interesting character, whose conversation abounded in good stories. The three speedily became friendly, and it was with reluctance that they parted at the end of the journey. "I'm glad ter hev met yer fellers," said the driver on leaving them. "Yer see, I haven't seen a man this summer exceptin' ministers." Does anybody doubt that these two *men* had more influence for good on this driver than all the duly uniformed ministers he had met that summer?

THE CHILDREN AND THE CHURCH.

The boys of St. Paul's Cathedral choir in London possess the strangest playground in England. The top of the roof is enclosed by means of strong beams and wire netting, so that balls can not fall on the unsuspecting passers-by. Here on the leads, hockey, stump cricket, and the like go briskly forward in any of the odd moments which they have to themselves. In the winter a thin sheet of water, which quickly freezes, converts the roof into a skating-pond. Those who know choir boys only with those solemn faces which they invariably assume when seated in their

stalls in the cathedral would be astonished to find what remarkably light-hearted youngsters they are when skipping about on this roof of theirs, despite the smuts and an occasional whiff of smoke from a neighboring chimney. Christianity should be presented to childhood, and in fact to everybody, with its joyous side. It is full of hope and courage and inspiration. To represent it as forever silencing the natural instincts of the heart is a false presentation. The positive side is far more attractive than the negative, especially to youth. If we walk in the Spirit we shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.

GIVING THE BEST.

A very curious and beautiful letter was once written to President Lincoln. It would certainly have given him peculiar pleasure had he read it, but he never did. This is how it was: In 1863 some pirates from Peru captured and carried off some natives from the Marquesas Island in the South Sea, one of them being the son of a powerful chief. This chief made a vow that he would, for revenge, eat the first white man who fell into his hands. A man named Whalan, the first mate of a New Bedford whaling-ship, was before many months captured by the Marquesans; he it was who must furnish a feast for the cannibal chief. But all the people he ruled over were not cannibals; among them was a native missionary from Hawaii, named Kakela. Kakela had just received a present of a boat from a church in Boston, a valuable six-

oared boat that he needed much in his missionary work. He set about trying to save Mr. Whalan's life, but the chief would give him up only on one condition—that he should have the new boat in exchange for the captive. Kakela bought him at that price, and helped him to leave the islands. The story came to President Lincoln's knowledge, and in the midst of the terrible cares that the life-and-death struggle of the nation threw on him he characteristically found time to send a message and a present to the poor South Sea missionary. Kakela wrote a letter of thanks in return, which closed with these sentences: "As to this friendly deed of mine, its seed was brought from your great land by certain of your countrymen who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it here that these dark regions might receive the root of all that is good and true, which is love. How shall I repay your great kindness to me? Thus David asked of Jonathan, and thus I ask of you, the President of the United States. This is my only payment, that which I received from the Lord, 'love.' May the love of Jesus Christ abound toward you till the end of this terrible war in your land." Before the letter reached the White House, President Lincoln had died at the hands of the assassin. All the return we can make to Jesus Christ for his great gift of salvation is our love, but that is what he wants, and is the very best.

THE DUTY OF SUMMER TO WINTER.

Lone Wolf, the Cheyenne Indian who led one of the Kiowa uprisings, afterward became a Christian and an effective preacher. He made the following striking appeal for Indian missions before the congregation of the Calvary Baptist church, New York City: "When the Great Spirit created the world, He divided it into two great seasons—one warm, and the other cold. The warm season brings light and life; the grass springs up, and the birds sing, there is growth and development to fruit, and joy and gladness. The cold season brings death and desolation; the grass dies, the trees are bare, the fruits are gone, the animals become weak and poor, the very water turns hard, there is no joy, no gladness. You Christian white people are like the summer; you have life and warmth and light and knowledge. The poor, wild Indians are like the winter; we have no growth, no knowledge, no joy, no gladness. Won't you share your summer with us? Won't you help us with the light and life, that we may have joy and gladness and knowledge and eternal life hereafter?" It seems to me that that is a very picturesque and forcible way of presenting the claim of the heathen of every land upon Christians for missionary help.

ALL OUR NEEDS.

God supplies us according to our needs if we live in harmony with his purpose. If we cease to have certain needs he does not waste provision on us. If by

any emergency the need comes back, the supply is again provided. One of the most interesting incidents in Dr. Nansen's book, "The Farthest North," is the description of his dramatic meeting with Jackson on Franz Josef Land, and his reference to the manner in which the wild man's sharpened senses discovered the fragments of the soap which the civilized European had used in his morning ablutions. Dr. Nansen declares that he could smell that soap as plainly as if it had been a strong perfume. Johanson, his redoubtable companion, also noted the same thing when he came up. For weeks their sense of smell was wonderfully acute. As they approached Jackson's hut they could smell everything it contained and give a sort of inventory of its stores without entering. As the days passed by under their changed circumstances this acuteness wore off, and they became quite normal in that as in other respects. The incidents aroused the wonder in Nansen's mind whether if a man were to live wild for a few years his sense of smell would not become quite as keen as that of an animal.

THE CURRENTS OF LIFE.

When we are at peace with God we put ourselves in harmony with the currents of life. All things then work together for our good.

A very curious theory, lately revived, is that the sap of a living tree ebbs and flows in some way in sympathy with the tides of the ocean. This idea comes from Italy, where a grower of vines and other

fruit-trees, who is also a chemist, has been experimenting in this direction. He says that no trees should be lopped or pruned except during the hours of ebb-tide. He has taken fourteen years to come to this conclusion, and now always acts upon it. The result is that his trees and vines have developed beautiful foliage, bear splendid crops, and are quite free from the attacks of the insects which devastate surrounding orchards.

UNREAD PROPHECIES.

Many young people have in their inheritance of talents, or gifts, or opportunities, prophecies of greatness which are dumb and silent to them because they have not the wisdom to read them.

The Czar Nicholas, who died in 1855, is one sovereign who made a love-match. He courted Princess Charlotte of Prussia, the eldest daughter of Frederick William III., when he was a grand duke, and not the heir expectant to the Russian crown. The princess, when it was considered that her education was completed, received from her old governess a small antique ring, and at once began to wear it habitually. About a year after the gift was made, Grand Duke Nicholas came to visit at her father's court. He fell in love with her, and one day, when they sat beside each other at dinner, he begged her to give him this ring as a sign that his love was returned.

"What, give a ring at a dinner-table! before all these people?"

"Let me see—press it into that piece of bread and give it to me."

Gallant persistence had its reward—press it into the bread and give it to him she did. And now comes an odd touch in the story: The lover examined the ring with an attention the princess had never given it, and he found what she had never seen—an inscription on the inner side in French, and that inscription ran: "L'Imperatrice de la Russie." The princess had been wearing something that looked like a prophecy, but she became a wife and a mother before she was an empress. The Emperor Nicholas wore the little ring on a chain about his neck as long as he lived.

ENLARGED SELF-APPRAISEMENT.

Solomon declared there was more hope for a fool than for a man who had an exaggerated estimate of himself. If some people would only take down the scaffolding of show and display, and stand forth in their real size, the difference between appearance and reality would be as great as that suggested in the amusing incident which comes to us from the mother-country. When the late Princess Mary of Teck first became stout, says an English journal, she sent for the celebrated Banting. She was surprised to see that he was still extremely bulky, and after a few simple preparatory remarks, she said: "But your system has not made you very thin, Mr. Banting." "Allow me, madam," said Banting; and, proceeding to un-

button his coat, he disclosed a large wire structure over which the garment fitted. Inside was the real Banting, incased in another coat. "This, madam," said he, pointing with pardonable satisfaction to his cage, "was my size before I commenced dieting." He then nimbly disembarrassed himself of his frame-work, and stood before the royal lady exhibiting his slender figure! Apparently the interview led to nothing but amusement, for the good Duchess of Teck remained very stout to the end of her days.

ELASTICITY OF CONSCIENCE.

The elasticity which many respectable people, who are honest about most matters, show in regard to the appropriation of public property to their personal uses has often been remarked. When such people are deceived and duped in their thievery, all are willing to laugh. On the posts of one of the old beds in the Washington mansion in Mount Vernon are small glass knobs with sockets drilled into them, which fit like spikes, but do not fasten on. It is perfectly natural for visitors to place their hands upon the knobs, and those who do so immediately perceive that they can be taken off. The next step is to slip them quietly into the pocket and carry them away as relics of the sacred place. Altho an attendant is employed to watch this room, there are so many visitors that it is impossible for him to prevent such pilfering, and the glass knobs have to be replaced two or three times a week during the busy season, but that costs

very little trouble and expense. A factory near Pittsburg turns them out for thirty cents a gross, and the superintendent is in the habit of ordering a barrel of them every spring. There are several thousands of these glass knobs scattered over the world, in museums and private collections of mementos and historical relics. Many more are doubtless concealed for reasons of conscience and fear of discovery, but the guilty persons need have no concern. The original knobs that belonged to the bed are safely laid away in a vault.

THE IMPERIAL SOUL.

Every person is born into the world with an imperial power over his own nature. The power to choose and to will makes an emperor of every one of us. Nobody but ourselves can take away our crown. Every year there is an emperor crowned at Rome. The coronation, which, of course, takes place in a church, does not stir the world to its depths, tho there are doubtless many dwellers in Rome who have an intense interest in the matter. "The Emperor" is the title given to the boy who distinguishes himself above all others in his knowledge of Christian doctrine, or the Catechism, during the year. Vincenzo Postacchini was the lad who in 1897 was crowned emperor. One of the privileges of the candidate is to visit the Pope and the several cardinals, who give him presents. On this year an impostor got up a train of princes, which are a feature of the new dignity, and went around collecting the perquisites of

the position from the cardinals. His perfidy was soon discovered, however, and he was disgraced and punished.

DANGERS TO THE HOME NEST.

The dangers to the home are beyond number. Bad books, poisonous newspapers, vile art that stares from the bill-boards, and many other deadly bullets are hurled at the home nest. God bless the brave men and women who watch over their children as God's shepherds with honest hearts!

At Cranbrook, in Dent, England, there is a rifle-range which has been used by the local volunteers for rifle practice, and at a distance of about six feet behind the targets there has been built a large stack of fagots which serve to stop the spent bullets. One year a pair of nightingales selected the stack as the site for their nest, which they built in the interior at a distance of about fifteen inches from the surface of the front facing the targets, about four feet from the ground, and almost in a direct line with the center of one of the targets, which are constructed of canvas and allow the bullets to pass through directly into the fagots. In that situation the birds built their nest, hatched their eggs, and reared their young, literally in the midst of a storm of bullets, one of which ultimately proved fatal to one of the young songsters. The wood of the fagots was often splintered in every direction around the nest, but the little brown parents never for an hour left their beleaguered home, not

even when an unlucky bullet slew one of the fledglings, but fearlessly and faithfully brought up their surviving young ones, and flew away with them at last for a sunnier home for the winter.

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.

Divine justice is always even-handed. There is no favoritism there. The way disrespect for the law is bred in the hearts of the people because of favoritism, which is sometimes shown in the courts, is graphically illustrated in a case which comes from the West:

After the members of the jury had filed in and taken their seats, the judge said: "Am I to understand that you wish further instructions from the court?"

"Well, not exactly that, judge," answered the foreman. "The instructions are all clear enough, but we are a little in the dark in regard to some of the evidence. As we understand it, there is no dispute as to the facts in the case. And now we come to the real problem, which we are of the opinion has been sadly neglected by the lawyers: What is this woman's social position?"

"What!" exclaimed the judge.

"What is her social position?" repeated the foreman. "How can we tell whether she is a kleptomaniac or a thief without knowing that? If we are to reach a decision we must hear more evidence on that feature of the case, and if it is too late to have

it introduced, you might just as well call it a mistrial and start all over again. We shall never be able to agree."

UNSEEN EVIDENCE.

The universe of God is a whispering gallery where nothing is lost out of being. Unseen evidence is kept of all the deeds of human life. After a while the books are to be opened.

A very interesting telephone case was decided in Sweden. A business man in Stockholm, Mr. Kugelman, had entered into a business arrangement with a certain banker, the affair having been arranged through the medium of the telephone. As the business did not pay the profit Mr. Kugelman expected, he absolutely refused to come to a settlement and was consequently sued by the banker. When the case appeared in court the dealer insisted that the bank had no written security from him, and no witnesses to prove the transaction. It was, however, shown, to the intense amusement of both court and spectators, that the telephone at the bank was provided with two receivers, and everything transpiring through the telephone could therefore be heard and legally proven. The dealer lost his case.

"BE YE ALSO READY."

When France declared war in 1870, it is said that Von Moltke was awakened at night and told of the fact. He said coolly to the official who aroused

him: "Go to pigeon-hole No ——, in my safe, take a paper from it, and telegraph as there directed to the different troops of the empire." He then turned over and went to sleep, and awoke at his accustomed hour in the morning. Every one else in Berlin was very much excited, but Von Moltke took his morning walk as usual, and a friend who met him said: "General, you seem to be taking it very easy. Aren't you afraid of the situation? I should think you would be very busy." "Ah," replied Von Moltke, "all my work for this time has been done long beforehand, and everything that can be done now has been done." We ought to live in that attitude toward God and man. Our Savior asks us to be always ready for any emergency that may come. Nothing could be more unwise than to put off something which we want to change before we die. If there is anything that must be done before then, we should do it at once. The consciousness that we are ready for everything will cause us to do our work more bravely, and will give us peace as to the future.

THE MAGNETISM OF A GREAT PERSONALITY.

William Wetmore Story was fond of telling an interesting tale of James Russell Lowell and himself. It was when they were young men, and they were very angry with Daniel Webster for staying in Tyler's cabinet, and, as he was to speak in Faneuil Hall one evening, they determined to go in from the Harvard Law School and hoot at him, and show him that he

had incurred their displeasure. The house was packed with people, and the young men felt sure that the crowd would hoot with them, young as they were. But they reckoned without their host. Mr. Story says: "Mr. Webster, beautifully dressed, stepped forward. His great eyes looked, as I shall always think, straight at me. I pulled off my hat; James pulled off his. We both became as cold as ice, and as respectful as Indian coolies. I saw James turn pale; he said I was livid. And when the great creature began that most beautiful exordium, our scorn turned to deepest admiration, from abject contempt to belief and approbation." Christianity encourages the power of individual personality. It is the very essence of the Christian teaching that a man's greatness does not consist in what he has, nor in his position, but in what he is. Men poor in purse, and of no physical authority, are often splendid in influence, because of the subtle power of character which men feel in their presence. Paul said his bodily presence was insignificant, but men feel him yet, after all these centuries.

THE LIFE PLANT.

There is a strange plant in Jamaica called the life-plant, because it is almost impossible to kill it or any portion of it. When a leaf is cut off and hung up by a string, instead of shriveling up and dying like other leaves, it sends out white, thread-like roots, gathers moisture from the air, and begins to grow new leaves.

Christianity is the life-plant of the moral and spiritual world. Toss the Bible or a fragment of it anywhere, and it will take root in the affections and hopes of mankind and send out its tendrils of life. In the heart of Africa, or among the snows of the Arctic, it has the same vitality which no climate or heathenism has the power to kill.

MUST FACE HIS RECORD.

A strange thing came to light in the aftermath of the *Maine* disaster. Some years ago a young man residing in Omaha became wild and wayward and fell into bad company. He went from worse to worse until he was convicted of burglary and sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary. Before being taken to the penitentiary he escaped from the Omaha jail, made his way to Boston, enlisted in the United States navy under an assumed name, and was assigned to the *Maine*. He was among the few survivors of the explosion which destroyed the great battle-ship, escaping with his life tho severely wounded. A letter from him to his parents told of his experience in the wreck, and application was made to the governor of Nebraska for a pardon. No man can bury his sin. Somewhere a man must face his record. Until it is pardoned it stands forever against him. Nothing is truer than that the man who covers his sins will not prosper, and that only through confession and forgiveness is there safety and peace.

THE SEEDS OF HAPPINESS.

That happiness comes from sharing with one another rather than from selfishly hoarding our treasures is suggested by a strange legend of the peach that comes from Japan, the Japanese claiming to have first discovered or utilized this fruit: A pious old couple, stricken with years and poverty, subsisted by begging. One day in the highway the woman found the beautiful ripe fruit. Altho almost famished, she did not selfishly eat the luscious peach alone, but took it home to divide it with her husband. As the knife cut into it, the fruit opened and an infant sprang forth, who told the astonished beggars that he was the god Shin To, and had accidentally fallen from the orchard in the Japanese heaven while at play with some other gods and goddesses. For extricating him from the peach, Shin To gave the Japs its seed to plant and told them its product would make them wealthy. This, according to the Japanese, is the origin of the peach.

THE HUMILITY OF GREATNESS.

Humility belongs to true greatness. Science wins its way by humbly sitting at the feet of nature. Man becomes great by opening mind and heart with the simplicity of a child to win knowledge from all quarters.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has said of Charles Dickens that he was a most delightful companion. "Apart

from his high spirits and engaging manner," the musician adds, "one might have two special reasons for this. On the one hand he was so unassuming he never obtruded his own work upon you." It is said that the great novelist would revel in enjoyment with younger men, and one would never have known from his conversation that he was an author; that is, he never discussed himself with his associates, but he gave himself up with the most natural sincerity of interest to the conversation of younger men. He would treat their feeblest banalities as if they were the choicest witticisms, or the ripe meditations of a matured judgment.

ENRICHING OTHERS WHILE ENRICHING OURSELVES.

The death of Sir Henry Bessemer called attention to the business career of a man who succeeded in making an immense fortune, and yet did it in a way to bless everybody else in the civilized world. As the result of long and laborious scientific investigation and experiment he came to the conclusion that it was possible to convert iron ore into steel, so that the latter material could be sold at a mere fraction of its then cost. The patents which he took out to cover his invention enabled him for a series of years to obtain a royalty from the use of his apparatus, and meanwhile the price of steel was reduced to about one tenth of its old quotations. While the inventor made a great fortune, he benefited the world many hundreds of

millions of dollars a year—a benefit which has been shared, both directly and indirectly, by every person in every civilized country on the earth. The career of this man is a signal illustration of the universal blessing of Christian character. Every person who finds salvation in Jesus Christ and enters into the joy of communion with God, not only enriches his own soul beyond comparison, but enriches everybody else that comes in contact with him. And every sinner whom he can lead into the same blessed experience becomes endowed with spiritual wealth, which also adds to the joy of the one who won him to Christ.

THE FATE OF THE RECKLESS.

It is an old saying that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread"; the result is usually disastrous to the fools. Many grasp at giddy ambitions only to be destroyed by their successes.

The Public Museum in Milwaukee, Wis., has received as a present the dead body of a rare specimen of the South African baboon. The baboon was a pet brought from Germany by a professional gentleman of Milwaukee. It was a most intelligent animal, but its overweening curiosity and recklessness in investigating things led to its death. It took a great interest in the incandescent electric lights, which were out of its reach, and would sit and eye them sometimes for hours. One night it sprang upon the chandelier and seized one of the globes in its mouth. It probably swallowed some of the glass, for it was taken ill immediately afterward and soon died.

THE OPTIMISM OF JESUS.

How sublime the hopefulness of Jesus Christ, who looks forward to the time when nations shall learn war no more, and universal peace shall cover the earth! A German critic has been adding up the grand total of the Continental armies, and after noting that we can only form a vague idea of what is meant by tens of millions, he tries to bring home to his readers in another way the colossal growth of modern armaments. If, he says, we could have all the armies of the Continent on a war-footing drawn up in one long procession, with their guns and ammunition and baggage-wagons, the column would be rather more than twenty-four thousand miles long, and, marching day and night, it would take nearly a year to pass a given point.

STORING UP POWER.

It is a great art to know how to use one's off-hours to advantage. Many men and women store up in the leisure time from their business reserve knowledge and strength, which can be drawn upon in future emergencies. The Christian should follow the example of Jesus, who used his quiet hours for prayer and heavenly meditations that fitted him to respond to the demands made on him by the multitudes.

One of the most notable features of the management of electric-light stations during the past few years is the introduction of storage-batteries. During the day the demand for power is small, but from dusk until

midnight it is very great. If all the electricity expended during the latter period be obtained directly from the dynamos, both the generators and steam-engines must have a greater capacity than would otherwise be required. To meet this necessity a storage-battery is added to the plant, and this is charged during the dull hours of business so that at night a part of the supply can be taken from the accumulators and only a part need to be generated by the dynamos.

HUMAN SYMPATHY.

The need of human sympathy and fellowship is universal. There must be something very warped and wrong about any man or woman who does not feel the need of kindly fellowship with their fellows. The Christian Church needs to meet this demand of human nature to the utmost extent.

Some peculiarities of the Esquimaux herders employed in Alaska by the United States Government to take care of the reindeer herd have recently been discussed in government circles, as an outlay of money was involved. Special reference was made to the matter of employing two herders where one would have been sufficient, as in the matter of watching the herd of reindeer through the night. On investigation it was found that the Esquimaux are afraid of the darkness, which is more intense than that of the long polar night, and one would not watch alone. These men are truly children of nature, as they prefer to tell the time by the big dipper, deeming that to be the most reliable clock in the universe.

LAYING BY FOR THE FUTURE.

God has put the spirit of providence into the brains of all his creatures. It is one of the first duties of human life to store up food both for body and soul. An improvident life is a wicked life.

In Mexico there lives a woodpecker which stores his nuts and acorns in the hollow stalks of the yuccas and magueys. These hollow stalks are separated by joints into several cavities, and the sagacious bird has somehow found this out, and bores a hole at the upper end of each joint, and another at the lower, through which to extract the acorns when wanted. Then it fills up the stalks solidly, and leaves its stores there until needed, safe from the depredations of any other thievish bird or four-footed animal. A recent observer noticed this curious habit on a hill in the midst of a desert. The hill was covered with yuccas and magueys, but the nearest oak-trees were thirty miles away; so this industrious bird had to make a flight of sixty miles for each acorn stored thus in the stalks.

LOSING BY DISHONESTY.

In spite of all the fun and criticism that have been hurled at the old proverb written at the top of the copybooks a generation ago—"Honesty is the best policy"—I still maintain that it is true that honesty is not only the best as a principle, but as a policy as well.

A Philadelphia man lived ten years in a house

for which he paid no rent and no taxes. It belonged to the gas company, and he had paid rent regularly until the property of the company was transferred to the city. He says himself: "I don't remember how long it is since I stopped paying rent. It was when the gas-office was on Seventh Street. I went there one day with my rent, and offered it to Mr. White, who had charge of the gas company's real estate, but he refused to take it and told me that it was to be paid at the city treasurer's office in the future. I took it up there, and a young man there said he could not take it, as he couldn't find record of any such house. He told me that they would notify me when they were ready to take my money. I went back to Mr. White, and he advised me to go home and wait until I heard from them. Well, I waited. Nobody came to collect the money until recently, when the city discovered its title and sent a man to collect." The tenant got a day to consider, and promptly skipped. But his experience with a free rent does not seem to be satisfactory, if we may trust his wife. "Yes," says she, resentfully, "he thought it was a snap, and look where he is now—no money, no business, looking for a job, and a family to support. He wouldn't take my advice, and move where business is good, but he hugged his snap and stuck there in that stagnant neighborhood and spent his money on repairs for the house, and didn't make any money."

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

When Edward Dunbar was a small boy he lived in New Bedford, Mass., and worked in a factory. His mother lived at the foot of the street on which the factory was located, and as the lad's work kept him away till after dark, she always placed a light in the window to guide his footsteps homeward. One day the boy took a notion to go to sea, and off he went for a three years' cruise. During his absence his mother fell ill, and was at death's door. She talked incessantly about her boy, and every night she asked those around her to place a light in the window in anticipation of his return. When she realized that the end had come, she said: "Tell Edward that I will put a light in the window of heaven for him." These were her last words. The lad had grown to manhood ere he returned home, and his mother's dying message had such an effect upon him that he reformed. In the course of his reformation he wrote the song: "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother." This hymn has done a great deal of good, and has no doubt led many people to see the light in the window of heaven for them. The sad part of the story is that Dunbar himself fell into sin again, and became a poor vagabond upon the face of the earth. He died in jail where he had begged lodgings in a Kansas town, and some Christian people erected a marble slab over his grave, on which these words were inscribed: "Here lies Edward Dunbar, who wrote

'There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother.'" It is not enough that we see the light and turn toward it, we must endure patiently unto the end. The crown is promised to the man who overcomes. "Hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

THE POWER OF A FREE SPIRIT.

A fearless soul that is free and untrammeled in thought and movement counts for a great deal more than a much weightier personality that is fettered by conventionalities.

In a great bird-store where there are hundreds of birds of many kinds incessantly squawking, chirping, and singing, there is often one that is free—a tiny titmouse. It flits about the store at will. If it wants a drink, it perches on the rim of a goldfish globe, no doubt to the great surprise of the goldfishes, and certainly to that of the human beholders, who wonder that it doesn't fall in, it has to bend over so far to reach the water. There is not a cage in the store into which the titmouse does not dare to go. It goes in and out of all the larger cages with perfect ease. It never hesitates to go through the bars of the cage imprisoning the crossest parrot. As the titmouse flies through these cages, stopping in each, perhaps, to eat of the parrots' food, they never molest it. Parrots that would bite at the finger of a man who should put his hand near enough to the outside of their cage, stand back in fright or amazement when the little titmouse bravely dashes in, and perches on their feed-cups.

SAVING BY GIVING.

The taunt which the mob flung at Christ on the cross, "He saved others; himself he can not save," had in it a vein of eternal truth which is often illustrated. In the town of Sing Sing a young man was walking on the street with a little girl of twelve years, when the child suddenly screamed. The man saw a wire hanging from a pole, and discovered that it had pressed against the lip of the little girl and burned her. He grasped the wire in his hand to pull it away from the girl, and saved her life, but almost immediately dropped dead.

TRUST NOT THE ENEMY'S MUSIC.

It is never safe to receive favors from an enemy. Many Christians have learned by sad experience that the enemy of their souls never bestow gifts upon the children of God without intending to work them harm.

In 1812 a British gunboat was lying near the shore of Mathews County, Virginia. A young boy who hated the British found a nest of wasps one day, and, securely plugging up the entrances with mud, he cut the limb to which it adhered, and carried the trophy on board the gunboat, to show it to the crew. The curiosity of the crew was at once excited, and they wanted to know what it was. "A hummingbird's nest," said the boy. "Don't you hear them inside?" The crew listened and could hear the indignant wasps keeping up a lively noise. The boy was invited be-

low, and to show his good will made the boat a present of the nest, cautioning the crew, however, not to let the birds out then, as they would follow him ashore. The crew waited until the boy had gained the shore, then took out the plugs, and the wasps at once proceeded to business. They never stopped work until they had made every one of the crew take to the water. The men searched the country for the boy, and his fate would have been sad indeed if they had captured him.

WHERE THE RESPONSIBILITY RESTS.

During the rebellion Congressman Dixon, of Rhode Island, was sent to represent a meeting of the governors of the Northern States, to confer with Abraham Lincoln and urge upon him a more vigorous policy in the conduct of the war. Mr. Lincoln listened to all that Mr. Dixon had to say, and then replied: "Dixon, you are a good fellow, and I have always had a high opinion of you. It is needless for me to add that what comes from those who sent you here is authoritative. Still, in justice to myself, you must remember that Abraham Lincoln is the President of the United States. Anything that the President of the United States does, right or wrong, will be the act of Abraham Lincoln, and Abraham Lincoln will by the people be held responsible for the President's action. But I have a proposition to make to you. Go home and think the matter over. Come to me tomorrow morning at nine o'clock and I will promise to

do anything that you, by then, have determined upon as the right and proper thing to do. Good-night."

Mr. Dixon left the White House feeling very large and important. He set himself to work to decide the policy of the President of the United States. Many suggestions occurred to him, but, one after another, each was dismissed as for some reason out of the question. He worked at it all night, but was just as undecided in the morning as to the policy he was to impose upon the President. He did not go to the White House that morning. Indeed, three weeks went by before he saw the President. Then it was at a reception at Secretary Seward's, and Mr. Dixon tried to get by in the crowd without attracting attention. But the long arm of the President shot out, caught Dixon and drew him to one side. "By the way, Dixon," said Mr. Lincoln, "I believe I had an appointment with you one morning about three weeks ago." Mr. Dixon said he did recall something of the sort. "Where have you been all these weeks?" asked the President. "Here in Washington," said Mr. Dixon; "but to tell the truth, Mr. President, I have decided never to keep that appointment." "I thought you would not when I made it for you," was Mr. Lincoln's comment. No man can escape the responsibility of his own conduct. Every individual soul is as responsible to God for what he does as is the President of the United States. A man must stand or fall on his own choice, and his own conduct. He can not excuse himself by shifting the responsibility upon somebody else.

DESTINY HANGING ON HUMBLE HONESTY.

The world is such a network of influences that the humblest human worker can not be regarded as unimportant. The life of the richest or most powerful citizen in the land may depend at any moment on the fidelity with which some unknown worker has performed his duty.

The P. & O. steamer *Kaiser-i-Hind* was nearly lost in a typhoon off the Paracels. Perhaps no steamer ever lived through a more terrific storm. She was often in great danger. Huge seas swept the quarter-deck aft, gutting the cabins and flooding the saloon. The bridge was wrecked, navigation and steering having to be done from the hurricane-deck. All the boats, one after another, were carried away, many of the davits being snapped off like carrots. Her salvation depended on everything going right in the engine-room. The smallest breakdown in the engines would have meant certain destruction. A flaw in the shaft, a rotten nut even, the least imperfection due to dishonest work, and there would have been another disaster to record, a disaster as appalling as the wreck of the *Bokhara*, a disaster like the loss of the *Aden*—unlike these only in that there would have been no survivor to tell the tale.

HOLD FAST TO THY CROWN.

We are urged in the New Testament to let no one take our crown, and every sincere disciple of Christ

may make sure of a crown of life that shall never fade away. Ours is an imperishable crown, and we are not put in the position of some of the crown-chasers of the Old World.

The young Duc d'Orleans is said never to miss a chance to bring his name before the French people. After his marriage he held an imitation royal court in Brussels. On that occasion his wife, formerly Maria Dorothea, Archduchess of Austria, wore a jeweled crown presented by the "women of France." In reality it represented the tribute of certain royalist families of the "Faubourg St. Germain." After the Brussels function this crown was placed on exhibition in the window of a Parisian jeweler who made it. This young candidate for the throne then conceived another advertisement. He had a distinguished sculptor make a bust of himself, and cheap reproductions of these were put on sale in the store windows in Paris. And so the farce goes on, to the amusement of republican France.

COMING INTO THE HARBOR.

Human life is often compared to a voyage. It is perhaps as apt a figure as could be used. Strong character can only be built up through battling with the waves. It is a glorious thing to make the harbor of a successful life in the teeth of the gale.

A splendid sight was witnessed from the Golden Gate, off San Francisco, one evening. There had been a great storm outside, and beginning seven miles

off shore the whitecaps could be seen rushing shoreward, and by the time they reached the Seal Rocks they had grown into overwhelming billows that rose fully thirty feet above the largest rocks and dashed their spray to the second balcony of the Cliff House. Enormous breakers would wash over the highest Seal Rock, and submerge the herd of seals that had climbed to the topmost point for protection against the heavy waves. Even the birds were driven inland, finding no foothold on the rocks, and being unable to rest upon the water even inside the little channel between the shore and the home of the seals. But despite the war of the elements, the white sails of ships and trailing smoke of steamers came out of the misty distance, and steadily battled toward the entrance to the harbor. At first it was difficult to distinguish between white-capped wave and glistening sail, but as the vessels came in with all canvas set, they presented such pictures as are never seen on painters' walls, for the lights and shades, the colors and tones, the tints and multichromes, were such as no human mind could invent, and no mortal hand could arrange.

OVERREACHING GREED.

Greed among human beings often overreaches itself and fails of its object as certainly as among humbler creatures.

A young naturalist, residing in Rockland, Me., tells of an incident he witnessed which shows the intelligence of our feathered friends, the birds. Four

young swallows were sitting on a fence. The old bird was circling around in the air catching flies for them, and every few minutes she would come and feed them with a juicy fly, beginning at the right-hand bird, which we will call No. 1, and continuing on to the next, feeding each bird and departing to catch more. The little birds looked as much alike as four peas, and the young man could not distinguish one from another. But the mother bird could. While she was pursuing flies, No. 4 climbed over No. 3, thus making himself the third in rank, evidently expecting his turn would come sooner. But the scheme did not work, for when his mother came back with more flies she skipped this wily youngster—he got none; the next time he got fed. Then he tried the trick again, jumping over one more and becoming No. 2; but again he failed, for the old bird fed the one whose place he had usurped.

MASTERING ONE'S BUSINESS.

There is a vast difference between the man who follows his business with a servile feeling, giving just as little attention to it as he can and yet obtain a living from it, and the man who masters his business, and with enthusiasm seeks to improve it and ennoble it. John Curzon, a Polish mechanic, who was presented with a gold medal for his inventions, performed a most extraordinary thing when he succeeded in manufacturing a complete watch in the space of eight hours, and from materials on which most

watchmakers would have looked with contempt. It appears that the Czar of Russia, hearing of the marvelous skill of Curzon, determined to put him to the test, and forwarded him a box containing a few copper nails, some wood chippings, a piece of broken glass, an old cracked china cup, some wire, and a few cribbage-board pegs, with the request that he should transform them into a timepiece. Nothing daunted, and perceiving a golden opportunity of winning favor at the court, Curzon set about his task with enthusiasm, and in the almost incredibly short space of eight hours had despatched a wonderfully constructed watch to the Czar, who was so surprised and delighted at the work that he sent for the maker, conferred upon him several distinctions, and granted him a pension. The case of the watch was made of china, while the works were simply composed of the odds and ends accompanying the old cup. Not only did it keep good time, but only required winding once in three or four days.

BUILDING ON THE ROCK.

The most costly little stretch of roadbed for a railroad in any country is said to be on the Carbondale division of the Erie Railroad, at Ararat Summit. It is only a quarter of a mile long, but it cost nearly $300,000 to get the track ready for the rails. The railroad was completed in 1875, and trains had passed over it; but one night a quarter of a mile of the track and roadbed disappeared entirely and a great quagmire occupied the place where apparently solid ground

had been before. Into this pit ten thousand carloads of gravel and five hundred large hemlock trees were thrown without having any perceptible effect toward forming a bottom on which a new roadbed could be founded. They finally found solid rock one hundred and sixty feet below the surface, and made a foundation by driving four piles, each forty feet long, one on top of another. It took fifteen hundred trees and a whole hill of gravel to make the solid bed. Multitudes of souls are making the fearful blunder of building their hopes of happiness on the sand or on a quagmire. Only the Rock of Ages can give permanent foundation. Those who build on Christ shall never be put to confusion.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

The Christian life is an evergreen because the fountain of life, ever springing up in the soil, feeds the roots of hope and defies the withering influences of age. Only those who have Christ's well-springs in their hearts can look forward to a life ever fresh and green.

A recent traveler declares that nothing could be more striking than the contrast in Central Australia between the dry and the wet seasons. In the former, one travels mile after mile over bare, stony plains, with scarcely a sign of plant or animal life. The sun beats down hotly on shining fields of brown and purple stones. But when the rains begin, within a few hours the whole scene is changed. The water has

loosened the hard ground and countless animals have appeared. Clay pans and water-holes are noisy with the croaking of frogs; crustaceans hatch out with wonderful rapidity from eggs which have lain on the dry ground for, it may be, many months; small mollusks buried in clay are released, and every inhabitant of land and water sets to work to make the best of his short life. The ground, within a day or two, is green with the leaves of countless seedlings, which grow rapidly; birds appear as if by magic, and the once dry and silent country is now bright with flowers and foliage and animals, all decked out in their liveliest colors.

WARMTH AT THE HEART.

If a man's heart is warm with love to God and his fellow man, it will show itself in the wells of daily life, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.

The wells along a defined line to the south and west of Phoenix, Ariz., within a week became producers of hot water, and apprehensions were felt by many of the residents of the region affected that they were about to become participants in a grand volcanic drama. In some of the wells the temperature of the water rose twenty degrees in a single night. In a few, the phenomenon disappeared soon after its appearance. In a majority of the cases, however, the wells fairly steamed from their newly acquired heat. A test at one well showed a temperature of nearly one hundred degrees.

INDIVIDUALITY.

A man is often despoiled of his greatest possibilities by the loss of his individuality. It is only now and then that there is a man or woman strong enough to resist the fetters which conventionalism would put on them. This is clearly brought out in an amusing story from Spurgeon's autobiography: "There was an amusing incident in my early Waterbeach ministry, which I have never forgotten. One day a gentleman, who was then mayor of Cambridge, and who had more than once tried to correct my youthful mistakes, asked me if I had really told my congregation that, if a thief got in heaven, he would begin picking the angels' pockets. 'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'I told them that, if it were possible for an ungodly man to go to heaven without having his nature changed, he would be none the better for being there, and then, by way of illustration, I said that, were a thief to get in among the glorified, he would remain a thief still, and would go round the place picking the angels' pockets!' 'But, my dear young friend,' asked Mr. Brimley, very seriously, 'don't you know that the angels haven't any pockets?' 'No, sir,' I replied, with equal gravity, 'I did not know that; but I am glad to be assured of the fact from a gentleman who does know. I will take care to put it all right the first opportunity I get.' The following Monday morning I walked up to Mr. Brimley's shop and said to him, 'I set that matter right yesterday, sir.' 'What matter?' he inquired. 'Why, about the

angels' pockets!' 'What did you say?' he asked, in a tone almost of despair at what he might hear next. 'Oh, sir, I just told the people I was sorry to say that I had made a mistake the last time I preached to them; but that I had met a gentleman—the mayor of Cambridge—who had assured me that the angels had no pockets, so I must correct what I have said, as I did not want anybody to go away with a false notion about heaven. I would, therefore, say that if a thief got among the angels without having his nature changed, he would try to steal the feathers out of their wings!' 'Surely you did not say that?' said Mr. Brimley. 'I did, tho,' I replied. 'Then,' he exclaimed, 'I'll never try to set you right again'—which was just exactly what I wanted him to say."

LOSING SPIRITUAL TREASURE THROUGH WORLDLINESS.

Christ declares that where one's treasure is there the heart will be also. We can not at the same time serve God and Mammon. Many times, without intending it, the Christian loses the sweetest treasure of his spiritual life by being drawn away by the things of the world. A young lady in Kansas City lost the gold ring which had been given to her by her husband at the time they became engaged. She advertised for the trinket, and offered rewards greatly in excess of its value, but with no result. Some time after another lady went into a store and commenced to try on kid gloves. Her surprise may be imagined when, in re-

moving a glove from her hand, she found a strange gold ring upon one of her fingers. The ring was engraved "From Willis to Emma," and was at once recognized as the one lost by her friend, who had been trying on gloves in the same store, and left the ring in the glove when withdrawing her hand.

THE LOVE OF THE LOWLY.

Only those who have worked with unselfish devotion for the uplift of the very poor and friendless know what a real fountain of love the human heart is. This is beautifully illustrated in the interest which was taken in the illness of Mrs. Ballington Booth. In Commander Booth's mail one day was a letter from a man who was in the "condemned cell" at Sing Sing. He said: "I do not belong to the Volunteer Prison League. I am not even converted, but your wife's presence here has transformed this place in such a way that I feel good in spite of myself. When I heard she was going to die, I wanted to pray, and now that the warden has told me she will get better, my heart is so full of joy that I can die in peace."

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

A man may for a time hide a vicious nature underneath a pleasing and even virtuous exterior, but in the long run the inner viciousness will disclose itself and bring upon him the shame and disgrace which he deserves.

A professor in a Bulgarian college took his class for an excursion into the neighboring mountains. As the students were eating luncheon, they were attacked by a band of brigands. The son of a rich merchant alone was held captive for ransom. The others were told to return to their homes and have the father of the prisoner return, unaccompanied, the next morning with the amount of the ransom. He came, but closely following was a brigade of soldiers, which surrounded and captured the entire band. The brigands were tried, and three of them were condemned to death. This was more than they had expected, and the trio made a confession, which was afterward verified, that the professor, who in former years had been a member of the band, had planned the capture of the merchant's son, and was to have had a share of the ransom for his well-played plot.

THE TRAGEDY OF "THIRSTLAND."

The last work executed by the great artist Millais is called "The Last Trek," and the original is in black and white. It is considered one of Millais' masterpieces and a complete evidence of his genius, for in its simple lines is everything that goes to make up sublime pathos and consummate art. The story is a common one among the pioneers of Africa. A white hunter who had braved the blasts of the desert and the perils of the hunting veldt for many a season, at last falls a victim to the poisonous climate of the African spring, and is seen dying in a lonely "Thirst-

land," tended to the last by his faithful Zulus, whose love for their master is that of children toward a father. The scene is laid far away, where the foot of white man never trod before, and one sees even the game pause to gaze at the strange figures and their surroundings. The tragedy of the Thirstland of South Africa portrayed in this picture suggests the many tragedies in the Thirstland of worldliness, where souls are dying, untended and uncared for, for lack of the Water of Life.

GROWING SWEETER WITH AGE.

Old violins in general produce their tones with much less effort on the part of the player than is necessary for new ones. In the latter are a certain stiffness and a lack of ready response which wear away slowly with time and use. Long-sustained tones from a new violin may sound quite as well as from an old one, but when rapid runs and chords are played the superiority of the mature instrument is very evident to the listener. The tones of all violins become mellower with age and use. When new they have a certain thickness or woodiness of tone, which, in most of them, degenerates into an actual harshness, but which, in the best ones, is so slight as to be detected only by those who are accustomed to hearing high-class old instruments. Where this woodiness is very marked the violin seems to the player to have a very powerful tone, but to the listener stationed at a little distance the tone may sound very weak. Stiff-toned,

heavily wooded instruments are usually the most harsh and raw in tone when new, and it takes these a longer time than more thinly wooded ones to acquire mellowness of tone. The human heart is like a violin. When taken up with the things of the world it has a worldly tone that may sound very strong and splendid to the player (that is, the man himself), but people who look on feel discord. Our hearts ought to be like violins in that they grow mellower and sweeter in tone with age. An old man or woman whose heart becomes mellow with heavenly notes as the end of the journey draws near, is the most splendid testimony to Christianity, for the devil has no happy old people.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

One of the most pathetic things in life is the number of people to whom life is all commonplace and barren of oases where they retire from the desert sands and hold secret communion with the Heavenly Father, drawing strength from sources that the world knows not of. On Broadway, in New York City, there stands a church whose doors are always open during the busy hours of the day. One day an old woman was noticed to leave the mass of hurrying humanity and ascend the steps of this church. Her face was the picture of misery and desolation, but not the desolation of poverty. Within all was silent, vast; a boundless gloom lay over everything, broken here and there by the yellow flicker of a low-turned gas-jet. Above in the gal-

lery the organist was pouring forth a soft flow of improvisation that in its gentle harmony seemed to breathe forgiveness upon a few far-separated figures kneeling below. The old woman took her place among them and knelt there for a while. Then she arose and passed out into the street, and the light falling upon her face revealed a countenance of perfect peace.

THE GREATEST JEWEL OF ALL.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century, a soldier belonging to one of the French garrisons in India became enamored of the eyes of Brahma, in the Temple of Seringham. These eyes were diamonds, and were the most brilliant in all the East. Their lustre captivated the soldier's soul. He haunted the temple, and pretended to yield to the might of the god, and become a convert to his worship. The priests so far believed in him that he was admitted to some care of the temple. They doubtless thought Brahma would be able to protect his own eyes. But on a stormy night the soldier disappeared, and with him one of the idol's eyes, the other having resisted all his efforts to dislodge it. So Brahma was left squinting, and the treacherous Frenchman sold his prize to a captain in the English navy for ten thousand dollars. A shrewd Armenian merchant paid fifty thousand dollars for it, and sold it to Count Gregory for Catherine of Russia for four hundred thousand dollars. That was the origin of the famous Orloff diamond. The most splendid jewel in the world, how-

ever, is not a diamond, but a pearl. Jesus calls it the Pearl of Great Price. He declares that a man is wise who sells all he has in order to purchase that pearl. It is the Pearl of Salvation, and the poorest man in the world may purchase it as easily as a king on his throne, but the conditions are always the same, the surrender of the whole heart and life to Jesus.

FISHING FOR MEN.

That is a very beautiful fishing story which is related in the fifth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, where Jesus had been preaching from the deck of Peter's little fishing smack, and after the sermon was over He said to Peter, Let's go a-fishing; and Peter replied that they had been out all night and had not been able to find anything. But perhaps noticing the disappointed look on Christ's face, he continued: "Nevertheless, at thy word, I will let down the net." They had a great catch that day, and took more fish than they could carry to the shore in two boats. It is the great business of the church to fish for men. We are Christ's fishermen, and we should ever be watchful for indications from him as to opportunities for winning souls.

ONE FAMILY.

The unity of the church is very beautifully illustrated by Paul where he speaks of Christians, both before and after death, as one family on earth and in

heaven. There is such a home-feeling about it. It takes away the strangeness and awe that are natural to us when we think of our loved ones whom death has taken from us. If we are Christ's disciples we all belong to the same family, tho we have as different names here on earth, in our church relations, as there are in the family circle. Some live in heaven in the mansions Christ has gone to prepare for us, and others still tarry in these earthly cottages; but we are all one family. We ought never to do anything to bring disgrace to the family name, or to mar the peace and joy of the family circle.

THE SOUL'S EL DORADO.

How often we hear the expression about some of the new mining regions that this or that new camp is an El Dorado! That phrase is now nearly four hundred years old. In the fifteenth century it was rumored that there existed in the northern part of South America a city of great wealth, called Manoa, whose king, El Dorado by name, was periodically smeared with oil, or balsam, and was then powdered with gold-dust until his whole body had a gilded appearance. It was said that on these occasions he threw gold, emeralds, and other precious stones and gems into a sacred lake, in which he afterward bathed. In the early part of the sixteenth century the Spaniards sent many large expeditions in the search of this fabled city, and hundreds of lives were lost in the attempt to discover the phantom. The only real El Dorado in this world

is in the individual human heart. There is a gold-mine which never fails to yield the color to the skilful prospector. Hidden away under all the rough rock and earth of sin are veins of precious metal worth any self-denial to uncover and bring to the light of day.

QUALITY MORE IMPORTANT THAN QUANTITY.

The Czar of Russia has one estate which is three times as large as all of England. It has been recently stated in a financial journal that there is one acre in London which is worth more than these hundred million acres in the Russian steppes. The Czar's great estate brings him in only $475,000 a year, while the one acre in London yields an income of over $600,000 a year. The cultivation of the heart is like that. A soul may become rich in gems of patience, peace, love, hope, faith, meekness, and gentleness. Why let our hearts be barren steppes when they may be enriched so as to yield a priceless income in comfort and blessing to the world?

WORKING TOGETHER WITH GOD.

In some churches the fatal blunder is made of supposing that it is necessary to wait until there is some strange and unusual upheaval in the community, or until the coming of some far-famed evangelist, before the church can hope for a revival of religion. On the other hand, all that is ever necessary in order to have

a revival is for the church to cooperate with God. He is always working toward that end. Bishop Janes used to say with perfect confidence: "God and I will have a revival." Any pastor, however young and inexperienced, and any church, however weak and scattered, have a right to say that if they have determined to work together with God to bring it about.

SPIRITUAL INSIGHT.

There seems to be more erroneous teachings on the subject of what constitutes spirituality than on almost any other subject. We are always looking for the spiritual in the strange and unusual, forgetting that the really spiritual man finds the Bread of Life in the common food of every day's experience. It is the reverent spirit with which we handle common things, and not the peculiarly consecrated deeds which we perform, that makes a truly spiritual life. Frederick Langbridge sings in lines that uplift the soul:

"The darkening streets about me lie,
The shame, the fret, the squalid jars;
But swallows' wings go flashing by,
And in the puddles there are stars."

"LEST WE FORGET."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in his great hymn published at the close of the Queen's Jubilee services, calls most solemn attention to the danger of taking outward success and applause for abiding, permanent safety.

This lesson, written for nations, is good for individuals. Only in the contrite heart and reverent trust in God is there a fortress which is impregnable.

"The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

LIKE THE SILLY OX.

A man whose sin had brought shame and disgrace upon him, and who is trying to fight his way back again to respect by divine help, uttered these words of warning the other day: "Let me raise the red flag of warning that others may escape my sad experience. Strong drink and evil companions brought me to ruin. How easily it was done! You have seen the butcher pat the neck of the silly ox until he had him noosed for slaughter! So was I led by flattering plaudits till locked and bolted behind prison bars." That is a graphic description, written as it were, in a man's life-blood. It recalls the words of the Scripture that there is a way which seems right to a man, but the end of that way is death.

DO NOT WAIT.

A man came into my study one morning with subdued face and quivering lips, and told me his little son was lying dead in his home. He had been away to the mines in the Northwest, and had come home to

bring added comfort and blessing to his wife and children, only to find his darling boy on the verge of the dark river, and to say good-by to him in a few hours after his return. He had come too late so far as the little boy was concerned. I thought how often this is the case. We do not say the kind word that is on our lips, or do the merciful deed which our heart prompts, because there seems to be plenty of time and no hurry about it. But that opportunity never comes again, and it may be the last one we shall have. Speak the word of sympathy now. Give the hand-shake of good cheer to-day! Putting it off till to-morrow may mean putting it out of reach forever.

"LOVE MELTS ICEBERGS."

A prisoner who found Christ and salvation through the kind and loving ministrations of Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "Love melts icebergs. I do not suppose any prisoner in the United States ever heard a public speaker say, 'I love you all,' till the sweet words came like fragrant dew upon a dry and parched earth from her overflowing heart. Of course it worked like magic. The frozen ground began to thaw, icy streams melted into liquid rivulets; new purposes arose in my heart as the sap mounts up a grape-vine in the spring when baptized in warm sunshine." Love is the secret of Christ's growing hold upon this world; it is the lifting power of which he spoke in his daring prophecy: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

THE SORROWS OF THE "HEARTBROKEN."

A minister was going along the street when a woman spoke to him, saying: "Mister, who does your washing?" She was carrying on one arm a basket and on the other a large bundle tied up in a red, faded table-cloth. Her step was unsteady, and her hands skinny; her eyes were sunken and had lost all expression save despondency. "Madam, you do not seem to be able to carry such loads as you have, much less to wash them," was the preacher's reply. "Yes," was her answer, "but I am compelled to. I have seven children living. Their father will drink, and I am so heartbroken my trouble is greater than I can describe; but I conceal it as best I can for the sake of the children." How dare we sit down safe within the shelter of the cross and thank God that our dear Lord is able to keep us safe from harm, without doing all that we can to save the heartbroken and to save other hearts from breaking!

"BIDE A WEE AND DINNA FRET."

I was trying to get a place for a young woman to work in a large book-store. In describing her ability to the merchant I remarked among other things that I thought the person in question had a good deal of adaptability, and would be able to fit herself to circumstances. He was interested in a moment and said such a person was almost invaluable in a large business. Such people are always in demand. There is

no place where they are needed more than in the church. That must have been what Paul meant when he said that he was willing to be all things to all men if by any means he might be able to save some of them. It shows out in every-day life in an ability to put the best face on little troubles and difficulties that come up. If we are always fretting and chafing when things do not go to suit us, we not only do not get on ourselves, but we get in the way of other people and annoy and discourage them. Patience and adapting ourselves to the new phase are great sweeteners of daily life. The old Scotch ditty has it about right:

"With toils and cares unending
Art beset?
Bethink thee, how the storms from heaven descending,
Snap the stiff oak, but spare the willow bending,
And bide a wee and dinna fret."

AN EXPRESS COMPANY IN A CHURCH.

There is a pretty ivy-covered little church on Madison Avenue, New York City, which is still pretty and churchly in its appearance outside, but which has been for a number of years occupied by an express company. I fear that there are a good many other churches that have been so given over to all sorts of entertainments and schemes for making money, and indeed almost every scheme except the one great scheme of bringing poor sinners to Christ, that the business carried on in them far more nearly resembles that of the express company than that of a simple straightforward church of Jesus Christ.

A MICROBE-PROOF HOUSE.

A scientist has erected in Yokohama, Japan, one of the oddest houses in the world. It is a dust-proof, microbe-proof building of glass. The house is forty-four feet long, twenty-three feet wide, and seventeen feet high. Large panes of glass, one-half inch thick and about four inches apart, are set in iron frames so as to form the sides of a cellular building block. Of these blocks the walls are constructed. There are no window-sashes, the air escape being through several small openings around the upper part of the second story, but through which no air from the outside is admitted. The air supply is obtained from a considerable distance, forced through a pipe, and carefully filtered through cotton wool to cleanse it of bacteria.

To insure further sterilization the air is driven against a glycerin-coated plate of glass, which captures all the microbes the wool spares. The few microbes brought into the house in the clothes of visitors soon die in the warm sunlight with which the house is flooded. The space between the glasses of the building-blocks is filled with a solution of salts which absorb the heat of the sun, so that the rooms of this house are much cooler than those protected by the thickest shades. In the evening the interior is heated by the salts radiating the heat they have absorbed during the day. So effective is the system of regulating the temperature that a few hours of sunlight, even in freezing weather, will render the house comfortable. But even in such a house one would

soon grow old, and the body grow weak with age. Eternity must furnish a better house than that, and God has seen to it that his children shall not be without a home. Paul says: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

NESTING IN THE LIGHT.

When the trimmer of an electric lamp went to put the carbons in an arc-light in Hagerstown, Ind., he discovered that a pair of English sparrows had builded, brooded, and hatched in the draft of the tin hood that protects the globe from rain. Nearly a peck of straw and feathers were pulled from the hood, and three young sparrows fluttered away. The birds had selected this strange place for a nest, and in spite of the sizzing of the light had accomplished their purpose and reared their young. Every home nest ought to be illuminated with the light of Him who is the Light of the World. We ought to live in the light here, and then the dazzling light of the judgment and the glorious light of heaven will not alarm us.

THE SINNER'S BROKEN WEAPONS.

A ship sailing from Honolulu to San Francisco suddenly sprang a leak, in calm weather, without any apparent reason. But when the cargo was taken out, and the ship rose several feet out of the water, the

cause was discovered. Protruding fully two inches from the side of the ship was the broken sword of a swordfish. The fish had struck the vessel with such fury as to drive its sword completely through the ten-inch planking. Its point extended three inches into the hold. The fish had been unable to withdraw it, and it had broken off short. The planking had split on each side of the weapon, and the water had made its way in through the opening. The injury to the vessel was easily repaired, but the loss to the fish could never be remedied. David says the wicked man who rebels against God reaches the same result as the swordfish that attacked the hull of the ship. "Behold," says the Psalmist, "he travaileth with iniquity, and hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood. He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."

PEACE IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY.

It is related of Lord Nelson that, on the day before the battle of Trafalgar, his greatest concern was the making of peace between two of his officers. They had had such a feud between them for a long time that neither could take any pleasure in the other's winning a victory. Lord Nelson took these two officers to a spot where they could have a good view of the fleet which was opposed to them. "Yonder," said the admiral, "are your enemies; shake hands and be

friends like good Englishmen." Christians should never permit themselves to be handicapped by variances between them and their brethren. We should pour all our shot into our enemies, and not spend any of it on those who, like ourselves, are seeking to follow Christ, tho in a different method from our own course.

"A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED."

Francis Murphy, the temperance worker, said that he would rather have one little spray of a flower given to him while he was alive and in need of tokens of affection and esteem, than to have some one throw a bouquet big as a bushel at him after he was dead, saying, "There, Murphy, smell that!" I think we all feel that way. The friends we count on are those who stand by us when we need them. We should stand up and confess Christ where he is not popular, and where wicked men sneer at him; there is the best place to make our fidelity known and to shine for him.

LOVE AS LIFE'S SNOW.

I think that Dr. Nansen, the heroic Arctic discoverer, is the first writer who has compared love to snow. In his brilliant book, entitled "Farthest North," there is this passage: "This snowless ice-plain is like a life without love—nothing to soften it. The marks of all the battles and pressures of the ice stand forth just as when they were made—rugged, and difficult to move among. Love is life's snow. It

falls deepest and softest into the gashes left by the fight, whiter and purer than snow itself. What is life without love? It is like this ice, a cold, bare, rugged mass, the wind driving it and rending it, and then forcing it together again, nothing to cover over the open rifts, nothing to break the violence of the collisions, nothing to round away the sharp corners of the broken floes—nothing, nothing but bare, rugged, drift-ice." Surely no added comment is needed to point so simple and yet so sublime a figure.

GOD'S LOVE.

A little child said to his mother, that if he could say what he liked to God, it would be this: "Dear God, love me when I'm naughty." Isn't that what we all need more than anything else? The most blessed revelation in God's Word is that He does love us when we are bad and unlovable to any one else. He does not forsake us or cast us off, but seeks after us with patient loving-kindness, trying to win us from the sin that mars us.

LETTING CHRIST PLAY ON OUR HEARTS.

It is related of Mendelssohn, the great musical composer, that he once visited Freiburg cathedral and asked permission to play on the organ, but the organist, not knowing him, at first refused the request. At last, after much entreaty, he consented to let the stranger go to the organ, but when Mendelssohn began

to play the old organist burst into tears, and asked him for his name. When he heard who he was, he wept afresh, and said: "Only to think! I had almost forbid Mendelssohn to touch my organ." So Christ comes to knock at the door of our hearts; he longs to come in and play upon the chords of our nature and awaken heavenly music where now is only discord. How foolish men are when they lock the door against him!

PULLING PEOPLE OUT OF DANGER

An intelligent dog in the city of Detroit came across a man who was lying insensible on the railroad track, in such a position that he would have been cut in two had a train happened along. As soon as the dog reached the prostrate form, he began to tug at the coat-collar of the unconscious man, vainly trying to drag him out of danger. This persistent tugging seemed to half arouse the poor fellow from the stupor into which he had fallen, and by the time the first man arrived on the scene he was rubbing his eyes and attempting to rise, but was so weak that even after he was placed upon his feet he could not walk without assistance. The dog seemed beside himself with joy when he realized that he had succeeded in interesting some one. He capered and whined, lay down and rolled over, and whirled around in canine ecstasy as he saw the man removed from the track. If a dog has intelligence and love enough to do that, how much more should we, who have received such great blessings of God and have known the pardon of

our sins through Jesus Christ, devote ourselves to rescuing the sinful and unfortunate from their danger, and to winning them to Christ who is able to save them.

PRESUMPTUOUS SINS.

A party of men, women, and children returning from church at Eagle Furnace, Ohio, started to cross a long trestle on the railroad. When about midway they heard the whistle of the evening mail-train which was bearing down upon them at a high rate of speed. Some jumped and others were pushed into the waters of the swollen stream below. One woman became bewildered, and was struck by the locomotive and killed. The others of the party were rescued after much exposure and many injuries. It was very presumptuous for these people to take the risk of crossing on the railroad track. Many people put themselves in the way of being tempted into sin; they pray to God not to lead them into temptation, and then they go straight out to where they know they will be tempted. It is presumptuous to do that. We should give ourselves the benefit of every help we can by choosing good associations and putting ourselves in the way of encouragement and strength in the Christian life.

INDORSING CHRIST BY OUR LIVES.

There is a citizen of Paris, Ky., who seems to be keeping up the honeymoon, tho he has been married a good while. Some time ago his wife entered

the Agricultural Bank of Paris, and presented a check signed by her husband and payable to "Sweetest of the Sweet." "Who is the Sweetest of the Sweet?" asked the bank officer. "Why, I am," she innocently replied. "Please indorse the check," said the banker. The woman wrote her name across the back of the check and again handed it through the window. She was told that she must indorse it just as it was drawn, and so she wrote "Sweetest of the Sweet" below her name. Then the amount called for by the check was handed to her. The check was framed, and has been hung on the wall as a reminder that the romance of the Blue Grass region has not yet died out. It strikes me there is a good illustration in this of the kind of indorsement we ought to be giving Christ every day. Christ is "the one altogether lovely," and our lives ought to be so pure and kindly and gracious that every day they shall tell for him.

DEFEND THE YOUNG.

On the coast of Florida there are many rookeries where thousands of sea-birds build their nests and rear their young. Haunting the rookeries of these birds is a large blue crab. He makes a hole in the ground, usually under a log, and, when he hears a noise, elevates his head and protrudes his eyes with startling effect. He is able to take care of himself, for his pincers are powerful and his shell is hard. He is often as large as a big saucer. There is a perpetual war between him and the birds. He wan-

ders among the nests at night, and appropriates the bits of fish left by the nestlings, and the young themselves, if he can find a mother off her guard. But he has to be sly, or he is killed by the stroke of a bayonet bill, and eaten in his turn. When the plume hunters have driven off or destroyed the parents of a rookery, these crabs swarm out and devour the neglected young birds in short order. Our modern towns and cities throng with marauders of the home nest. When parents become worldly and forgetful of spiritual good, the children become an easy prey for these lurking sinners.

A BACKSLIDER'S SORROW.

An officer of a Cunard steamship says that there is a vast difference between the appearance of steerage passengers returning to Europe and those coming to America. On the western voyage the faces of the immigrants are bright with expectancy and hope. Some of them have doubtless lain awake at night dreaming of the new land. You can see that they have been inspired by the roseate visions painted for them by their friends or relatives who have succeeded on this side of the water. Those who go back to stay are not many. You can pick them out by their dejected looks. They have not succeeded. They have found that hard work is just as necessary in order to get along in the States as it is in Europe. The great majority, however, of the immigrants stay. The sad faces of those who go back because they have failed

is an illustration of the gloomy hearts that are carried by those who have turned away from their Christian profession and gone back to the sins of the world.

SHOWING OUR COLORS.

The violet was at one time the badge worn by the friends of the great Napoleon. It came about in this way. On the eve of leaving France for Elba, he said to his friends: "I shall return with the violets." And this little sentence—a mere chance expression—was sufficient for his sympathizers. Not only were the flowers worn by the Bonapartists, men and women, as a badge, but violet ribbons and jewelry in the form of the flower were speedily used to display their feelings. When it was forbidden by law to sell portraits of Napoleon, his friends ingeniously evaded the proscription by publishing the picture of a group of violets with their leaves so arranged that in their outlines the profiles of Napoleon, Marie Louise, and the King of Rome could be readily traced. Every Christian should be ready to show his colors as a Christian. Christ calls us to an open discipleship, and anything less than that is unworthy of those who have been redeemed by his blood.

HEARTS ON FIRE.

There has been patented an instrument called the Dight thermal inspirator, which promises to overcome the effects of cold, and make it possible to with-

stand the most frigid climates. The inspirator is a device to retain the heat from the exhaled air, which in turn warms the inhaled air before it reaches the lungs. It prevents the loss of heat from the body as it ordinarily occurs through the breath. In a recent test Dr. Dight entered a cold-storage where the temperature was below zero, and, by use of the inspirator, when the air reached the lungs it was raised from seventy to seventy-five degrees. The inventor thinks that even at the North Pole, and with no other clothing than that of ordinary wear, it would furnish a constant supply of warm air, and he hopes to have it worn in an Arctic expedition. Whatever may be the fate of this experiment, I am sure that there is no place on earth so dark and cold in spiritual night but that the Christian whose heart is warmed by heavenly love may keep the fire burning to the joy of his soul.

STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

In these days of advanced engineering, railroads have sought and conquered many remarkable places. From California, however, comes the strangest of railroad stories. It tells of a train that actually runs over tree-tops. In the building of the road a huge ravine was encountered, the sides and bottom of which were heavily wooded, two giant redwood monarchs of the forest towering far above the less pretentious growth, and imparting an air of almost regal impressiveness. The big redwoods were sawed off seventy-five feet from the ground, this being the exact height

from the level of the ravine to the tops of the lowest of the other trees. Next, trees on either side were sawed off of sufficient height to make their tops in a direct line with the tops of the redwoods as well as of the edges of the banks. And thus the trains roll above the tree-tops and stand upon the living trees. So God's promises upon which the Christian rests are not dead stumps, but living trees that are vital with the life of God.

HELP FROM THE KING.

One night a few London policemen noticed that the door of a famous jewelry-store was half open, and upon going in they found themselves face to face with three burglars who were on the point of breaking open the safe. A hand-to-hand fight at once took place, the result of which was that one burglar was captured, while the other two managed to dash out into the street. The police called loudly for assistance, and their cries reached a gentleman who happened to be passing by the store. He at once grappled with the two burglars, and after a sharp tussle managed to overcome one of them. He turned him over to the police, and was about to go his way, when the police requested him to accompany them to the station, as they wished him to bear testimony to what had occurred. The gentleman consented, and in a few minutes the party reached the station. There the unknown champion of law and order was asked for his name, and to the amazement of all he replied that he was the Prince of Wales. No man fighting against

wicked temptations that threaten the precious treasures of his soul shall ever cry for help in vain. Christ, our Prince and King, is always near to the soul that is faithfully guarding its noblest treasures. We have but to ask to receive his help.

A CLEAN HEART.

The government artesian well at Lower Brule Indian Agency, South Dakota, is a freak that is puzzling the geologists of the Northwest. Originally the pressure threw a solid six-inch stream of water to a height of twenty-one feet above the top of the well casing. Soon after the well was completed the pipe began occasionally to become choked and afterward to spout forth blue clay. The blue clay entirely fills the six-inch pipe during the temporary eruptions, and rises slowly above the top of the casing, exactly as sausages emerge from a sausage-machine, until the top is so high in the air that it becomes overbalanced; then five or six feet of the length topples over upon the ground. These eruptions invariably begin a short time prior to the advent of windy or stormy weather, and continue until the weather becomes settled. A sinful heart is like that. It spouts forth mire and clay every little while. A man may hide his sinful heart in times of prosperity when everything goes to please him, but when adverse winds come the buried dirt in his heart belches forth. The only way to have a peaceful heart, that will always give forth a pure conversation and life, is to have a clean heart.

GOING TO BATTLE WELL ARMED.

A farmer residing near Calhoun, Ga., had a fight with a pack of half-starved mountain wolves, in which he, single-handed and unarmed, vanquished his assailants. He heard noises in the direction of his pig-pen at a late hour, and on investigation discovered that they were mountain wolves. When they attacked him he beat them off with his fists and retreated backward until he reached a well. Then he grasped the nearest wolf by the throat and flung it into the water. He was covered with blood and almost unconscious from his wounds, but he managed to dispose of four others in the same manner. He then succeeded in reaching his house. One of the saddest things ever observed is the brave fight one occasionally sees a man make against some wolfish passion or lust or evil habit, alone and unaided by Divine strength. We do not need to make this fight alone or unarmed. We may have "the whole armor of righteousness" and the strong arm of Christ to aid us in our struggle.

GO TO SEA IN A STANCH BOAT.

The departure of an old pilot-boat from New York for the Klondike, and the sailing from Portsmouth, N. H., a little earlier, of a worn-out old fishing-schooner, both with a crowd of gold-seekers on board determined to force their way west through the Straits

of Magellan, gave rise to a great deal of discussion among shipping men. Old and practical seafaring men, who had had personal experience in this dangerous locality, claimed that such unsafe boats would never weather so stormy a passage, and would probably go to the bottom of the sea with their ill-fated crews and passengers. If a man should be careful about selecting a boat to carry him through the Straits of Magellan, how much more careful should he be who is developing a body and brain and heart in which the whole voyage of life is to be taken! With what temperance and prudence should he eat and drink and act, that the ship may make good headway toward the haven of a crowned character at the end of the journey!

STARTING THE CHURCH FURNACE.

Down in the iron country in Pennsylvania they have many pretty ceremonies when they start up the big, grimy, pig-iron blast-furnaces. It is the only occasion when gaily dressed ladies and children are seen in the spacious casting-houses of these great iron giants. The people are so glad that work is again to be plenty, and that wages are to flow into all the homes round about, that they turn out from all sides and make a holiday of it. The furnace is all made ready for lighting, and when the crowd is gathered the superintendent or the owner will shout out: "Let the furnace be lighted!" Then some pretty little girl who has been selected will step forward with a cane, or wand, neatly trimmed with ribbons. At the fer-

ule end is fastened a bit of cotton waste which is lighted. She applies this torch to the kindling, and soon the black smoke rises from the roaring fire of the furnace within. The churches ought to go into revivals every year with that same spirit of happiness and gladness that they are privileged to have a part in a campaign of special service for the Lord. We ought to keep the fires brightly burning in all the regular services of the church, but at least once a year it is good for a month or so to light up the great revival furnace and all hands work with special consecration for the salvation of souls.

CHIVALRY IN HOMESPUN.

A New York reporter was coming across City Hall Square, in a pouring rain, when he noticed an old woman dressed very shabbily and in clothing long out of date; walking by her side was an old man as torn and seedy as herself. But poor and unfortunate as they evidently were, no knight at an emperor's court was ever more gallant and chivalrous than the old man in care of his feeble wife. He guided her around puddles and between wagons, with his hand ever at her ragged elbow. Never for a moment did they trail miserably along, one behind the other. His hand was upon hers, his glance was directing both. There was evident grace and deference in his every movement. As they reached the bridge entrance he admonished her tenderly: "Mind the steps, Ellen, they do be terrible slippy to-day." It is the

mission of Jesus Christ to make this whole world tender and gentle and chivalrous. So the weak shall lean upon the strong with grateful love, and the strong shall bear the burdens of the weak with sympathetic courtesy.

HUNTING FOR NUGGETS.

Tho California and the Klondike, as well as Idaho and Montana, have yielded vast stores of gold, the great nuggets have been found in Australia. The hugest piece of gold which was ever found was taken from the blue slate in which it was embedded, in Hill End, New South Wales, on May 10, 1872. The poor fellows who found it had reached the very end of their resources, and were just about ready to give up in despair. Their provisions were gone, their money was gone, and their credit was gone, but digging on, hoping against hope, they suddenly came on this immense nugget of gold. It weighed six hundred and forty pounds, was fifty-seven inches long, thirty-eight inches wide, and on an average four inches thick. They received $148,800 for it. Many people have had a similar experience in Christian work. They have sought earnestly to influence wayward and indifferent souls to the Christian life, only to fail again and again. A man once told me with sadness that he had been a Christian for many years, and tho he had tried to do his best, he did not know, certainly, of any one whom he had influenced to become a Christian. I urged him to try again, and in six weeks I personally knew of seven whom he influenced to give their hearts

to Christ and come into the church. Human life is a great gold-mine, and there are plenty of nuggets for those who will seek persistently.

WHAT WE LIVE FOR.

The late George Linnæus Banks, the venerable English journalist, who has but recently ceased to live on earth, was the author of a very beautiful poem entitled, "What I Live For." The ideal which we strive for in our human living is so vastly important that I quote the last verse, which seems to breathe the atmosphere of the practical Christian life:

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

LEAKS IN THE SABBATH.

We are told that the Missouri River leaks badly. The government engineers once measured the flow of the Missouri in Montana, and again some hundred miles down the stream. To their surprise they found that the Missouri, instead of growing larger down stream, was very perceptibly smaller at the lower point. Dakota farmers to the south and east of those points of the Missouri, sinking artesian wells, have

found immense volumes of water where the geologists said there would not be any. So it is believed that the farmers have tapped the water leaking from that big hole in the Missouri River in Montana, and from these wells they irrigate large tracts of land. I think a "profitable Sabbath" is one whose gracious influences leak out into all the days of the week, making our Mondays and Tuesdays and all the other days of hard competition in business life more fertile in brotherly kindness and genuine Christian sympathy. Perhaps where some people think the Sabbath is getting smaller the leakage is of this kind.

TRANSPLANTED LIVES.

At Lake Lebarge, in Alaska, a traveler met an Englishman who was taking his family for an excursion. His wife was a squaw, and her face and the faces of the children were painted black. The Englishman was taking his family to visit some of his wife's people. He had just received news from England that the death of three people had made him heir to a noble title and quite an inheritance, but to enjoy their possession he would have to return to England. "Of course," said the traveler, "you are going at once." He looked around at his family, and said: "Well, I could hardly take them with me, and I am too fond of them to leave them here; so I think I shall stay here myself and let the other fellow enjoy my property over there." This was said with a degree of pathos which was almost sublime. He hastily mur-

mured something about "what might have been," etc., and gathering his family and his belongings together, proceeded on his way with eyes that looked suspiciously like shedding tears. There is a very striking suggestion here for Christian workers. If we would win people to a right life we should ever seek to do it while they are young, ere the roots of life run down into evil habits and vicious associations that make it like tearing the heart-strings to begin anew.

MORE ABUNDANT LIFE.

During an excursion to Bodkin Point at the mouth of the Patapsco, under the auspices of the Maryland Geological Survey and the Woman's College Museum, a fossil cypress-swamp deposit was found buried twelve feet below the surface, it having been exposed to view by the action of the waves in wearing away the bay cliffs. Numerous cypress stumps were seen in upright position, with their roots in place and exhibiting the peculiar characteristics of these trees. Some of the stumps were of gigantic size, the largest measuring about ten feet at the top. They were in a perfect state of preservation. I think a good deal of the old Sabbath-keeping was like that. It was fossilized. Perhaps some people are trying to have a Sabbath like that now; if so, they are doing more harm than good. If one will read the New Testament and look into the character of the Sabbaths of Jesus they will find that they are filled with the most abundant life in way of kind deeds and loving ser-

vices. We do not want to fossilize the Christian Sabbath, but to preserve one full of glad and joyful Christian service

SAVED BY SACRIFICE.

Lord Charles Beresford received a most romantic reward for a valorous deed some years since. One bitter cold night, when his ship was off the Falkland Islands, there was a cry of "man overboard." The sentry had disappeared beneath the floating ice. Tho clad in heavy garments, Lord Charles instantly seized a coil of rope and leaped into the sea. He went down and down, until he began to think the other end of the rope was not fastened to anything. At last he grasped his man, the rope became taut, and he began to ascend. The ship's corporal helped them both out. Fifteen years afterward Lord Charles was speaking at a political meeting in England. The hall was packed, and suddenly there was a scuffle at the back. "Chuck him out!" cried some one; but Lord Charles invited the man to come up to the platform, and they would listen to what he had to say. The man struggled forward in great excitement. He only wanted to shake hands with his rescuer. He was the sailor who had been saved by Lord Charles from the icy sea off the Falkland Islands. No work or investment ever brings back such rich reward as something that is risked or sacrificed of our personal comfort for the saving of another. God has so made the world that it is not the people who are all the time "looking out for number one" who are the safest

or the happiest, but those who give themselves in generous sympathy to sweeten the lives of others.

SERVING THE KING.

The Emperor of Austria was taking a stroll when his attention was attracted toward an unruly horse, who was doing his best to smash the dashboard of his master's carriage. Franz Josef at once went to the driver's aid, and the result was that the horse was quickly subdued. The driver, whose entire capital was invested in this horse and carriage, was so overjoyed that he turned to the Emperor and said: "Now, I don't know, sir, who you are, but I'd like to pay you in some way for your kindness, and, therefore, if you'll step into the carriage, I'll drive you home, and I won't charge you a cent." Needless to say, this generous offer was not accepted. The poor cabman, however, had the right spirit. Our King, Jesus, has declared that any kind and helpful deed we do for the poorest and most discouraged of our fellow beings for his sake, he will receive as tho we did it for him, and at the last he will say unto us: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

THE TRAMP SPIRIT.

The newspapers have told the story of a man who has been called "the millionaire tramp." The man never was a millionaire, but after being a beggar for

thirty years he inherited $15,000. If he could then have found Christ, have been cleansed from his sins, and have had the tramp spirit taken out of him, the last days of his life might have been useful; but as no such change transpired, his receiving the money only hastened the end of a disastrous and shameful career. He still went about like a tramp, and wasted his money in sin, until it was all gone, and he died among the husks where he had lived so long. It is the spirit of one's life that counts. Paul says that if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His. It is not wealth, nor position, nor any outward success that can make a noble character in man or woman. It is the clean heart and the high fellowship which Christ is so ready to give to all who will receive Him.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH CHRIST.

The Emperor of Germany was returning to Potsdam one evening after a long walk, and, feeling very tired, he looked out in all directions for a carriage. However, the only vehicle in sight was a farm-wagon, in which sat a young peasant woman. For lack of a better conveyance the Emperor decided to ride back to Potsdam in this one, and he requested the woman to give him a seat. She looked at him rather suspiciously, and, seeing that he was covered with dust, positively refused to let him get into the wagon. "I don't like his looks," she said, half aloud, as she urged her horse to a trot, "and I wouldn't feel easy with a

fellow like that beside me." A hundred yards farther on she met a soldier, who stopped her and asked, "What did the Emperor want of you?" "I don't understand you," she replied. When he told her that the dust-covered officer whom she had treated with such scant courtesy was the ruler of Germany, she trembled with fear, and at once lashed her horse into a gallop and quickly disappeared into the darkness. We need to be watchful lest we refuse our Christ a kindly hand when he appears in the dusty garb of toil and weariness.

ABUNDANCE WAITING ON APPETITE.

A naturalist, writing of the habits of certain animals, says that tho there is abundant evidence that many animals can exist without water for long periods, this abstinence is not voluntary, and when unduly protracted causes suffering and loss of health. Many people suppose that cats do not care for water and never provide them with water-pans. This is a mistake; the cats, like the tigers and jaguars, thirst for water, and the numerous cases of cats upsetting and breaking flower-vases on tables are usually due not to mischief but to the cat's effort to drink the water in which the flowers are set. Jesus puts the hungry and the thirsty among those specially marked for blessing in the Beatitudes. One need not thirst for the Water of Life in vain. Whosoever will may come and partake freely.

OBEDIENCE BETTER THAN SACRIFICE.

A wealthy man called on his dentist in great distress over a broken front tooth. The dentist told him it must come out. "No, no, you must build it up," exclaimed the man of riches. "I can't spare that tooth. Its removal would make my mouth look like an open port-hole." "Oh, well, I can replace it," complacently answered the dentist. "The old one must certainly come out, but I will put in a new one that will make you look better than ever before. It will be firm and regular and much handsomer than the old one." "Ah!" muttered the wealthy man. "That's what I want, make it as attractive as possible. Say, doctor, couldn't you set a large diamond in the middle of it?" "Oh, no, I wouldn't do that," replied the dentist, hastily. "Of course I know you can well afford it, but it would look—well, just a trifle too conspicuous, don't you know." Perhaps the rich man was only joking, but there are a good many people who wear their profession of religion like that. It is all show and display, and no loving obedience or humble service in it. One ounce of obedience is worth a ton of showy sacrifice.

A REFUGE FOR THE SOUL.

A very singular thing happened on a trip of the steamer *Kennebec* from Maine ports to Boston. The steamer was off Cape Elizabeth, when a dove, similar to the common doves in the street, flew on board. He remained there for some time, but was finally

frightened off. Whenever he left the boat he was followed and chased by the sea-gulls, until obliged to again alight. At last, thoroughly tired out, and when night was approaching, he settled on the deck, crawled under one of the life-boats, and there remained until Boston was reached, when he flew off, none the worse for his ride. Sometimes a soul finds refuge in Christ, only to be frightened away by the sight of some unexpected duty; but chased again by the sins of the world, it is driven back to the soul's refuge, and finds finally permanent protection and perfect peace.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

Christianity is a social religion. It loses power whenever the social element is left out. I have heard many people say that they did not care to go to a certain church because the people were not sociable, but I have never heard any one say yet that they stayed away from the church because the people were so friendly and sociable they could not stand it. Rich or poor, learned or unlearned, we all have a craving for fellowship. The saloon has much of its power in this hunger of the heart to find some sort of fraternal greeting. I asked a man the other night why he went to the saloon and put himself in the way of drinking, when he really desired to stop it, and his answer was: "All the people who are willing to talk to me are there. I must go where my friends are." Let us make the church so full of social kindness that the people who come in will find friends with us.

COWARDICE CONTAGIOUS.

That is a very interesting old story in the Book of Deuteronomy which sets forth the instructions to the priests and the officers about the preparation for a battle. The officers were instructed to go around among the soldiers and speak with them, and if they found there a man who was a coward, and who was afraid the army was going to be whipped, they were to send these cowards home lest they have a bad influence on the other soldiers, and spread their cowardice through the army. Gideon also was instructed to send home all his cowards before he went to battle. These two cases show us what God thinks of cowards. He not only considers such an one of no use in a fight, but thinks he is dangerous to have along. A coward is like a rotten apple in a barrel; it not only is of no value, but it starts the other apples to rotting all around it. Yet courage can be cultivated like anything else. Many people who are naturally fearful have overcome their fears and forced themselves to stand bravely for the right cause.

SACRIFICING THE LESS FOR THE GREATER.

The highest kind of courage is born of reason which deliberately endures discomfort, or sacrifices the lesser good, that one may have the best. Sir Edward Bradford, who as the head of the London police force became noted because of the admirable way in which he kept order during the Queen's jubilee, has an

empty sleeve where his left arm used to be. Years ago, while still an officer in India, he was a very keen sportsman, with a strong liking for that most dangerous of all pastimes—tiger shooting. One day he fired at a tiger, which, only wounded, charged upon him, and bore him to the ground. Never losing his presence of mind for a moment, the intrepid hunter, with a view to preventing the infuriated animal from attacking his head, thrust within its jaws his left arm. The tiger simply gnawed it off, but, as the hunter had anticipated, while it was taking time for this, his comrades came up and rescued him. No wonder that the man who could do that could inspire the London police to heroism and fidelity.

DISHONORING OUR COLORS.

It is said that the King of Siam left London in great anger because he was not made by Queen Victoria a Knight of the Garter. He naturally thought, with good reason, that as the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey were both Knights of the Garter, he ought to be equally honored. But it is now said that Queen Victoria is determined that only Christian sovereigns shall hereafter receive the Order of the Garter, as the knight's oath can only be taken by a Christian. One can not help but reflect that Queen Victoria should have thought of that sooner. What an incongruity to regard the Sultan of Turkey as a knight of Christ murdering thousands of Christian Armenians! Alas! there are many that can not throw

stones at the Sultan of Turkey for dishonoring his colors without remembering their own inconsistencies as Christians. To wear the colors of Christ while we are living contrary to his spirit is to put him to an open shame.

DEVOTION TO LIBERTY.

Fifty thousand people gathered in and around Madison Square to greet Miss Cisneros, the Cuban heroine, and Karl Decker her rescuer. When she appeared on the platform the men yelled and waved their hats, the women waved their handkerchiefs, and the band played a Cuban battle-song. I would we could have the same enthusiastic devotion to liberty in church circles, in seeking to rescue those who are held in cruel bondage by the despotism of sin. Christ came into this world as a liberator, and we who love him are his messengers to carry the good news of freedom to those who are in bondage to evil.

OUR HEAVENLY FLIGHT.

Of the carrier-pigeons taken to Alaska during the Klondike gold excitement, the first to reach home alighted in the home-cote in Portland, Ore., September 2, 1897. On its leg was a slip of paper containing the following: "On the summit of Chilkoot Pass, August 25th. To Robert Uhlman, Portland. We are all well and in good spirits. Tell every one you know not to come here this winter. Thomas Cain." The pigeon had flown over a thousand miles, above

mountains and wide stretches of forest and through innumerable dangers from hawks and eagles, on its journey home. It was tired, but it was at home. The same God who put the homing instinct into the breast of the pigeon has put into our hearts the hope and promise of immortality. Let us dare all obstacles and press forward till we reach home.

WHERE JESUS REIGNS.

Melville Wynans Miller sings with graphic strains, every note a stroke from a painter's brush, a song portraying the illumination and freedom of the soul where Christ has come to reign supreme.

"Where Jesus reigns there is no night,
For he is Wisdom, Love, and Light;
No raging sea, nor tempest dread,
But quietness and calm, instead;
No anxious care, no blind unrest,
No heavy heart by guilt oppressed;
No discontent, nor gloomy days,
But brightest hope and sweetest praise;
No stumbling oft, nor galling chains,
No shame, no sin, where Jesus reigns."

BURNING OUT OUR SINS.

Not long ago an enormous fire became kindled in Virginia's famous jungle, the Dismal Swamp. It was started by hunters, and spread rapidly through the undergrowth and frost-bitten shrubbery, giving forth great clouds of thick smoke. So extensive was it that hundreds of wild animals, such as bear and

fox and deer, as well as many smaller animals, were driven out into the farming settlements, where they were speedily killed by hunters. When the refining fire of the Holy Spirit goes through a heart that has been the abode of sinful passions and lusts, it drives them out from their hidden lairs to be destroyed.

PROTECTION AGAINST EVIL.

A gang of fifty or sixty Kafirs, with a white man as superintendent, was employed in the construction of a road in South Africa. In the course of their work they came on a huge stone which it was necessary to remove, but beneath it was the home of a large black mamba, well known to the neighboring inhabitants as being old, and therefore very venomous. The mamba is the most deadly of South African snakes, and the superintendent anticipated some trouble over that rock. When they reached it he offered a prize for the snake's skin, and a slim youth sauntered forward and amid the protestations of the rest declared himself equal to the task. He took from his neck what looked like a bit of shriveled stick, chewed it, swallowed some of it, spat out the rest on his hands, and proceeded to rub his glistening brown body and limbs all over. Then, taking up his stick, and chanting a song of defiance, he advanced with great confidence to the boulder. There he roused up the mamba, which, in fury at being disturbed, bit him in the lip with great venom. The boy took no notice of the bite, but broke the snake's

back with his stick, and, bringing him to his master, asked for the reward; obtaining which he went back to his work. The bite of the reptile had no effect whatever on him. He refused to disclose the secret of his antidote, which, he said, had been handed down in his family for generations. Those who trust Christ and live in his spirit have a sure antidote against the poison of any evil that may come against them. Sin can not harm or gain power over one who lives in that spirit.

SWEPT BY THE GALE.

During the fall and winter gales on the Atlantic coast, many land birds, such as partridge and quail, are quite frequently blown out to sea by a strong hurricane, where they are sometimes picked up by the fishermen. They are usually caught by the gale when in flight, and before they can recover themselves are hurried out beyond the shore and dropped into the water. With their plumage soaked with the spray they become helpless, and can not reach the shore in the face of the wind. Many Christians who are really striving to live good lives are caught by the winds of worldliness and swept out of the atmosphere in which a Christian life can be lived. Caught in such a tempest, the only hope is in the divine Christ who stilled the gale that threatened disaster to the little boat in which his disciples were sailing on the Sea of Galilee that dark night when he drew near and said: "Lo! it is I, be not afraid!"

LOSING THE GREAT TO SAVE THE LITTLE.

A man lost his life in a New York City fire through his own folly. He lived with his wife on the fourth floor. The fire started in the kitchen of the flat occupied by him. A woman living on the same floor first saw the flames, and her cries of terror awakened the tenants. The fire was then crackling fiercely near an airshaft and filled the halls with smoke. An officer came on the man and his wife, and was astonished to see that the man was determined to go back while the wife was trying to drag him to safety. The officer went to her assistance, and they soon pulled the man out of the house. A little later, some firemen who were hauling a line of hose through the scuttle in the roof found the foolish fellow near his flat with his clothing almost burned from his body. He had gone back into his room for some papers, which he had secured, only to have them burn in his hands. He got the papers, but lost his life. There are many that are holding on to worldly treasures at the expense of everything that can make life precious. They are losing their souls to obtain gain that must soon be loss.

HOW TO BUILD STRONG CHARACTERS.

We are told that the Sultan's champion wrestler, Ismail Yousarf, came to the United States to see whether any man in America could lay him on his back. The Turk never lost a fall, it is said, and

those who saw him in exercise claimed that his equal never lived. His boast of strength brought up the old and always interesting question whether any one race or nationality can produce the strongest men in the world. That involves as important differences in climate, food, and habits as in size and physical appearance. However it may be of physical strength, we know that spiritual strength is equally within the reach of all nationalities. Whoever gives Christ the right of way in his heart is nerved with the same divine power that made him spotless and pure and victorious amid all the world's sin and defilement. We can do all things if we have his strength.

RELIGION FOR USE.

What is said to be the smallest electric motor in the world is worn as a scarf-pin by its designer, a Texan jeweler and watchmaker. It weighs, complete, one pennyweight and three grains. When fixed in the scarf it looks like a gold charm, the front and the commutator segment being made of that metal. Of course all the machinery is of a very delicate sort. The motor is started by a gold switch on a black rubber base, with a pin adjustment which is worn on the lapel of the vest. The current for the operation of this novel machine is furnished by a small chlorid of silver battery which is carried in the vest pocket. The motor runs at a very high speed, and its humming can be distinctly heard by any one standing near the wearer. Of course this

little motor is just for show. It produces neither light nor power nor heat for any useful purpose. It is a sad thing that so many people's religion is of that sort. Better an ounce of going about doing good, like the Master, than any amount of religion for display. We want a spiritual motor that sets us to work for Christ.

THE POWER OF A GREAT PASSION.

The midwinter rush to Alaska in 1897–98 perhaps exceeded the wild recklessness of the preceding summer. The steamship *Corona* sailed from Seattle the last week in December, carrying every passenger that the law would permit, and was compelled to refuse a great many people for lack of space. These people faced Arctic cold and certain hardships with almost no reasonable possibility of success to lighten the picture. This is what a great passion for gold will drive men to do. When men will do that much for the bare possibility of digging in rich earth for the gold that perishes so soon, how much more ought we to be driven by a love for immortal souls to save up the treasure that will never perish!

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Thomas A. Edison, Jr., the son of the great inventor, believes that he has invented a way of photographing a thought. By means of the Roentgen rays, applied to the back of a man's head, he photographed

round objects, which Mr. Edison believes to be the quarter of a dollar upon which the subject had, according to directions, concentrated his thought. This image was secured on an extremely sensitive plate, the making of which is Mr. Edison's secret. On the sensitive plate of the human mind God has always photographed our thoughts and treasured them up in our memories, and tho it may startle us to feel that a fellow-being may turn a light on us that will disclose the secret of our thought, there has never been an hour when He who is our judge, and to whom we must give an account, has not read the most secret meditations of our souls.

THE SERFS OF SIN.

The closing hours of a bicycle race in New York City presented a horrible spectacle. With the dawn of the sixth day many of the riders were so bruised and tired that they were on the verge of physical collapse. Nature rebelled at the outrageous mental and physical strain, and various forms of hallucination seized them. One cried for water—"only a drop of water"—as despairingly as a parched, haggard wanderer in Sahara, but not one drop was the sufferer allowed. The men seemed more like prisoners sentenced to climb over an endless treadmill than anything else. The outcome of the sinner's race of life is like that. They start off bright and gay like Samson playing with Delilah, but the outcome is like the shorn Samson with the blind eyes working in the place of an ox in the mill of his enemies.

THE FLOWER OF GRATITUDE.

The story of the ten lepers whom Christ sent away to be healed, and who were healed as they went, nine of them going their own way, perhaps going home to tell their friends in their great gladness, leaving but one to come back to thank Christ publicly for his mercy, is often duplicated in our own day. There is no reason for believing that any of these ten men were not sincere and good—they all had faith enough to be healed—but only one of them had the beautiful grace of gratitude. Christ seems to have felt hurt that the others should have been so lacking. God loves beauty, and covers the rocks with mosses, and the hillsides and the forests with flowers; gratitude is like the mosses and the flowers which clamber over the rock and make it attractive. It is not enough that we are good; we ought to be good in as gracious and as beautiful a way as possible. Paul says we ought not to let our good be evil spoken of.

THE GNAWING WORM OF INGRATITUDE.

The newspapers tell the story of a man living in Kentucky, who has been for many years a hermit. In his youth he was a social leader, and very popular with a large circle of friends. When the war broke out he entered the Confederate army, and made a good soldier to the end. When he returned home he found his slaves free, and his property greatly damaged. The emancipation of his negroes affected him

seriously, and he brooded over it constantly. He became sullen and morose, declining all overtures of friendliness on the part of his neighbors. He declared that the Lord had dealt harshly and unjustly with him in depriving him of his slaves, and out of revenge he registered a terrible oath that he would never again put his foot on the Lord's ground. And so his long life has been soured and darkened, and the gnawing worm of his ingratitude has eaten all joy out of his heart. The grateful soul is the happy soul.

GOD'S ENGINEERING.

What is believed to be one of the greatest engineering feats on record was accomplished in Philadelphia. The old iron span in the Pennsylvania railroad bridge crossing the Schuylkill River, in Fairmount Park, was replaced by a new structure of steel in the space of two minutes and twenty-eight seconds, accurately timed. The substitution of the new bridge for the old was effected between the passage of two way trains over the bridge only nine minutes apart—that is, one train went over the old bridge, and nine minutes later the train that followed ran over the new bridge. Seventeen hundred tons were lifted out and into place by adequate machinery without delaying a train. That is surely a wonderful piece of engineering for a man to perform, but how slight compared to the engineering of Him who takes care of all the worlds and never misses track of one! Even in our own small world how marvelous is the engineering

skill that brings the sunrise always on time, and never permits the restful night to be a moment overdue. The seasons come and go in orderly precision, seedtime and harvest do not fail. Surely we may trust the affairs of our little lives, with perfect confidence, in the hand of the Great Engineer.

SKELETONS BESIDE THE TRAIL.

A young man who went to the Klondike wrote home to his father, giving a most graphic picture of running the White Horse rapids. He says the journey from Dyea to Klondike is dotted with stakes marking the last resting-place of unfortunate miners who fell by the wayside. He also says he saw many skeletons and bodies of men who had lost their lives in the rapids and were thrown up on to the rocks or sandbars where they could not be reached to be buried. Alas! how many such skeletons there are along the current of life—men caught in the whirlpool of sin and flung out bruised and dead on the wreckage pile!

THE WORST FOE OF ALL.

The chief mission of the church is to save souls. Anything that harms men or women or children is the deadly foe of the church. This makes the liquor saloon the worst foe on earth to the modern church. Its wrecks are everywhere. In Mount Vernon, N. Y., a man who had once been a brilliant lawyer, had had a beautiful home, a lovely wife and daughter, and

more than $100,000 worth of property, walked into a barroom and ordered a drink of whisky. He swallowed the liquor with a smack of his lips; he called for another, and then another, and then said to the bartender: "I have been in a sanitarium trying to cure my desire for liquor, but it's no use. You see, I have gone back to my old habits; to-night you will find my dead body on yonder tracks. I am going to end it all." He took another drink, and walked straight to the railroad platform, and, flinging himself in front of an express train, was crushed to death. If the church of Jesus Christ will not fight such a foe, then surely nothing could arouse her to action.

MORAL BEAUTY.

On an elevated railroad train in New York City were a couple of little folks from the slums. One of them was the most attractive, dirty little creature you ever saw. She had a mop of coarse black hair, a loose strand of which fell over her forehead and kept getting into her eyes without in the least seeming to trouble her. Her long, worn skirt clung to her limbs, and on her lap reposed a basket covered with oilcloth. Facing her in the car sat two handsomely dressed women. The ladies were attracted by her bright face and smiled at her. Her eyes and lips flashed instant response, and an interchange of smiles and nods took place which interested every passenger in sight. Delight at the attention of such lovely creatures was expressed in her every glance. Pres-

ently she ran her hand down into the basket and brought forth two pink objects on long pins—the little artificial roses often seen in the hands of fakirs. She dropped her basket and hurried up to the women and presented to them these ornaments. As she returned to her seat her face was radiant with joy. When the ladies had passed out she called to her companion in broken English, "Oh, they ware be-yutiful, be-yutiful, an' they ware my friendts." Moral beauty is even more attractive than physical beauty. As one gives great pleasure simply by being beautiful, so by being morally beautiful one is constantly bestowing both pleasure and inspiration; for while physical beauty is not permitted to all, the beauty of the spiritual graces is within the reach of every soul who will yield the heart to its cultivation.

MANHOOD GREATER THAN WEALTH.

A young clerk in a dry-goods store came into possession of a large fortune by inheritance from a distant relative. The young man was one day called to his employer's private office, and listened with amazement to the news as it was imparted to him by a lawyer. "I suppose I must not expect your services as clerk any longer," said the merchant with a smile. "I shall be sorry to lose you." "Oh, I shall stay my month out, of course, sir," said the boy, promptly. "I shouldn't want to break my word just because I've had some money left me." The two elder men exchanged glances. The money referred to was nearly

$300,000. "Well," said the lawyer, stroking his mouth to conceal his expression, "I should like an hour of your time between ten and four to-morrow, my young friend, as it will be necessary for you to read and sign some papers." "Yes, sir," said the clerk. "I always take my luncheon at 11:45. I'll take that hour for you, instead, to-morrow. If I eat a good breakfast I can get along all right until six o'clock." That was a sensible boy. He had hold of the right end of life. It is not what we have but what we are which counts most. That is what Christ meant when he said, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

THE RING OF LOVE.

Somebody has hunted up an old book written by Camillius Leonardus which tells much of interest about jewels, and names a number of stones that either are no longer found or were creations of the author's imagination. The latter seems the more probable from Leonardus's description of the alecoria, which, he says, not alone renders a man invisible, but, "being held in the mouth, allays thirst." He also tells of the bezoar, which is taken from the body of some animal, and is infallible against melancholy. He credits Queen Elizabeth with wearing a bezoar, and says Charles V. had four of them. The four rings, however, of most historical interest were those presented by Pope Innocent to King John. The monarch was urged to note with extreme care

the shape of the rings, their number, color, and matter. Number 4 being a square, typified firmness of mind, fixed stedfastly on the four cardinal virtues. The blue color of the sapphire denoted faith, the green of the emerald hope, the crimson of the ruby charity, and the splendor of the topaz good works. The rings themselves represented eternity, with neither beginning nor end; gold, which was the matter, and, according to Solomon, the most precious of metals, signified wisdom, more to be desired than riches and power. But the best ring of all is the ring of love which the Heavenly Father bestows upon the prodigal who comes back from sin. The breadth of God's love is nowhere so strongly indicated as in the promise to bestow this ring of forgiveness on the most wretched sinner who will come back to the Father's house.

THE PERFUME OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Queen Elizabeth of England was a great lover of flowers, and it was a real sorrow to her when in the winter the wild flowers of the fields and gardens withered. Out of this royal love of flowers grew the most famous garden of the world. With her own hands Queen Elizabeth laid out the grounds that were to produce and fructify the flowers for her drawing-room. She started to raise flowers for her own personal gratification, and ended by producing flowers and plants for the millions. No single desire of an impetuous queen ever yielded better fruit. On Queen Elizabeth's little flower-garden the England of to-day

gazes with national pride. Its original purpose of supplying the royal table with cut flowers is still observed, but that is a small incidental feature of the Kew garden. The garden belongs to the nation, and the ignorant, unlettered, and poor, as well as the rich and wise and studious, enjoy its fragrant flowers, its graceful trees and palms, and its balsamic herbs and plants. The Christian life ought to be like that. In going about our daily duties we ought to be shedding forth fragrance unconsciously, inspiring others with the courage with which we carry life's burdens. Our unconscious influence is greater than our conscious. A sincere Christian does much good that he never intends.

THE HEAVENLY ALCHEMIST.

That was a sweet thought of Whittier that Christ would yet transform the dust of earth's passion and folly into the gold of wisdom. There are few nobler lines than these:

"The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled;
It yet shall touch His garment's fold
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold."

A FORMAL RELIGION.

The public auction of schoolhouses is a novelty that is to be witnessed in western Kansas. The state officers recently decided that schoolhouses in depopulated districts which are not in use may be sold to the

highest bidder. Scattered over the prairie are more than one hundred of these buildings that have not been in use for years, the abode of bats and owls. They are decaying and crumbling. They will be sold to the highest bidder to be used for cattle-sheds or cut up into kindling wood. In many cases a single family runs a school from the taxes gathered from non-resident landowners. Those empty schoolhouses remind one of an empty Christian, a man from whom the spiritual life has gone out, leaving only the formal framework of ceremony. One must stick close to Christ or lose the joyous life of the Spirit.

FORGETTING ONE'S NATIVE TONGUE.

An English naturalist has explored an island in the South Pacific, only recently discovered, and named Christmas Island. It was not thought to be inhabited by man or beast. The naturalist was, however, astounded to run across a huge bamboo house in the center of the island, with evidences of cultivation surrounding it. As he appeared in the open glade, an aged white man left a stockade close to the house, and, followed by his native wife and children, with twenty black servants bringing up the rear, came toward him. The modern Robinson Crusoe showed by signs that he had forgotten his native tongue, and by the aid of his dependents drove the naturalist from the island. The white man gave every evidence of having relapsed entirely into the barbarism of the natives. This is only an illustration of what goes on

spiritually all the time. Multitudes of people who have been reared in Christian homes, who have been taught to sing Christian songs, and whose lips have been familiar with the language of heaven, have wandered so far away into sin that they have forgotten their native tongue as the sons of God.

RESCUED FROM SIN'S BONDAGE.

In the Children's Home in Sioux Falls, S. Dak., as a ward of the Government until such time as she shall find a home elsewhere, is a beautiful white girl who a number of years ago was stolen away by the Sioux Indians, who murdered her parents. She was only four years of age when she was captured, and she has grown up to womanhood in the wigwams of the Indians. When she was rescued she was on the eve of being forced into marriage with an Indian. She was overjoyed when she found that she was to be taken away from the Indians, and is now very happy in her school. There are many in our midst who were led away from the home of confidence and trust in the Heavenly Father when they were little children, and who have become wedded to their sins, which hold them in cruel captivity. But sin has no right to them; he is an invader; and we should fly to their rescue and seek to make them understand how beautiful are the privileges and enjoyments of the Christian life. No Indian wigwam was ever so dirty and revolting as the sins which hold immortal souls away from the liberty of the children of God.

GETTING AN INJUNCTION AGAINST CHRIST.

An injunction was obtained in the West Virginia courts forbidding Rev. W. H. Wiley, a pastor near the mines, from holding religious services in strikers' camps on Sundays and prayer-meetings through the week. It is stated that this man had never done anything to inflame hatred among the coal-miners, and had never failed in meetings to pray for the operators and owners of the mines, and had sought to bring the power of God to bear on the hearts of both sides of the great coal-mining controversy. The judge who granted such an injunction certainly belongs to the class designated in the Bible as those who "crucify the Son of God afresh."

BEWARE OF THE POISONED BITE.

A railway brakeman was discharged from a hospital in Sedalia, Mo., after four months' treatment for a tarantula bite. He touched a tarantula, and was bitten on the tip of the middle finger of the right hand. He felt a sharp pang of pain at the time, but paid little attention to it, and went on with his work. The bitten finger began to slough off. The hand and arm were soon swollen to three times their natural size. The finger was amputated again and again, but the wound would not heal. The surgeons were compelled to continue to follow the hand back, and finally made twenty-nine amputations in all, and he thought himself very fortunate to save his life with the loss of his

arm. The poison of the spider-bite had become so thoroughly infused into his system that it was almost impossible to overcome it, and his final recovery was considered almost a miracle. All about us are men who have been bitten with strong drink, who have lost property, and good habits, and good character, and love of children and wife, and hope of heaven, and their system has been so thoroughly poisoned that, unless saved by some miraculous cleansing through the blood of Jesus Christ, they must be lost forever.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD.

As a Southern Pacific express train from San Francisco drew near New Orleans, it was found that one of the passengers in a Pullman car, who had been ill, was dying. As the train came into the station the great emergency in the dying man's life had come, and the railroad passenger agent ordered that the car should not be disturbed until death had passed. A Christian man who happened to be in the car said it was too bad to see the man die without a word of prayer and in his behalf. He knelt at the head of the berth, and there was enacted a scene not often witnessed in a railroad car. The trainmen felt the strange, impressive moment, and as though by instinct they all knelt about the couch which bor the spirit struggling between life and death. The petition for the dying man was one of the most beautiful and touching ever presented for any soul. The spirit of the supplication was that, although this man was unknown

to those who knelt by his side, yet he was a brother, and bound to them by the tie of brotherly love. For this reason all men are interested in each other, and for this reason a last and parting prayer was offered up in behalf of this dying brother. As this appeal for divine mercy drew to a close, all of the watchers by the bedside joined in repeating the Lord's Prayer, even to the porters. Slowly but surely Christ is bringing all mankind into brotherhood.

INDIVIDUALITY.

Nobody can do our work. Each one is a special study of God. Alfred J. Hough, of Vermont, sings it very clearly in these lines:

> "Sing the song God bids thee!
> The heart of earth's great throng
> Needs for its perfect solace
> The music of thy song."

SACRIFICING THE SPIRITUAL TO THE ANIMAL.

A Congressman from one of the Western States received his quota of bulbs and garden-seeds from the Department of Agriculture and forthwith distributed them among his constituents. In most instances they were fully appreciated, as scores of letters attested. But it is doubtful if a more appreciative constituent has been recorded since the distribution of seeds was inaugurated than one writer whose wife had been sent some of the lily bulbs. "Many thanks for the vege-

tables so kindly sent," said the writer. "The onions were particularly fine and greatly enjoyed with our beefsteak." That is very laughable, but the fact it suggests is sad enough. How many people there are who eat up the lily-bulbs that might blossom into fragrance in their lives, and who sacrifice every beautiful promise of the nobler life to the baser appetites of the flesh!

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The Shepherd Christ is ever seeking after the lost, that he may bring them back from dread danger to the peace and quiet of the fold. James Lane Allen writes a very tender poem illustrating this truth, under the title of "The Wanderer." Many a father or mother has felt like singing in the spirit of these verses:

"My lamb is missing from the nightly fold,
And bleak the wind that sweeps the darkening wold.
Where wandereth she, so late and ever bold,
With foolish feet?
Hath any seen a lamb that's gone astray,
Caught in the hidden thorns along the way,
Or slipped adown some steep, alack-a-day!
With piteous bleat?

"O Thou Good Shepherd! Seek her in the path
That many a terror, many a pitfall, hath;
On her bewildered head let not thy wrath
From heaven break!
To the calm pastures of a better land,
Where all the flock are guided by thy hand,
And follow only as thou dost command,
My lost lamb take!"

IMPORTANCE OF LITTLE THINGS.

The power of a little thing, if only it be pure and sweet, to add comfort to life and refresh the weary heart, is very beautifully set forth in a little poem by Henry Vandyke:

"Only a little shriveled seed—
It might be flower, or grass, or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window-ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers;
Only a few clear shining hours.
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom wonder as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

"Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain;
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream;
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there;
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in that narrow room—
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold."

BEWARE OF RECKLESSNESS.

While the Hudson-river train was speeding along at sixty miles an hour toward New York, a young woman, being thirsty, went to the end of the car to get a glass of water from the water-cooler. She tried in many ways to open the faucet, but without success. Then she looked about for the device that controlled

it. She caught sight of a lever just above her head, the one that works the emergency air-brakes. A look of triumph came into her eyes, and she reached up and grasped the lever. At that moment a railroad man, who had been watching her, sprang from his seat and grasped her hand. "What do you want to do," he cried, "stop the train?" She looked at him with a shocked expression. "I want a drink of water," she said. In many more important things reckless hands pull levers that turn the whole current of life in a different channel. Beware of recklessness!

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Paul may have been a little man in body, but he had a great heart. He had the courage of a soldier. His favorite illustrations are of athletes and soldiers. He likes to compare the Christian to men who strip themselves of all unnecessary weight and run the race with patience and win the prize. How it stirs one's blood to read the sixth chapter of Ephesians and see the fine soldier that grows before our eyes as we read. Every sentence is like the splendid sweep of the brush of an artist. Our hero, the Christian, stands out with a helmet of salvation on his head, a shield of faith on his arm, shoes of Gospel peace on his feet, his loins girt about with truth, a breastplate of righteousness, the sword of the Spirit in his hand. Such a soldier does not enjoy lying about the fort breathing the stuffy air of the barracks; he likes the open air of the battle-field, where courageous deeds are to be done.

THE WAIL OF THE HEART.

A man died in Kansas City who was known as "the man with the musical heart." He was an enigma to the doctors. He is thought to have been the only man who ever had "a musical heart." But his heart sang only when he drank to excess. It was not a pleasing song. The doctors stated that excessive use of alcoholics had contracted one of the valves of his heart until, with every influx or ejection of blood therefrom, it sounded a surging song, sometimes almost a screech or a wail, but always loud and strangely human. He kept on drinking, and it sang him to death. This may be the only man who ever had this physical deformity, but it is far too common a thing for strong drink to raise a wail from a broken heart. It is hard to understand how any Christian can listen to these moans and wails that come from breaking heart-strings and not consecrate himself to the advancement of the temperance reform.

HOME ATMOSPHERE.

If we are to destroy the liquor traffic, the home life of Christian people must be consecrated to the temperance reform so completely that the children shall grow up with reform words on their lips and reform ideas in their heads. I know of one home where I think this atmosphere exists. It is the home of a Methodist preacher, where there are several little children; and one, a little boy not quite six, had

noticed his father on Sunday morning going through the ceremony of receiving new members. He had heard the father say on such occasions: "I will come into the altar while we sing the last hymn, and shall be glad to receive any one who desires to unite with us either by letter or on probation." The boy was much interested in this ceremony, and the next day in the nursery gathered the other three kindergarteners around him and held service, at the close of which he gravely remarked: "Now I will come into the altar and shall be glad to receive any who join either by letter or on *prohibition.*"

THE TRAMP'S SERMON.

A poor old waif, ragged and unkempt, stood looking in through the plate-glass window of a gilded saloon in New Orleans. Two fashionable young men noticed him, and one said to the other: "Say, let's do the good Samaritan, and set Hobo up to a drink." The other hilariously consented, and the tramp slouched into the saloon at their heels. As he poured the liquor into the glass with a trembling hand, one of the young men said: "Make us a speech!" The tramp swallowed down the liquor with a fierce thirst, then straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure. "Gentlemen," he said, "I look to-night at you and at myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This

shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in the world of men. I, too, once had a home, and friends, and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the winecup. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunken father. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead—all, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink." The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shivered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors pushed open and shut again, and he was gone. Let the young man who is offered a glass of wine remember his sermon.

THE STORY OF A BELL.

A bell with a fatal history hangs loosely on its standards on the hurricane-deck of the wrecked Cincinnati and Louisville Mail Line steamer *Telegraph*. Dolefully it tolls with every wind that sweeps down from the Indiana hills, every wave that rocks the wreck of the once palatial steamboat. This bell has had a strange history. It was cast in 1855 for the most famous lower-river steamer of that day. After a few years the steamer was wrecked, and only the bell was saved from the wreckage. Four ill-fated Ohio or Mississippi river passenger boats have carried this signal-bell, and one after another they have met

with disaster. There are many people over whose past years, one after another, the bells have tolled in defeat. To all such the New Year offers a new chance—an opportunity to turn defeat into victory. Thank God for the mile-stone that offers the inspiration for another chance!

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

In the South Kensington Museum in London there is probably the most remarkable collection of historic rings in the world. In this most exquisite and perfectly arranged of all treasure-houses the troth of kings and the romance and tragedy of famous lives give a keen personal interest to the cases filled with gems that are both royal in themselves and have been made royal by the touch of royalty. One ring, of which no one now knows where it came from or to whom it belonged, has this striking inscription: "Never-to-be-forgotten second of January, 1777." But nobody remembers, and for these many years it has all been forgotten as far as this world is concerned. And so each day, with all its striking and earnest happenings, will pass into worldly oblivion. The only treasures that endure are the treasures of the soul. Faith, Hope, Love—these abide.

VEINS OF WEALTH.

Probably the largest nugget of silver ever mined was a piece weighing 1,840 pounds, which was taken from the Smuggler mine at Aspen, Col., in 1894. It

was such pure silver that it was impossible to assay it in the ordinary acceptation of the word, and it was put directly into the crucibles. It was found as a core in some very rich ore. At times it would be half an inch in thickness, and then widen out to two and one-half feet. It was a little purer than a silver dollar, and almost as bright. Christ wants every one of his disciples to be spiritual miners. There are rich veins of wealth in humble homes and many a nugget of priceless value hidden under the earth and rock of sin.

SEARCH FOR HIDDEN TREASURE.

A colored man was hired by several men who claimed to be on a scientific expedition to the coast of Florida. The colored man was a shrewd fellow, and he soon became convinced that his employers were after something besides scientific subjects. He followed them one night and saw them dig up an iron-bound box from under a big pine-tree. He saw it was full of gold pieces. The next day he took some of the coins and afterward told another man about it, and they went together and took out a box that contained $31,000 in doubloons, some of the pieces being very old. The story soon got abroad, and treasure-seekers dug up the sands throughout the whole region, seeking for more gold. If all the Christians in the world should become really possessed of the treasure-seeking spirit so that they felt that a precious gem or a rich coin was covered up in every human soul, the world would be soon turned to Christ.

It is not enough that we are a part of the church that is sending out its missionaries to seek after the heathen, but every one who has come to know the good news of salvation must be a treasure seeker for this gold that never shall become dimmed.

EXPEDIENCY VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

One of the finest stories which the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee brought to the surface was the one which tells of a time in the early years of her reign, when one of her ministers urged her to sign some document on the ground of expediency. The young Queen looked up quietly, and said: "I have been taught to judge between what is right and wrong, but 'expediency' is a word I wish neither to hear nor to understand." If every Christian in this land would take that position in citizenship, and stand by it for five years, it would dry up the liquor-saloons, and banish the corruption and lawlessness which are the curses of our great cities.

"GOOD LITTLE WIFE."

One of the noblest things Queen Victoria has done for humanity, in her long reign of sixty years, is the emphasis she has put on a pure personal and domestic life. Her own love-story and family life were as gentle and gracious and tender as ever blossomed in a cottage. It was one of the greatest compliments Prince Albert could have paid her that when he was

dying he looked up into her sympathetic face and said, "Good little wife." The good queen's life ought to have some message of love and grace to every home of the English-speaking race. Thinking in this vein recalls Rev. W. C. Gannett's "Dream of Paradise," from which I quote the first three verses:

"I dreamed of Paradise—and still,
Tho sun lay soft on vale and hill,
And trees were green, and rivers bright,
The one dear thing that made delight,
By sun or stars or Eden weather,
Was just that we two were together.

"I dreamed of heaven—with God so near
The angels trod the shining sphere,
And each was beautiful; the days
Were choral work, were choral praise;
And yet in heaven's far-shining weather
The best was still—we were together!

"I woke—and, lo! my dream was true,
That happy dream of me and you.
For Eden, heaven, no need to roam—
The foretaste of it all is home,
Where you and I through this world's weather
Still work and praise and thank together."

TRUE FRIENDSHIP GIVES THE BEST.

Philip gave the highest evidence of the genuineness of his friendship when, having come to know Christ, he hurried after Nathanael, and brought him to introduce him to Jesus. A true friend desires to share with his friend the very best things that come to him. Every one who comes to know Christ sincerely has

this desire to introduce all his other friends to him who is henceforth to sit at the head of the table in the heart's communion. That is a species of missionary work which is within the reach of the ability and opportunity of every friend of Christ.

FOREIGN MISSIONARY SUBSTITUTES.

With foreign missions it is often as it was in the time of the war of the rebellion, when many a man who was not fitted to go as a soldier had means to hire a substitute to go in his place. There are many business men in our churches who are in no way fit for work in the foreign mission-field, but who by their business opportunities gather large sums of money by which they may easily send a missionary substitute to heathen lands to stand there in their place and preach the Gospel of Christ. Certainly it is our duty to either go or send. The riches of the Gospel which have so transformed our lives are a sacred trusteeship, and we shall not be held guiltless if we treat this wealth as our private property and let our brothers perish in darkness.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND WOMEN CITIZENS.

Queen Victoria bears remarkable testimony to the wisdom of granting women the full rights and privileges of citizenship. When it is said that women have not capacity for understanding and dealing with great problems of statesmanship, all the reply that is

necessary is to point to the long and glorious rule of Victoria. She also bears testimony to the fact that a woman may be a great queen, and at the head of the most powerful governmental institution in the world, and yet be a good wife and a great mother. In my judgment, the two most influential women in Great Britain during the present generation were Queen Victoria and Catherine Booth, the latter known as the "Mother of the Salvation Army." And yet these women are as conspicuous as mothers as in their remarkably successful public life. There are many problems in the larger housekeeping of our towns and cities, as well as in the state and nation, that need the keen supervision of a housewife's eye, a mother's brooding care, in fact, a woman's feminine attitude and presence. God hasten the day when our American queens shall come into the full privilege of their reign!

SIGNALS.

The fabulous honor of being the first inventor of the art of signaling is bestowed by certain classical writers upon the ingenious Palamedes. This hero may have introduced improvements in detail, but it is certain that long before the time of the Trojan war the Egyptians and Assyrians, if not the Chinese and other nations of remote antiquity of whom monumental records alone remain to us, had developed regular methods of signaling by fire, smoke, flags, and other devices. The Great Wall built by the Chinese ages ago, 1,500 miles long, is studded with towers.

Between these signals were interchanged when troops had to be collected to resist attack at any point. It is now thought probable that the huge tower of Babel was erected for signaling purposes. In carrying on the war against sin the soldiers of Jesus Christ often signal each other intelligence of love and encouragement. The various Christian denominations are but wings of one great army of the Lord, and should ever rejoice to signal one another messages of good cheer.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CREDENTIALS.

Everything that has life in it carries its credentials along with it. A ship's flag and papers are its credentials. The trees put out their credentials in the spring days in the shape of leaves and flowers. The Christian has his credentials too. The fruits of the Spirit are to hang in ripening clusters on the boughs of conduct and conversation. Paul, in his letter to the Philippians, expresses the deep anxiety of his heart that his children in the Gospel should carry such clear credentials in their lives that they might be "sincere and without offense till the day of Christ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God."

CHRIST OUR CAPTAIN.

At the time of the explosion of the *Maine*, when Captain Sigsbee found his ship burning, and the flames encroaching upon the great magazine, he ordered his

officers and men to take to the boats over the stern. An explosion was expected every second—an explosion that would have blown to atoms every man on board. Yet Captain Sigsbee testifies that his officers insisted that he should go first, and wasted precious seconds at risk of their lives in that insistence. He refused "of course," he says, and that phrase, "of course," is eloquent with meaning. It is "of course" that the commander is the last to leave the ship. It is "of course" that he values his life immeasurably less than he values his obligation of duty, whatever it may be. And it is equally a matter "of course" that all those valiant fellows under him were equally ready to sacrifice themselves, not only to duty, but to a chivalric courtesy. That is the stuff of which heroes are made. Christ, our Captain, perfected himself through suffering. He became poor that he might sympathize with poverty; he bore the cross that he might win for us the crown. He is the head of the church, and will never desert it or a single one of its members. We certainly ought to have as much chivalric devotion to Christ as the officers and sailors of the *Maine* had toward their captain.

GLADSTONE'S COURAGE.

There has been no more splendid illustration of sublime moral courage in our time than in the case of Mr. Gladstone. He had the courage not only to change his opinions, but when he had changed them to put his new light and knowledge at once into prac-

tice, even tho he broke with political associations in order to do so. He was often called inconsistent for this. He himself said that the secret of his whole career was in the fact that he was educated to believe that liberty was something to be afraid of; and as he had grown in life he had come to have a wider and wider belief in human liberty. There are very many people who never have the courage to throw away the old errors which they have outgrown.

THE GREEN SASH OF HELPFULNESS.

In time of war surgeons on the battle-field wear green sashes. It is not so much an insignia of rank as it is a protection to the wearer. According to the code of civilized warfare, surgeons are never shot or taken prisoners. To deliberately shoot a surgeon while he is wearing his sash is considered a violation of the code, punishable by death. Because of this provision surgeons of one army never refuse to look after the wounded of the other army if it is possible for them to do so. During the Civil War, it was often the case after a battle that the field hospitals would contain almost an equal number of men dressed in blue and gray. As the green sash protects the surgeon seeking after the wounded on the battle-field, so the safest man in the world in all common life is the one who in self-forgetfulness tries to comfort his wounded neighbor. Job had had trouble and trial a long time, but God turned the captivity of Job on the day when he forgot his own troubles and prayed for

his friends. God sets the whole universe looking after the man who gives himself up in self-forgetful devotion to make life sweeter for the poor and the hel less.

COOPERATION.

I have been reading an interesting thing about door-handles. It seems that an esthetic person who desires a unique door-handle for his favorite room must pay well for the privilege. Forty, fifty, even seventy-five dollars may be the cost of the first door-handle made after a new pattern. The metal is worth perhaps only a few cents, but the labor comes high. First the architect draws the design, and submits it to the manufacturer who is to finish the handle. He turns it over to his modeler, who makes an exact pattern of the handle and lock in clay, or plaster. Every line that is flat in the design is raised in this pattern, and the more elaborate and intricate the decoration the more difficult his work. The pattern is then given to the man who makes the mold, or oftener several molds joined together, known as gates. These are usually of plaster, and the molten metal is poured into them without in any way affecting their substance. When the metal is cool the handle is taken out, a thing of beauty and expense—for the architect, pattern-maker, mold-maker, and the man who pours in the metal must all be paid for their work. The first door-handle only is thus costly. When the mold is once made, the price of a door-handle decreases according to the number made, so that the five hundredth door-

handle costs scarcely more than the metal put into it. Our cooperation in the church is like that. Only now and then a king or a millionaire could afford to have his own chaplain and choir, and all the helpful things that cling about a church, but all working together, rich and poor, we are able to bring the heavenly influences of church life within the reach of the poorest. Christ's law of life is the law of cooperation.

PEPPER AND PATIENCE.

During the Middle Ages in Europe pepper was the most esteemed and important of all the spices. Genoa, Venice, and other commercial cities of Central Europe were indebted to their traffic in pepper for a large part of their wealth. The price of pepper during these years was exorbitantly high, as the rulers of Egypt extorted a large revenue from all who were engaged in the spice trade. This high cost of pepper incited the Portuguese to seek for a sea-passage to India. Perhaps this was in Columbus's mind to some extent when he discovered America. At any rate, six years after that discovery, when a sea-passage was discovered to India, there was a great fall in the price of pepper. Pepper, to-day, is altogether too cheap in some circles. Human nature without any pepper in it would be very weak and tasteless, but when the pepper is in the ascendency it works destruction. The patient man is not the man without any spice in his make-up, but the man who masters his own nature and curbs it under strong self-discipline.

CHARACTER DEVELOPED BY LITTLE DEEDS.

It takes a great quantity of fresh-cut flowers to supply a great city like London. There is one firm in the Covent Garden Market which sells sometimes as high as $150,000 worth of cut flowers a week. One of the interesting features of the supply of flowers for this great human center is that they come largely from abroad, and from small growers. Baskets of flowers leave the south of France in the evening, and are ready for all the early morning markets of England two days afterward. These flowers are grown largely by industrious French cottagers, each sending a few baskets from their little well-worked garden plat. Human life is like that in many ways. It is the little things that make up the beauty and fragrance of a character. Christian manhood and womanhood grow by little restraints, little self-denials, deeds that seem insignificant, taken alone; but the aggregation is a character and a life fragrant with the whole variety of Christian graces.

THE KINSHIP OF MAN.

The candidature of Prince George of Greece for the governorship of Crete called attention to some remarkable facts concerning the personal relationship of the reigning houses of Europe. The young prince wrote a letter to his cousin, the Czar, asking him to support his claims. The Emperor at once adopted him as the Russian candidate. Lord Salisbury seconded it

gladly, especially as the prince was the nephew of the Princess of Wales. The German Emperor, who is a third party to be specially consulted, is the grandson of Queen Victoria, and thus the three greatest powers in Europe are bound together by the closest ties of kinship. This may mean a great deal for peace in the days to come. Christianity, the more it takes hold upon the hearts of men, tends to arouse a keen sense of kinship and brotherhood. We can not love God as our Father without a kindly feeling toward our brothers and sisters. John says in his heart-searching letters that a man who says he loves God while at the same time he hates his brother is a liar.

BLOOD ON THE BANK-NOTES.

An English paper relates that some years ago the cashier of a Liverpool merchant received a small Bank of England note, which he held up to the light to make sure that it was genuine. In doing so he noticed some indistinct, brownish marks, as if words had been traced on the front of the note and on the margin. Out of curiosity he tried to decipher them. At last he was able to read the following sentence: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Longhillmar, he will learn thereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers." Mr. Dean, when the note was shown to him, lost no time in asking the Government for assistance, and finally secured the freedom of his brother on payment of a ransom to the Dey. The unfortunate man had been a prisoner

for eleven years, and had traced with a piece of wood for pen, and his own blood for ink, the message on the bank-note, in the hope of its being seen sooner or later. There is many a bank-note taken in by the liquor-seller, or by the man who rents his building for such a purpose, that, if held up to the light of God's truth, would reveal lines soaked by a brother's blood. Better to have poverty, a thousand times, than to have a treasure-vault full of blood-stained wealth.

HAVING THE COURAGE OF ONE'S CONVICTIONS.

If you want to find three young men who had the courage of their convictions, you should get acquainted with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, whose memory is treasured up in the book of Daniel. Those young men did not take the time to consider what was offered them when they refused to worship the golden image. They knew they would not change their minds, and might as well have the thing over one time as another. It looked black for them at the moment. After they had made their defiant answer, Nebuchadnezzar seemed to go wild with fury. His face was distorted with anger, and he shouted the command that they should heat the furnace seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated. The soldiers were called and commanded to bind the brave young men and cast them into the burning fiery furnace. And the soldiers gathered them up in their garments as they were, and carried them along, with great boldness, no doubt, and show of strength and authority,

and cast them headlong into the seething hell of flame. But tho the furnace was so hot that it slew the soldiers that cast them in, the three young heroes walked unharmed in the midst of the fire. Not only were they unharmed, but a fourth figure, one of such glorious appearance that the king said of him that he was "like a son of the gods," walked with them in cheering fellowship through all their fiery trial. God is as faithful to give the comfort of his presence to people who have the courage of their convictions to-day as in the days of Daniel and his friends.

HOME MISSIONARY OPPORTUNITIES.

There are some missionary duties which can never be transferred to any one else. God puts us in little circles so that each of us touches some people with more power than any one else in the world; to them we are peculiarly the missionaries of Christ. The opportunity to do them good is as close to us as our breathing or eating. An employer or teacher or parent can never thrust aside to somebody else the duty of illustrating the spirit of Christ to his employees, his pupils, or his children. It is not a case where he can send anybody else; he must himself show forth the mind that is in Christ.

HUNGRY SOLDIERS.

Hungry and thirsty men have given many splendid examples of courage, but none more remarkable, perhaps, than in that retreat of the English from Cabul,

when, exposed for six days and five nights in the snow, without cover or fire, with scarcely any food, compelled by thirst to eat snow which only aggravated their tortures, footsore and benumbed, the Forty-fourth responded gallantly to every call and beat back repeated attacks of the Afghans, who attempted to overwhelm them as they passed through narrow defiles or halted in the hope of getting a brief rest. But Christ is the greatest illustration of the hero when an hungered. Tho he had fasted for forty days and forty nights in the wilderness with the wild beasts, yet he refused the devil's temptation to satisfy his hunger at the price of his fidelity to God. The same temptation comes to every one of us at some time in our lives, and to some of us many times. Only Christ's trust in God and reliance on him for strength can give us the same victory which he won.

CHRIST IN NAZARETH.

That is a very pretty touch in the story of Jesus which tells that, when Joseph and Mary went away home, having lost Jesus in Jerusalem without knowing it, and, coming back, searched three days for him, and finally found him in the temple, he went back with them to Nazareth and was subject to them there as before. That is, he was a good boy, and obedient to his parents, giving them reverence and love. Even in the hour of his great agony on the cross, when he was suffering under the burden of sin for the whole world, one of his last thoughts was concerning his

mother. In the tenderest possible way he commended her to the care of John, his dearest friend. We should not only be kind to our parents during childhood, but if we follow the example of Jesus our loving plans for them will follow us into maturity, and to the end of life.

INSPIRING OTHERS.

We help to mold the character of others every day either by discouraging them or inspiring them by the effect produced on them by our own spiritual atmosphere. To do the most good in the world, we need to present in our own conversation and life the bright and courageous side of things. Ella Wheeler Wilcox sets it forth very clearly in these verses:

"Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

"Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

"Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You can not charm, or interest, or please,
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true."

THE PATIENT CHRIST.

Perhaps most of us fail more frequently in the matter of patience than in any other department of Christian life. But we do not fail for lack of example in him who is at once our Model and our Savior. Peter calls attention to the patience of Jesus in the second chapter of his first Epistle. He says there that "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that ye should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously; who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes we were healed." Christ was able to keep his patience through all because his faith in God was unwavering and he saw ahead the victory which was sure to come. We, too, should trust God, and have our eye on the prize which is at the end of the race. It is only the man who is sure he is going to win who can remain patient under every trial.

NAOMI'S UNSELFISHNESS.

In studying the beautiful friendship between Ruth and Naomi, which is told with such graphic force in the Book of Ruth, the emphasis is nearly always placed on the fidelity of Ruth. Of course that is perfect, and nothing could detract from it; but to my

mind the unselfishness of Naomi when with breaking heart she urges Ruth to go away to her own people, and leave her to go on alone, is as beautiful as is Ruth's fidelity. Ruth was a young woman yet, and might have a reasonable hope of some friendships coming to her wherever her lot should be cast; but Naomi had lived most of her life, and if she lost Ruth she lost the last sweet tie of human fellowship; and yet she was willing to do it on Ruth's account. I think her unselfishness proved her to be worthy of Ruth's undying fidelity.

REACHING THE SUMMIT BY WAY OF THE VALLEY.

The Christian is to find exaltation by humility. Christ advised his hearers, when they went to a great dinner, not to go early and get into the best places, but to go in modestly and take a humble seat; and then if it was proper for them to have the higher place, the host would honor them by public invitation to the better seat. It is by being, and not by seeming to be, that one really comes to be exalted. Christ emptied himself of all reputation, laid aside his glory and his riches, and came to the earth to be born among the lowly in the manger of an inn stable; but it was the way toward exaltation, for Paul says: "God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and

that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." We, too, shall come to our highest through sacrificing ourselves in humility for the blessing of others.

THE NOBILITY OF SERVICE.

No story about Christ is more suggestive or more far-reaching in its lessons than the account of the time when he came upon his disciples and found them quarreling about who was to be the greatest when his kingdom came into power. How shamed they must have been when Jesus, instead of rebuking them with words, took a basin of water and a towel and went around to each dusty traveler and, kneeling before each one, washed his feet and wiped them. When he came to Simon Peter, that bluff old fisherman wasn't going to allow the Lord so to demean himself, but Christ had his way, gently and firmly, and then said to them, You must follow my example toward each other. If any of you want to be great, then prove yourself great by being a great servant, for "even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

A LIFE MARRED BY EVIL TEMPER.

Dr. Stradling throws some interesting light on the hooded snake. He says that the hoods of snakes were unquestionably intended by nature to act as weapons of intimidation, for when suddenly opened, as they

are during the excitement of a contest, they give their owners an apparent and formidable enlargement. But the hoods which have been so useful at some period in snake history have now become so enlarged as to tend toward the extinction of their owners. During a fight the hooded snake in the act of striking his foe suffers from the outstretched and weighty hood —he overbalances himself and topples forward. His assailants—the mongoose, and some birds especially—seize him when prostrate, and, ripping up the back of the neck, speedily despatch him. Dr. Stradling tells an amusing story of a cobra putting his head into a biscuit-tin in search of a mouse, which was regaling itself on macaroons. The rough sides of the tin irritated the cobra so that he involuntarily dilated his hood, and was consequently unable to remove his head from his tin prison. Found next morning in this awkward predicament, he was safely and quickly killed. Many men and women suffer the same way. A man without the power to be angry or indignant would not be complete; but anger, many times, proves the overthrow of a man, as it did of this cobra, by robbing him of his ordinary sense and capabilities for self-protection.

JONATHAN THE PRINCE OF FRIENDS

Jonathan deserves to be called the Prince of Friends. He was the son of the king and the heir-apparent to the throne. Suddenly David looms upon the horizon with his beauty, his courage, and that nameless mag-

netism and heroism that surrounded him and marked him as the coming leader of the people. A small man would have been insanely jealous. An ordinarily wise and good man might have been expected to have nothing to do with David, tho he yielded to him the crown. But Jonathan was a rare soul. He cast all ambition out of his heart, and his soul was linked to David's. Their friendship lights up the pages of a warlike and corrupt time. It was a golden thread that runs through all the later years of the story of Saul's reign. David was worthy of the friendship, and cared for Jonathan's crippled son with the tenderness of a father. Great friendships can grow up only between large and generous natures.

ELISHA'S HUMILITY AND AMBITION.

The friendship between Elijah and Elisha is a beautiful story of a strong love growing up between an old man and a young one. Elijah was no doubt often the guest in the home of Elisha's father, who was a rich farmer. One day Elijah came through the field, past where Elisha was plowing, and, throwing his mantle over the boy's shoulders, walked away as fast as he could. Elisha knew very well what that meant. It was the call of God to be a prophet. He settled up his affairs at once and went forth with Elijah. As Elijah's translation drew near, Elisha begged that the mantle of the man of God might fall upon him. He had such reverence and love for Elijah that he longed to be like him, and to be able to go on doing his work

when he should lay it down. The humility as well as the elevation of a noble soul is revealed in this longing to carry on the work of the Lord in the spirit of his friend.

SELF-COMPOSURE IN PRAYER.

Two things are said to be unknown to Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor—discouragement and worry. His associates claim that his freedom from these afflictions comes from the fact that he possesses absolutely no nerves. Recently one of his associates had to report to him the failure, in immediate succession, of three experiments involving enormous expenditure of money and labor. But the inventor simply smiled at the recital. The associate, worn out with the nervous strain of his long watch, and disheartened by his disappointment, said impatiently: "Why don't you worry a little about it, Mr. Edison?" "Why should I?" was the inventor's reply. "You're worrying enough for two." The victory which overcometh the world is our faith; if we rely upon God and trust him unwaveringly, it will give us a self-composure and a peace that shall be free from worry.

DANGEROUS SINK-HOLES.

The sinks of Florida are numerous, and of great interest to travelers. Around Alachua Lake, three miles south of Gainesville, there are hundreds of sink-holes of various sizes and depths. It is apparent from

the existence of so many sinks that the whole country is honeycombed with subterranean passages. Portions of the land in that region have been sinking for ages. Many of the sinks have growing in them trees whose dimensions indicate that they must be centuries old. There is no telling at what moment the earth may give way and a new sink be formed. Only a few years ago the ground under the tracks of the Florida Southern Railroad, near Alachua Lake, gave way, and in the darkness of night a train ran into a hole seventy or eighty feet deep and was completely wrecked. Christ came to save us from the sink-holes of sin, to take our feet out of the mire and the clay, and to set us upon the solid rock. The cry of the sinking one never comes in vain to his ear. As he stretched out his hand to Peter when he was sinking in the sea, so he will not let our prayer go unheeded.

THE TRAGEDY OF SINGLE SINS.

A terrible record of death and disaster was made in Cleveland resulting from an explosion which occurred in the waterworks tunnel. A mule-boy was instructed to repair at noon an incandescent lamp which had become burned out during the morning. He obtained a new globe and fuse, and while the men were eating dinner attempted to adjust the globe and fuse to the wire. A grain of sand had fallen into the fuse receptacle, and when the connections were made this tiny sand-grain caused a spark. The gas in the tunnel, a quantity of which is always present, immedi-

ately exploded. Seven men were killed at once, others injured, and enormous loss of property entailed, and yet only a single grain of sand caused it. Beware of single sins and little sins! One fatal sand-grain of evil may cause the spark which explodes and desolates the whole life.

FLOWERS BEAUTIFUL BUT DEADLY.

A naturalist making explorations in Brazil came upon a forest of flowers which at once attracted him, and yet prevented him from approaching them. He noticed in the forest an odor vague and sweet at first, but which increased as he advanced. Ultimately he reached a clearing, and there, straight ahead, was a wilderness of orchids. Trees were loaded with them, underbrush was covered with them, they trailed on the ground, mounted in beckoning contortions, dangled from branches, fell in sheets, and elongated and expanded as far as the eye could reach. A breeze passed and they swayed with it, moving with a life of their own, dancing in the glare of the equatorial sun, and exhaling an odor protecting them more perfectly than a wall. In vain did the naturalist endeavor to approach. There was a veil of perfumed chloroform through which he could see, but through which he dare not attempt to pass. It held him back more effectually than bayonets, and it was torture to him to see those flowers and to feel that before he could reach them he must die, suffocated by the very splendors of which he was in search, poisoned by floral

jewels such as no one, perhaps, had ever seen before. He named the place the village of Demon-flowers. The world has many a village of demon-flowers which lure only to destroy. Christ came to show us something more beautiful and yet with a perfume which, instead of destroying, causes the one who breathes it to live forever.

CHRIST'S FISHERMAN.

Florence L. Snow sings of how she waited on the shore for her ship to come in. But tho she waited long and was ofttimes filled with hope at the sight of a sail, yet none proved to be for her. But finally her heart turned in longing for an opportunity to be of service and help, and she sings of how it came to her, in helpful lines:

"But in the strength of a new day
I found new craft upon the bay.
And with a humble heart,
I knew a tiny boat for mine,
And in a blessedness divine
I learned the fisher's art."

BUTTERFLY CHRISTIANS.

Rarely do fish from the tropics stray into the northern waters, but off the Massachusetts coast the workmen of the United States Fish Commission once captured three fish which undoubtedly had come all the way from the West Indies. They were pretty little things, known as the butterfly-fish. It is thought

that they straggled away from the immediate vicinity of the West Indies, were caught in some northward current which was too strong for them to stem, and were thus forced away beyond all possibility of return to their native waters. If they had not been caught by the Fish Commission, their lives would have soon paid the forfeit in the colder water of the North. There are many butterfly Christians who straggle away from the safety of the Sunday-school class, the prayer-meeting, and the opportunities for Christian service, until they are caught in the swirl of a worldly current too strong for them to stem. The atmosphere of loving obedience to Christ, ministering with him in helpful service, is the only safe air for the young Christian to breathe.

MOLDING MARBLE BLOCKS.

Experiments by Mr. John Nicholson, professor of mechanical engineering at McGill University, Montreal, have demonstrated that under certain conditions marble may be molded like clay, and at the same time retain its entire tensile strength. It looks as tho this might be of vast importance in the future. The human will, which will break like a piece of marble if taken hold of by ignorant hands, may, under proper conditions—the softening influences of the Holy Spirit, and the loving but powerful pressure of the hand of Jesus—be molded into obedient and loving sonship to God. Some people imagine that to surrender one's entire will and life to Christ is in some way an indication of lack of strength and manliness,

but it is not so. It is the pure white Carrara marble which is most plastic under the touch of this new invention, and so it is the truest and noblest manhood that surrenders itself completely to Christ.

ADRIFT.

The steamer *Buluwayo* once came across a sampan with a Chinaman in it far out at sea. The occupant of the little boat was in a terrible state for want of water. He had been fishing over-night at the mouth of a Chinese river, and had fallen asleep, when his boat drifted out to sea, carrying him out of sight of land by morning. He had been without a drop of water for five days, and when rescued was almost exhausted. Some people who start out to fish for souls get into the same state; they fall asleep, and drift out to sea. There is plenty of the Water of Life in the rivers where our duty lies, but that sea of forgetfulness to which men drift is salt with death. The Lord needs wide-awake fishermen.

SALVATION BY PERSONAL CONTACT.

The steamer *Ganges*, bound for Colombo, Ceylon, had a unique experience in the Red Sea. The captain observed a vessel which was flying signals of distress, when about two hundred and thirty miles from Perim, the nearest harbor. The skipper of the *Ganges* undertook the task of towing the helpless steamer *Fernfield* into port. Before he reached port, however, the

connecting hawser snapped. Determined to get her into the port of repair, the captain ran his vessel alongside of the *Fernfield*—a most difficult operation on the high sea—and lashed her to his steamer and so escorted her into Perim, the novel sight of the two vessels coming in abreast exciting no little attention there. The salvage was very great, as the disabled vessel had a rich cargo of tea, cocoa, coconut-oil, and cinnamon. In winning souls personal contact is always the surest method. A long-range hawser is always likely to break. If we lash ourselves with cords of friendship and sympathy to the man or woman we want to save, we can always bring them into port. There is no salvage ever awarded in the admiralty courts of earth equal to the treasures which God grants to the savior of an immortal soul.

PUT YOUR TALENTS OUT TO SERVICE.

There are many interesting curiosities connected with the Bank of England. In the printing-room a man sits at a little table, and every three seconds a machine hands him complete two new five-pound notes. If he sits there six hours, he receives over £70,000, and in three hundred days what would be equal to $100,000,000 in paper money! It is a strange duty for a man to perform—to sit at a table to receive from a machine £20,000,000 a year! In one of the vaults every note which is returned is stored for five years, and here is kept one, for £25, which stayed away for over one hundred years. It has been

calculated that during that period the loss on the note in interest amounted to over £6,000. But I know some people who have their talents done up in napkins and laid away who are losing more than that. They are losing the joy of serving God, the development and growth of the divine possibilities that are in them, and the hope of eternal life. We should bring out all our talents and put them into the exchange of service to God and humanity.

ONE OF DAVID'S HABITS.

David had a habit of going to church. Perhaps he remembered the years when he was kept away from church by Saul's soldiers. There was a long time when he was hunted to the earth like a wild fox, compelled to hide, sometimes for a week at a time, in some cave with his little band of faithful followers. On such Sabbaths perhaps David would improvise a little church for his company, and if he sung some of his own Psalms we are sure they had good music anyhow. No doubt a great many of these Psalms that we have were first repeated by the young warrior-poet to that brave band of soldiers that followed his career in times of darkness. But David always enjoyed going to church, and it was his regular habit when he had a chance. He declares that never a hart pursued by the dogs panted after the water-brooks with more intense longing than his soul panted for the worship in the temple where he could open his heart to God, and pour out all his longings and his hopes and fears

at the mercy-seat. In one of his Psalms he recalls his happiness when some friends came and invited him to go to church. In speaking about it he says: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." Church attendance is largely a matter of habit, and if we accustom ourselves to it by going regularly it not only ceases to be a burden, but becomes a great joy and comfort.

THE POWER OF TESTIMONY.

Christ's promise to the disciples was that when the Holy Ghost came upon them they should receive power which should fit them to be witnesses of him unto the ends of the earth. There is a marvelous power in personal testimony. A man may theorize all day, and his speculations or his arguments may not stir you much; but when he speaks out of a burning heart experiences that have come to him personally, and says with David: "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God"—when a man talks like that, out of an earnest heart, there is always power in it to command attention, and in our time, as surely as in David's, "Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."

ENOCH'S HABIT.

There is not a great deal in the Bible about Enoch, and yet a good deal is suggested in the few words of

biography which are given. We know that he was not an idle man, but was a progressive, earnest soul, for we are assured that he walked with God, and he pleased God. A man who keeps pace with divine providence and so adapts himself to God's steps in human life that he pleases him, is sure to be an earnest, wide-awake, and faithful man. Enoch had a regular habit of walking with God. There is nothing to indicate that he ever sowed any wild oats, or wandered away walking in evil paths. He no doubt began to walk with God when he was a boy, and the habit, formed then, grew on him naturally, so that when he came to be a man the ways of God were pleasing to him, and there was no thought of rebelling against so loving and wise a companion and leader.

THE HALLOWING OF COMMON DUTIES.

An interesting ceremony takes place every year at a fishing port in Brittany. The bishop of that region comes down to the port when the vessels are about to sail away for the season's fishing. These hardy fishermen go far off along the coast of Iceland. On such occasions there is a long procession through the quaint old town of the captains and the owners of the vessels. In 1897 the fleet consisted of forty schooners and seventeen luggers. The bishop formally invokes the divine blessing on the season's work of the fishing fleet. Over two thousand sailors and their families derive their means of subsistence from this industry. We ought to go to all the common duties of life with

a consecrated spirit. The blacksmith-shop, the school-room, the banker's office, the kitchen, and the warehouse ought all to be hallowed places, and the work by which we gain our daily bread blest by prayer and consecration.

ONE OF DANIEL'S HABITS.

Daniel had a habit of praying to God. No doubt his pious mother taught him to pray when he was a little boy, and when as a promising young prince he was carried away captive to Babylon to be educated for the public service in a foreign land, Daniel was so in the habit of praying that he continued his prayers as faithfully in Babylon as he had at home. After a while, when his enemies had secured the king's signature making it a capital offense, to be executed by throwing the criminal into a den of lions, to worship anybody except the king for a period of thirty days, the habit of praying was so strong on Daniel that he could not put it off thirty days, but went straight ahead and in the same chamber three times every day he kneeled down at the window with his face toward Jerusalem and prayed. It takes more than a den of lions to keep from prayer a good man who has known the joy and peace of communion with God from his childhood on to old age.

THE CHURCH A FORTRESS.

The recent removal of thick incrustations of dirt and varnish from the old woodwork above the outer central doors of the northern porch of Westminster

Abbey shows that the wood is thickly penetrated with a great quantity of small shot, and bears many bullet-marks. The old doors beneath were removed several years ago to admit of a freer method of egress, and they were riddled in a similar manner. The abbey workmen engaged in cleaning the woodwork say it is four or five hundred years old. It is very thick oak and is studded with large iron bolt-headed nails, and it and the old doors have filled a space about fifteen feet in height by seven feet in width. These bullet-marks come from a long-past date, perhaps several hundred years. But wicked men have not ceased to shoot at God's church. Many a flying bullet is hurled at the church doors in our own time, but it is a safe sanctuary inside, and those who trust God and do their duty will find that there is protection and peace for every one who seeks refuge at those sacred altars.

THE KING AND THE CHILDREN.

The King of Siam has a passion for children. It is not restricted to the little Siamese tots, but is universal. During his extended tour in 1896 the children of the various nations interested him as much as anything he saw. The hospitals for children never escaped his attention, and in these places of suffering the king laid aside his royal dignity and showed that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. While in Edinburgh he visited the Royal Hospital for Children. His heart was touched with a great pity for the afflicted little ones, and recently the hospital

authorities received a gift from his Majesty in the form of a beautiful dolls' house. It was made at a cost of $250, and is probably the finest dolls' house in existence. It will doubtless give a great deal of joy to many an unfortunate little invalid. Christ was the first great King who made much of little children. He made a little child the standard of value in the kingdom of heaven. We must all come to him as seekers for his divine mercy "as a little child."

THE INSTINCT OF IMMORTALITY.

The young salmon which is born in the mountain streams in the Rocky Mountains, on the western side of that Great Divide, is soon impelled by something in its nature to journey downward often for many hundred miles until it reaches the unknown ocean. Its instinct teaches it that, while it was born in a little brook, it was made for life in the great ocean. It has brought from its mountain home a natural aptitude for eluding all the strange enemies and for avoiding all the novel dangers which it meets in this new world, and it leads an active, predatory life, fiercely pursuing its natural but hitherto unknown prey. It grows rapidly, quickly acquiring all the characteristics of the adult salmon, storing up the intense nervous energy and the muscular strength which will be needed for forcing its way up the rapids in the mountain torrents, for leaping waterfalls, and fighting for its passage, where it long ago darted down with the current. So we have in our hearts the instinct of immortality.

Tho born in this narrow world with a comparatively brief limit to human life, we have the assurance in ourselves that we were made for the great ocean of immortality. Our human bodies become very important as the temples in which during our earthly pilgrimage we are to perform all the deeds of an immortal spirit fitting itself for its eternal career.

UNUSED WEALTH.

After many weeks, during which his family, aided by the police, searched for him, a wealthy man of Ithaca, N. Y., was located at an almshouse in New London, Conn. He had wandered away from home suffering from mental trouble, and, in spite of the efforts that were made, had entirely eluded his friends. While they were searching for him, desiring to bring him back again to his home of comfort and luxury, he was living in a poorhouse. How many people there are like that. Christ has purchased for them an inheritance of untold wealth. But while the Savior is seeking after them to bring them into the rich enjoyment of this peace and comfort, they are living in the almshouse of worldliness. It is necessary to get such people to "look up" and behold the spiritual treasures before it is possible *to lift them up* out of their self-imposed poverty.

THE COMMON PEOPLE.

The first disciples of Jesus were just ordinary people. They were not very rich or influential, and did

not stand very high in the social circles of their time; but they were a good kind of folk to use for good honest hard work in building up the kingdom. Most of the people about us are of that sort. The society aristocracy of a great city can be numbered inside "400"; the millionaires can be put in a column of the morning paper; but the great multitude of fishermen and carpenters, the kind of folk out of which Christ built his church, are the bone and sinew of human life. The church, young and old, needs a new consecration of zeal in preaching the Gospel to the average folk.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE EASTER HOPE.

Paul said that he was in debt both to the Greek and to the barbarian on account of the added light which he had received. The man who has eyes is under obligation to help the blind. The way men rise up to this in times of emergency is very encouraging. When the Bowery Mission lodging-house was burning, William Fitzpatrick and Martin Stevenson occupied the same room, and were awakened at the same time by the cries of fire. Fitzpatrick is blind. As soon as Stevenson realized the danger, he took his blind roommate by the arm and led him toward the fire-escape. The crowd rushing past separated the pair. Fitzpatrick was swept to one of the windows. John Gordon, another lodger, seeing the blind man's helpless condition, gathered him up across his shoulder, and, elbowing his way through the crowd, car-

ried his burden to the ground. Those of us who have come to rejoice in the gladness of our Easter faith are in debt to every man and woman who are in fear of death and see no light beyond. We should seek to lead them to the light which has become so precious to us.

THE INSPIRATION OF EASTER-TIME.

Great days, like Christmas and New Year's and Easter, are mounts of vision. It is well to make much of them that we may gather their full inspiration as a reserve force to carry us through common, prosaic days when we shall need their help. Easter-time is peculiarly a day of spiritual insight. All things that are good enough to be, seem possible on Easter Sunday. We should form some new purpose, rouse ourselves to some new devotion inspired by the Easter atmosphere. Edwin Arnold sets forth this thought very beautifully in one of his poems, the opening verse of which is:

> "We can not kindle when we will
> The fire which in the heart resides;
> The spirit bloweth and is still,
> In mystery our soul abides.
> But tasks in hours of insight willed,
> Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled."

DEATH TO THE CHRISTIAN.

There is a very fine illustration of the power of military discipline to strengthen a man's nerve and sense of honor in time of deadly peril in the conduct of the

survivors of the explosion of the battle-ship *Maine*. After the awful catastrophe, when the ship was torn and reeling like a drunken man, enveloped in smoke, as Captain Sigsbee came out of his cabin, he was met by his orderly who was on guard there, and who had not moved from his place. Saluting his commander, the man said, "Sir, I have the honor to report that the ship has been blown up and is sinking." There was something splendid about that which one can not choose but admire; but there is something not only just as splendid, but with an added touch of infinite joy, in the case of a Christian who feels that his body is failing him, but his spirit is mounting up to a victorious life. Hear Paul saying: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

THE RISEN CHRIST THE LIFE OF THE BIBLE.

That which keeps the Bible always up to date, making it the most live book in the world, is the ever-living Christ who lives in it. As we come to love him, and are risen with him, the Bible becomes precious to us. A cultivated literary critic, a lady, who reviewed a book of a certain author, was very severe in her criticism, pointing out many flaws. A few months afterward she became acquainted with the author of this book, and married him. Then she re-read the book, and said: "What a beautiful book! what a nice book! there are some mistakes here and

there, but they ought to be overlooked." And she began to recommend that book to every one. The book was just the same as it was before, but her relation to the author was changed. Before he was a stranger; now he was her husband. When she began to love him, she began to love his book. When we come into fellowship with the risen Christ, the Bible becomes to us the most live and precious of all the books in the world.

BEWARE OF INSIGNIFICANT DISSIPATIONS.

Red-headed woodpeckers have destroyed during two years a carload of poles which supported the wires of the Kansas City and Independence electric lines. The busy little birds bore into the poles, and scoop out a cavity, where they lay their eggs and raise their young. In this way the poles are weakened so that they break under the weight of the wires. The wood of the poles is soft white cedar, and is easily penetrated by the sharp bills of the woodpeckers. The supports of the wires last usually ten years, but because of the nest-making of these little birds they have to be replaced at the end of the second year at a cost of $15 apiece. Last year scores of the red-headed pests were shot by the employees of the electric-railway company. There are many little sins and evil habits that seem insignificant which, however, eat into the character and breed a nestful of kindred habits, until the whole character is weakened by the honeycombing of those insidious sins.

"CREPT IN WITH MOTHER."

Christ says that except we come as a little child in our spirit of reverence and affection toward God, we can not enter into his kingdom. There is something very sweet and precious and surely very suggestive in the way strong, heroic souls who have feared no foe and have carried great burdens and led great armies to conquest for righteousness' sake, often become like little children again as they enter into the valley and shadow of death. When Father Taylor, the great Seamen's Bethel preacher in Boston, came to his last hour his daughter was bending over him. The dying man fancied it was his mother, who had been many years in heaven. Suddenly he thrust out his hand and said: "Come, mother, hear me say my evening prayer." His daughter took his hand in hers, and the old gray-headed man said again the first prayer he ever learned, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and was at rest. Frances Willard must have felt like that when, on that last day of her life, she looked up into the face of her visiting friend and said: "I have crept in with mother."

A GROWING TEMPLE.

Some of the great cathedrals of the world, like the famous one at Cologne on the Rhine, were hundreds of years in building. A workman would begin there in his youth, and work all his life, and die and leave it to other hands to carry on. But this Christian

temple has been longer in building than any of them, and it is of the most value. An Indian wigwam can be put up in an hour, a log-cabin can be built in a week, but a great cathedral that is to last for thousands of years grows slowly. The Christian temple is to last forever. Jesus Christ himself is the chief corner-stone, and all the other stones are modeled after that. One by one they are being set in their places. How careful we ought to be to so model our thoughts and purposes and lives after Christ that we will be fitted to our place in this growing temple where God is to dwell!

GIANT BIRDS OF PREY.

Prof. J. B. Hatcher, of Princeton University, who made a remarkable trip of exploration into a hitherto unknown region of South America—the wild interior of Patagonia—deposited with the Bureau of Ethnology in Washington a rich collection of objects illustrating the mode of life of the various tribes of the aborigines in that part of the world. This country, too, is more than ordinarily interesting in fossil remains of an astonishing fauna. There have been discovered some skeletons of birds that had heads as large as those of horses. They stood at least nine feet high, and had short wings, claws like an eagle's, and a beak like a condor's. It is likely that they attacked with success the largest mammals contemporary with them, being the most enormous fowls of prey that ever lived; but they became extinct long ago, and so there was no opportunity for Professor

Hatcher to secure a living specimen. It is too bad that, with the dying out of these giant birds of prey, the vulture-like institutions should not have disappeared as well. One of them, human slavery, has become extinct in most parts of the world; but the liquor traffic stalks abroad and tears its victims as never before. When shall enlightened Christianity arouse to united war upon this bloodthirsty institution?

STONES FROM MANY QUARRIES.

Sometimes in a great state-house or capitol building we see different-colored marbles brought from different parts of the world, and especially from the different states of the Union. The stones of Iowa and Vermont and Oregon will lie side by side in the beautiful structure. There never was a temple built with so many varieties of stones as the great Christian temple for which Jesus Christ is gathering material from all parts of the world. Not only are they coming from England and France and Germany and Italy and Russia and America, but the missionaries with patient love and tender devotion are bringing multitudes of precious stones from India, Japan, China, and the isles of the sea, to have their places in the beautiful building.

MAKING THE MOST OF ONE'S OPPORTUNITY.

A negro in a jail in Kentucky, who was of a musical turn of mind, missed his favorite banjo, and set about, in his spare moments, an attempt to make something

to play on. He took the tin pan in which his daily meal was brought and made the head of the banjo. A rough piece of poplar, smoothed with an old broken-bladed Barlow knife, was made into the neck and screws. He took twelve cents, all the money he had, and by the aid of the jailer bought five strings, and his odd-looking banjo, under his skilful touch, was ready to make the sweetest music. The homely little story has its message. Many of us let go to waste opportunities for enjoyment and blessing enough to fill a dozen hearts with gladness. If we set to work to find the bright side we shall be astonished to see how bright it is.

GIVING OUR BEST TO CHRIST.

While there was pending a bill which had been introduced into Congress to preserve as a military park the splendid and picturesque Palisades of the Hudson, the work of their destruction went forward with great rapidity. The snorting drills which pounded all day long, eating holes in the cliff-top for the explosives, were operated by a large engine, protected by an unpainted shed. This unsightly building added to the hideousness of the scarred and mournful scenery. Within a month the force of men employed was increased from seventy-five to one hundred and eighty, and the demolition went on at a disheartening rate. Heavy boulders, torn from the crags above, were blasted into fragments every few hours, and scores of men were employed loading and sending to the

crusher carloads of the rock to be pulverized for road-making. A spot which should be one of nature's most beautiful pictures became an eyesore, a sordid scene of desolation. How sad that Congress waited so long! But it is sadder still to see a young man or a young woman permitting the best years of youth and hope to be eaten up in frivolity and sin instead of giving to Christ the strength and beauty of their young souls.

COMMUNICATION WITH GOD.

The person who wrote that electricity was one of the "mighty agents of nature enchained by the ingenuity of man" can scarcely have contemplated in his wildest dreams the full extent of that ingenuity. For instance, he would hardly have prophesied that a sick man, far from the habitations of civilization, would cut a telegraph wire in order to obtain assistance. And yet such a thing really occurred. The whole of the vast continent of Australia was once practically cut off from European news for nearly twenty-four hours in consequence of an interruption on the line between Adelaide and Port Darwin. Inquiries were made, and it was found that the wire had been cut by a cyclist who was taken ill while on a journey across the continent. It is not related how he set about it, but he had the satisfaction, at any rate, of getting what he wanted. God has so made the human soul that none of us need cut off communication for others in order to reach the ear of heaven.

Wherever a human heart turns toward God in simple prayer the unseen wire carries the petition to the Heavenly Father's heart.

THE CONDITIONS OF SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

There is a very odd tree in an orchard near Milwaukee, Wis. It is an old apple-tree that was planted twenty-eight years ago, with its limbs in the ground and its roots in the air, and which still lives to bear an occasional apple and sprout branches where roots should be, and roots where twigs and leaves should be, a curiosity to beholders. The farmer was induced to make the trial through an old German legend, in which such an inverted tree played a prominent part. But altho it still lives, and bears now and then an apple, it is only a curiosity and bears no fruit of any account. The people who try to live Christian lives without being planted in the Christian church, and letting their roots run down into the responsibilities of church life, are very much like that inverted tree. The Christians who really bear fruit are those who are rooted deep and solid in the garden of the Lord.

WHO GOES HOME?

There is a quaint old custom still observed in the English House of Commons. The moment the House is adjourned, messengers and policemen cry aloud in the lobbies and corridors, "Who goes home?" These mysterious words have sounded every night for cen-

turies through the palace of Westminster. The custom dates from a time when it was necessary for members to go home in parties accompanied by soldiers for common protection against highwaymen who infested the streets of London; but tho that danger has long since passed away, the question, "Who goes home?" is still asked, night after night, during the session of Parliament. Many a danger lurks beside the way of life, but generous is the hospitality of heaven, and Christ, the Guide and Savior of the soul, is ever tenderly inquiring, "Who goes home?"

ABRAHAM'S ANGELS.

It is a hot day, and it is high noon. Abraham, the friend of God, is sitting at the door of his tent under the shadow of a group of great oak-trees. He is a splendid figure with his long, white, patriarchal beard. He has a turban on his head, and sandals on his feet, and is a veritable picture out of the old wonder-book of the East. Suddenly the old man becomes brightly awake at the sight of three strange visitors. Altho their abrupt appearance is remarkable, he does not at first know that they are from heaven, but supposes that they are three brother men weary with travel. When he sees them approaching, he springs to his feet like a boy, and runs to meet them, and bows himself to the ground, and begs that they will not pass by, but stay and permit him to entertain them. Water is brought to wash their feet. They are given a cool place under the trees. Fresh bread

is baked, and Abraham goes himself to the herd and fetches a calf, and gives it to a servant, with orders to hurry the dressing of it. And when it is prepared, instead of calling one of his servants to serve his guests, this splendid old prince himself takes the fresh cakes from Sarah's hands, and butter and milk, and the calf, fresh-roasted over the coals, and sets it before them, and serves them while they eat. Now, Abraham did all this while he thought they were simply his brother men. It is through our brother men that we find God.

THE POWER OF A SMILE.

In the early days of the colonies in America, a gentleman upon the frontier was hunting with his friends when he became separated from them, and completely lost his way. Every effort to retrieve his steps led him still farther into the wilderness, and night overtook him in a dense forest. Overcome with fatigue, he lay down under a tree and slept heavily. In the morning he awoke with a start, oppressed with that indescribable feeling that some one was looking at him, and, looking up, saw that he was surrounded by hostile Indians, and that the chief of the band, in war-paint and feathers, was bending over him with bitter hate depicted in his features. He took in the situation at a glance—knew his immediate danger, and had no means of averting it; neither did he understand a word of their language. But he was self-possessed, knew the universal language of nature, and

believed that even under war-paint and feathers "a man's a man for a' that." He fixed his clear eye upon the Indian, and—smiled! Gradually the fierceness passed away from the eye above him, and at last an answering smile came over the face. Both were men —both were brothers—and he was saved! The savage took him under his protection, brought him to his wigwam, and after a few days restored him to his friends. His kindly smile had saved his life.

THE HEALING POWER OF A HAPPY HEART.

I know a man who not long ago gave his heart to Christ, and has since lived a very happy Christian, who for a long time prior to his conversion had been so eaten up by care and anxiety that he had been dyspeptic on account of it. His religion had the happy effect of healing not only his mind and heart, but his body as well. When he became happy in the consciousness of the forgiveness of his sins and rejoiced in peace with God, his mind was at rest. He quit worrying. He did not fret any more. He slept well, he had a good appetite, and digested his food without difficulty. He had a friend who was an infidel, who did not believe in the Bible or in Christ, but who was also a dyspeptic. They had been accustomed to meet and lunch together in a restaurant. When the skeptic saw that his friend's dyspepsia was gone, he was anxious to know what had cured him. And when he was told, with a happy, sincere face behind it, that it was the joyous heart that had come to him through

Jesus Christ, you may be sure that it aroused that man's attention as a thousand sermons from the pulpit never could have done, and the skeptic was glad to go with his Christian friend to hear the message which had so transformed him. The greatest evidence of Christianity is a transformed life.

THE CHIME-ROOM OF THE SOUL.

Did you ever hear the chime of bells ringing out some old hymn-tune from the tower of a great cathedral, and wonder how it was played? If you would see the musician, you must go into a little chime-room on the ground floor, hidden away from public view, and there at a keyboard, looking very much like that of an old-fashioned melodeon, you will see, possibly, a young girl playing away as quietly as tho she were playing the tune for the hymn at evening prayers; but the electric current connected with her keys touches the great bells in the cathedral tower, and sets them in motion and harmonious ringing. Every human heart that surrenders itself to Jesus Christ becomes a chime-room where invisible keys are touched by the great Musician, and waken a melody of life that is full of the sweetness of heaven.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH AND THE SOLDIERS.

I remember hearing Henry Ward Beecher tell how, soon after the opening of the War of the Rebellion, a regiment of troops that had just been enlisted from

among the lumber-camps of Maine arrived in New York one afternoon to find that, through some accident, no proper arrangements had been made for their reception and entertainment. Mr. Beecher, hearing about it, went across to New York and offered the troops the hospitality of Plymouth Church. He brought them over and turned them loose to sleep in the great audience-room; every man stretched himself out on a cushion in a pew, and they occupied the entire auditorium, galleries and all. Mr. Beecher said he went in at midnight to look at them, and laughingly remarked that it was the first time he had ever seen all his audience asleep at once. It was that kind of hospitality toward the soldier and the Union that made Plymouth Church preeminently the soldiers' church throughout the years of the war.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

The war has brought out a great many interesting things about flags, and everything of that sort. The white flag is the sign of peace. After a battle parties from both sides often go out to the field to rescue the wounded or bury the dead, under the protection of the white flag. The red flag is a sign of defiance, and is often used by revolutionists. In the United States navy it is a mark of danger, and shows a vessel to be receiving or discharging her powder. The black flag is the sign of piracy. The yellow flag shows a vessel to be in quarantine, and is the sign of contagious disease. A flag at half-mast means mourn-

ing. If the President of the United States goes on board a ship, the American flag is carried in the bow of his barge, or hoisted at the main of the vessel on board of which he is. Our Christian flag is the banner of the Cross. It means that the church is in the world to save souls, and no church ought ever to pull that banner down. Summer and winter, week-day and Sunday, it should always be kept afloat by the disciples of Jesus.

THE STORY OF ELY CATHEDRAL.

There is a pleasing old anecdote which is told of the beginnings of Ely minster. Ages and ages ago one Brithnoth, a mighty warrior before the Lord, was on his way to fight the Norwegian Olaf and his vikings, who were descending upon the coast for no good purpose. He came to the abbey of Ramsey, and was churlishly refused hospitality by the abbot, save for himself only and five or six of his selected friends. "Tell my lord abbot," cried Brithnoth, "that I will not dine without my men, because I can not fight without them," and so passed on to the abbey of Ely, where the abbot, Elsin, warned of his coming, sent to meet him with the wiser message that "in acts of kindness and charity the abbot of Ely was not deterred by any numbers, but rather rejoiced at the occasion of their coming." There he and his men were sumptuously entertained, and on the next day, to show his gratitude, the great warrior met the abbot and monks in the chapter-house, thanked them for their noble hos-

pitality, and put them into possession at once of many rich and valuable manors. It was thus that the great fabric of Ely secured its roots in the soil, and through its kindness and hospitality paved the way for the magnificent structure which now makes one of the historic monuments of England.

THE HOSPITALITY OF THE POOR.

From many years of observation among the very poor in our large cities, I am convinced that the greatest hospitality and helpfulness shown in our cities come from the poor, who divide their insufficient pittance and share it with some one else who is poorer than they. The hospitable soul is brought into close touch with the God who declares that it is more blessed to give than to receive. The poor widow woman in Zarephath made a good investment when she divided her last handful of meal and oil with Elijah. The meal-barrel and oil-cruse became temples of the Lord, and they wasted not, but abounded in comfort for many a long day. It will be a neighborly world when that spirit possesses all hearts. The first great practical influence which Christianity has among men is to make them good neighbors.

THE TRUE RING.

Not long ago the attention of the business men of the country was called to the large number of counterfeit silver dollars in circulation. The counterfeits

were such remarkably close imitations that it was almost impossible to detect them, and the Government experts were frequently at a loss to choose between the counterfeit and the true. So serious was the situation that the treasury officials made it the subject of a communication to Congress regarding the propriety of adopting a new device for the coin, it being estimated that there were fully $2,000,000 worth of these spurious coins in circulation. Yet nobody refuses good silver dollars because counterfeits are abroad. Nothing can be more foolish than the excuse which some people give for not becoming Christians. They say that so many professors of Christianity are hypocrites that therefore they will stay out altogether. While there is now and then a counterfeit life, it remains true that the life of Jesus is ever the same divine and holy career, and for every counterfeit Christian there are many whose lives ring out true every time. Men would not counterfeit silver dollars if real silver dollars were not abundant and valuable; so men would not counterfeit Christianity if it were not so precious a thing.

TURN YOUR RAKE OVER.

Everything depends on the spirit with which we work. The labor of many people amounts to nothing because it means nothing to them. There is no definite grip of purpose in what they do. I saw a little boy take up a rake in a New Hampshire hay-field in July, and he went raking about, imitating the men,

except that the teeth of the rake were turned up. The raking was easier that way, but he gathered no hay. I know some preachers and Sunday-school teachers and Christian workers who do all their raking that way. They rake a great deal, and go through lots of motions, but they rake with the teeth up and never gather any hay. Good results are only obtained by people who set the teeth of their purpose deep into what they are doing and rake for results; such people bring things to pass.

THE GOSPEL TRAMP.

I sometimes wonder how the people who slip along in this world without any fellowship with Christ in carrying the burdens that press on his shoulders expect to enjoy heaven. Many people come in from the country and bring their church letters with them, or their card introducing them to the young people's society, but they delay entering at once into the fellowship and service of the church. They think they will rest and look about awhile, and before they know it they have formed the habit of gadding about like a stray dog without a master, and are of no value anywhere. A city pastor recently had this dream: St. Peter stood at heaven's gate. A company of self-complacent men and women came smiling up to the beautiful gate. "And who are you?" said St. Peter. "Church members, every one of us," replied the spokesman of the party. "Indeed?" "Yes, here are are our letters, Peter. We kept them stored away in

our trunks, and specially requested that they might be placed within our hands when we should lie in our caskets. We knew you would be asking for them." "Let me see the dates," said Peter. "Eighteen hundred and seventy-nine—h'm, nineteen years ago. Here is another—1884—1889—well, that is a trifle better. Eighteen hundred and ninety-two—can it be that all these years you have failed to identify yourselves with any church of Jesus?" "Well, Peter, you see, we were 'moving' so often, when we were down below, and then the ties to the dear old home church were so sacred. We did not wish to hurt the feelings of our dear old pastors. So we have simply gone from church to church,—but, oh, Peter, we have become wonderful 'sermon tasters.'" But they lost their smiles when St. Peter closed the gate in their faces, saying, "I fear you would not be happy in the upper temple."

FAMILY RELIGION.

There is a wonderful amount of food for meditation in regard to family religion in those first few verses of the sixth chapter of Paul's letter to the Ephesians. Nothing will help one so much to perfect genuineness in Christian life as the attempt to live Christianity at home. An Irish evangelist who had been before his conversion a miserable drunkard, and who afterward became a very good man, used to tell of the transformation which Divine grace had made in him, and would frequently clinch his testimony by pointing to

his blushing wife and saying: "If you don't believe me, ask 'Mandy!" It must be a pretty genuine man who can appeal to the people who know him best in daily life as witnesses to his genuineness.

THE DANGER OF SELFISHNESS.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox sings with graphic force the oft-taught truth that the only real danger that can come to us is from within, and not from without.

"Not from my foes without, but those within,
I pray to be protected hour by hour;
For that aggressive self that leads to sin,
And lures to pleasure with seductive power,
Stands ever by the portal of desire,
And mocks my spirit when it would aspire."

THE GIVE AND TAKE OF LIFE.

A very remarkable thing once happened in Minnesota, on the Great Northern Railroad. A company of men working on the road were suddenly startled by seeing fully half a mile of the track lifted from the road-bed and thrown into a ditch. In some places the track was thrown six feet from the road-bed, and down a steep embankment. The men say it was done so quickly that they could hardly realize what had happened. It looked as if some supernatural power had lifted the track from the ground and hurled it aside. The weather had been intensely hot, and it is supposed that the rails had not been given sufficient room to expand with freedom. In dealing with iron

or steel one must take into consideration the give and take of the metal under heat or cold. In this case a passenger train was flagged barely in time to save a wreck. The human heart under restraint, yet lacking the spirit of worship and the freedom of love, is like a constrained piece of steel. There is certain to be an explosion. In fellowship with Jesus Christ there is provision for the expansion and contraction of the soul.

THE GOLDEN RULE IN BUSINESS.

The noise of strikes and strife is in the air throughout the middle section of the country where the great coal-mines are found. The coal-miners are the stokers down in the hold of the great ship of modern civilization. Nobody's work is quite so dirty and dark as theirs. Surely they deserve just wages and generous treatment. Unwise as some of their leaders may be, it ought not to remain true that this large army of coal-diggers who dig their lives into veins of coal underground, thus bringing good cheer to all our firesides, are on the whole the poorest paid set of workers in the country. The only way to daylight in the settlement of such disputes is an application of the Golden Rule of Jesus Christ.

WHOSE SERVANT ARE YOU?

The hardships and trials of Paul's life were lifted out of the mean and the commonplace because he looked upon them all as so many acts of service for

Christ, whom he loved. Love is an easy taskmaster. To have borne hardship and imprisonment for Nero's sake, or as his prisoner, would have galled Paul to the very quick; but when he was in Nero's dungeon for Christ's sake, it was a very different matter. The way to make our lives romantic and splendid is to give ourselves in such complete devotion to Christ that the hard things of life will be borne in the spirit of love for his dear sake.

RENEWING OUR YOUTH.

Queen Victoria remarked to a guest at a garden party at Buckingham Palace, about the time of the great Jubilee exercises, "This jubilee means one thing: it means I am a very old woman." Even the Empress of India can not help being the prisoner of old age; and yet in another sense she may, in common with the humblest washerwoman, find freedom and renew her youth as the "prisoner of Jesus Christ." Paul, as such a prisoner, could say in the face of approaching age, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

GATHERING SPIRITUAL GOLD.

Juan Carillo, who raises cattle near the Mexican line in Arizona, is reported to have made a most interesting discovery. On his ranch are salt-licks which contain placer gold, but so fine is the gold-dust that it can not be saved from the sand. Recently Carillo

killed a steer, and in the lining of its stomach found four ounces of fine gold. The steer had licked up four ounces of gold in less than two months. The salt in the earth had chlorinized the metal, and the lining of the stomach had served as a coarse blanket at the bottom of a sluice in preserving the gold. A reverent soul that sees God in everything gathers up out of daily life the fine gold that is lost by the unthinking worldling.

SMOTHERED TO DEATH.

A sad thing happened in Henderson, Ky., when two little girls who were playing hide-and-seek with three other children went into the cellar to find a hiding-place. Seeing a large, old-fashioned trunk in one corner, they raised the lid and jumped inside. The top fell and closed with a tight spring lock, and before they were found they had been smothered to death. Sad as it is, this heartbreaking incident is only a fitting type of the smothering to death of spiritual life by men and women all about us. The heart that does not worship God, but twines its affections about things of the world, will soon smother to death its noblest life.

TREES OR STUMPS—WHICH?

A great lawsuit grew out of the sale of a tract of land in New Jersey. A man was induced to put in a large sum of money to become part purchaser of a vast section of land which was said to be covered with vir-

gin forests of oak and maple; but when the purchaser went to look at the land, he found on the property, instead of a river large enough to float logs to market, as had been described, only a little brook. Instead of a vast forest, there were innumerable unsightly and rotting stumps. I fear such is the spectacle many professed Christians present to God. The best timber of their life is cut off and used to further their selfish worldly interests, and only the stumps are left for him who has a right to our best worship and service.

THE DANGER OF THE FOG.

A fine ship went down on the Black Rock, near the entrance to the harbor of Halifax. The ship was strong and she had a fine cargo, and was manned by a faithful captain and crew, but the fog that gathered about the ship was so dense that the sailors could scarcely see their hands before their faces. There is an atmosphere which rises from the slough of sin about us which often clouds the mind and heart with its fog of temptation. Perilous indeed is our situation in such a case if we depend upon our own vision. But there is a Pilot to whom we may yield the wheel, who can see through all the fogs which gather about a human life, and guide the ship to safety.

A MESSAGE FROM HEAVEN.

The scientific men have been puzzled by an aerial visitor that dropped in the vicinity of Binghamton, N. Y. A gentleman returning home at an early hour

in the morning beheld a blinding flash of light, and an object buried itself in the ground a short distance from his house. Later it was dug up, and found to be a mass of some foreign substance that had been fused by intense heat. It was still hot, and when cooled off in water was broken open. Inside was found what appeared like a piece of metal, on which were a number of curious marks somewhat resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics. Several persons have advanced the opinion that this is a message from another planet, probably Mars. Whether this be a message from another world or not, we have a message in the Bible from the very heart of God, and it is our glorious privilege to carry the good news of that message to those who know it not.

THE BUILDING OF CHARACTER.

To the geologist the east coast of Florida is one of the most interesting portions of the earth's surface. In the eyes of science it was but yesterday when the surf beat on what is now the western shore of the St. Johns River. To the eastward of this line the corals built a long bar; gradually this caught the earth washed from the shore, and on this plants grew and then trees. This made of the St. Johns a long salt-water lagoon. As the coast widened, and the coral worked, the lagoon filled in and drainage from both sides made it fresh. So character is built up. For good or ill, our thoughts and meditations are constantly leaving their sediment in our heart, and as we

meditate and muse in certain lines, a reef is thrown out that catches the wash of our thinking and doing, until after a while it becomes the bed-rock principle on which we think and act. To make sure of a good character one must be certain to keep guard over the thoughts.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE COUNTENANCE.

An inheritance case was decided in Kingston, N. Y., where an estate of $30,000 was involved, on the evidence of the large and peculiarly shaped noses of two of the claimants. It came out in the hearings that all the male members of the family in question had very prominent noses of a peculiar shape, and the referee finally decided, more upon the physical similarity of their noses than anything else, that these two claimants were the nephews of the man who had left the inheritance. Men will know us as Christians because we show forth the traits of Christ in our daily lives. Our spiritual countenances should be so like his that those who know us best will have no doubt that we are his heirs and are living in his spirit.

SOME OTHER WAY.

Some scoundrels in Philadelphia have been trying to get rich by furnishing foreigners with a short cut to citizenship. It has been shown that fraudulent naturalization papers have been sold to recently arrived immigrants at $17 a head. Sad as it is to have

our citizenship debauched in that way, it is sadder yet to have people come into the church, and cause others to believe that they are truly Christians, when they have had no genuine change of purpose or transformation of spirit. Christ says whoever climbs up some other way is a thief and a robber. Christ only is the true door; through him we may go in and out and find pasture.

A STARVED SOUL.

A man has lately died worth a hundred millions of dollars who is said to have literally starved to death. For months he was utterly unable to digest any solid food, and altho he gave great feasts, he was never able to taste any of the delicacies himself. Only a little while before his death he gave a lavish entertainment to the Princess of Wales on board his palatial yacht. The banquet was spread in the saloon; the table was a mass of glittering plate, rare flowers, and exquisite china. Servants were bustling here and there, putting the final touches to the sumptuous board, when suddenly there tottered feebly into the saloon the wraith of the master of all this opulence and luxury. He surveyed the table with his pathetic eyes, and feebly asked: "What is all this fuss about?" Thus it was that Ogden Goelet, one of the richest men in the United States, a man who supped with princes and who was able to give feasts as splendid as any king, actually died from starvation. Alas! there are many dying from starvation of the higher

and better nature; many whose spiritual faculties have been so dwarfed and debauched that they seem to have no power left to digest love and hope and faith, but whose souls are starving. Jesus never said anything more clearly true than this: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

DO NOT DALLY WITH LITTLE SINS.

A cigarette is a little thing, a little bit of rice paper containing a fragment of tobacco that a man could blow away with his breath; but a young man tried to do murder the other day because his appetite for filling his lungs with nicotine poison in the manner which fascinates cigarette-smokers had taken complete possession of him, physically and mentally, and to satisfy that craving was his constant, eager, unceasing desire—a desire which finally overmastered every other sense and emotion. He went into a store in Jersey City and asked the woman in charge to let him have some cigarettes, admitting that he had no money. He was refused. He begged and pleaded for just one, but was again refused. This seemed to upset him mentally, and in a struggle to get what he wanted he came near killing the young son of the woman who had refused him. Think of a strong, bright young man utterly mastered and made a slave by a little cigarette! Let no one dally with little sins; they are poison in the blood, and all the fair young life may go down before them.

LIFE OUT OF DEATH.

There is a tree on Bay Farm Island, not far from San Francisco, into which a man has grown. The tree apparently has absorbed the brain of the man into its sap-veins, and the man who made the discovery now regards the tree with awe, as if it were partly human. It is evidently the skull of an Indian, and the tree has grown up through it. Up in the New Hampshire woods last summer I saw a splendid young birch growing right up out of the center of the stump of a large spruce-tree. I suppose some bird had dropped the seed in the stump after it became rotten, and the birch had run its roots down through the center of the old tree foundation. Part of the stump is now falling away, but the birch is luxuriating in the death of its benefactor. Thus it is that life comes out of death. In the heart of the old superstitions and pagan religions, Jesus Christ plants the seed of the better hope and the larger life; and in China and India and Japan already vigorous young shoots of the nobler faith are springing up on the dying stumps of these failing religions.

STRENGTH AND GENTLENESS.

In the Ninety-first Psalm there is something splendid in the way the singer mingles his thought of God's majesty and power and strength to defend and protect those who trust him with the other thought of the graciousness and gentleness of the Divine love. One

moment his thought is on the fortress with its great stone walls, and sentinels standing at every corner, and soldiers with bow and arrow, or huge stone or javelin, with which to face all comers. Listen and see the fort rise before your eyes: "I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge, and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler." And then, quick as thought, the psalmist turns from the majesty and power of God and thinks of his gentleness of heart, thinks of the caress of the Spirit, softer than a mother's kiss, and he bursts forth in thankful praise and confidence: "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust." In our thought God's power and his gentleness ought always to go together. In our own lives, too, gentleness should always keep pace with strength.

THE DEBTS OF SIN.

A young man came to me with a strange question. He had recently been converted, and for a number of weeks had been leading a most exemplary Christian life. Before he became a Christian he was a slave to strong drink, and the question which he put to me was this: "What shall I do with the debts which I owe to saloon-keepers? I owe accounts at three saloons where I was trusted for liquor before my conversion." My answer without hesitation was: "Pay them, by all means." While this man ought never to have gone near the saloon, yet the only honest way for

him to proceed now is to carefully save up his money and pay off these rum debts of sinfulness. There is many an afterclap to sin. It leaves many a scar that long years will not wear out. If those who are dallying and playing with it could only see what a long arm it has, they would stop their recklessness at once.

THE BETTER DAY THAT IS COMING.

The Christian's hope for the overthrow of war and selfishness in the earth and the coming triumph of the Christ-spirit is beautifully set forth by the English poet, Lewis Morris:

"There shall come out of this noise of strife and groaning
A broader and a juster brotherhood,
A deep equality of aim, postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good.
There shall come a time when each shall to another
Be as Christ would have him—brother unto brother."

RUNNING INTO DANGER FOR ANOTHER'S SAFETY.

In Burlington, N. J., young Albert Alexander was standing beside his wheel in the street, among a crowd of companions, when a mad dog, snapping and snarling and frothing at the mouth, came loping along from a side street. The sidewalks were filled with women and children, and young Alexander realized in a moment their danger, and, mounting hurriedly, dashed up the street, crying out a warning as he rode. People scattered in every direction, seeking refuge in

doorways and behind convenient gates. As the intrepid wheelman came abreast of the beast the maddened animal turned its attention to him. It snapped at his spinning wheels. The glaring white teeth caught the spokes, and man and dog rolled in a heap together. Alexander was the first to recover, and ran, not to the nearest refuge, but began leading the mad dog away from the throng. The frightened people screamed their applause as they saw his purpose. The slightest accident would have placed the brave young man in the power of his mad pursuer. He kept out of harm's way, however, until a well-directed bullet from the pistol of a policeman ended the animal's life. This was a heroic deed, and no wonder his follow townsmen wish to honor Alexander with a public testimonial. Yet how faint an illustration all such deeds are of the self-sacrifice and heroism of Him who left the glory of heaven and came down to earth and fought to the death the wild beasts of sin that he might save us!

BRINGING OUR TREASURES INTO SERVICE.

President Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, is a great admirer of beautiful furs. He is a connoisseur of fine skins, and keeps a great box in his home in St. Paul, Minn., in which is stored a large quantity of beautiful sable-skins. Once when he was away from home Mrs. Hill opened the sacred box, and, choosing some of the most beautiful skins, had them made into a lining for a greatcoat for her husband. On his re-

turn she showed it to him. "But you have denuded my box," he cried, "and greatly lessened my treasures." Mrs. Hill, however, insisted that the furs had simply been put to their proper use. She claimed that it was degrading to a sable-skin to lie forever wrapped up in camphor to keep itself away from the moths. The wife was right. There are a good many people who try to treasure up their virtues in the same way. Instead of putting them into a coat to work in in every-day life, they endeavor to preserve them by hiding them away out of sight. The best way to keep purity is to put it into the hottest place on the battle-line in antagonism to vice.

OUTGROWING ONE'S SHELL.

When the decorator-crab gets too big for its shell, it does what many other shellfish do, sheds it; emerging with its new shell already formed, but, at that stage of its growth, pliable and not much thicker than paper. In its soft-shell state it is comparatively defenseless, and it keeps out of the way of other shellfish if it can; but its new shell soon hardens, and then it goes about in its accustomed manner. The decorator increases greatly, perhaps a third in size, almost immediately after leaving its old shell, which it scarcely seems possible it could ever have inhabited. Men and women ought to grow as well as shellfish. Some people go about with the old shells of prejudice on their backs which they ought long since to have outgrown. A really growing soul, looking back, can

see many a place along the way where they have cast the outgrown shells. It is not always easy work, and is sometimes very painful and dangerous. All growth is painful, but it is better to endure the pain of growing than to be cramped and fettered by a shell which robs life of its boundless horizon.

RESTITUTION.

A man living in Independence, Mo., received unexpectedly one day a draft for nine hundred dollars. There is an interesting story connected with the money, which comes back to its rightful owner after a lapse of thirty-two years. During the war this man buried a sum of money in gold under his barn. His place was shortly afterward overrun with soldiers, and when he went to get his money it was gone. It was supposed that it had been found and carried away by the soldiers, but now it transpires that one of his neighbors got the money. He divided it with another neighbor. The man who found and appropriated the coin died twenty-eight years ago, but the man with whom he divided lived and prospered. Some time ago, being in ill health, he confessed to a priest his part in the transaction, and by the counsel of his spiritual adviser at once took steps to make restitution. The draft for nine hundred dollars covered the original amount and interest. It may be well doubted if the doctrine of restitution is preached as often and as thoroughly as it should be. It is surely our duty to right our own wrong-doing as far as we are able. A

man may well doubt the genuineness of his conversion if it does not lead him to have the feeling of Zaccheus, when he declared to the Lord that for every dollar he had taken wrongfully from any man he would pay back fourfold.

PLAYING WITH PEARLS.

A man living near Murphy Lake, Ark., in the section where rich pearl discoveries have been made, relates that his children have for many years been digging mussels for fishbait and have often found "pretty rocks" inside the shells and used them for marbles. Think of the irony of circumstances portrayed in a little band of Arkansas children, barefooted, and scrimped for everything except the bare necessities of life, playing with a little fortune in their bag of pearls used as marbles; but, alas! they are not the only ignorant and foolish souls that are playing with pearls not knowing their worth. Many a youth treats lightly the pearl of his innocence, that after a while it would be as impossible for him to get back as for Esau to regain his birthright after he had squandered it for a mess of pottage.

EARS TO HEAR.

John Burroughs relates that a number of years ago a friend in England sent him a score of skylarks in a cage. He gave them their liberty in a field near where he lived. They drifted away, and he never heard them or saw them again. But one Sunday a

Scotchman from a neighboring city called upon him, and declared with visible excitement that on his way along the road he had heard a skylark. He was not dreaming; he knew it was a skylark, tho he had not heard one since he had left the banks of the Doon, a quarter of a century or more before. The song had given him infinitely more pleasure than it would have given to the naturalist himself. Many years ago some skylarks were liberated on Long Island, and they became established there, and may now occasionally be heard in certain localities. One summer day a lover of birds journeyed out from the city in order to observe them. A lark was soaring and singing in the sky above him. An old Irishman came along and suddenly stopped as if transfixed to the spot. A look of mingled delight and incredulity came into his face. Was he indeed hearing the bird of his youth? He took off his hat, turned his face skyward, and with moving lips and streaming eyes stood a long time regarding the bird. "Ah," thought the student of nature, "if I could only hear that song with his ears!" To the man of science it was only a bird-song to be critically compared with a score of others, but to the other it brought back his youth and all those long-gone days on his native hills! There is the same difference between the man who studies the Bible in a spirit of philosophical learning, and the one who hears in it songs of heaven and eternal life; the attitude of the one is cold and critical, the other finds his heart melted and flowing out in love as he listens to the divine melody.

THE VALUE OF LIGHT.

"Many of my best and most valuable and most merchantable thoughts," said a man who writes things for a living, "come to me after I have gone to bed at night. That is usually my time for building castles in the air, and in this joyous mental atmosphere I often have happy ideas that can be worked up and turned to account. Formerly, before I went to bed I used to put my idea-pad, with a pencil by it, on a shelf in the adjoining room near a gas-jet, left burning low, as I didn't want a light in my sleeping-room. When an idea struck me, I would get out of bed, go into the next room, turn up the light, make a note of it, and go back to bed. But I didn't always do this. If it was a very cold night or I was very tired, I would say to myself that I thought I could remember that, and so I would take the chances, and then every time I would forget it. But now I have a little table at the head of the bed with the pad and pencil on that, and hanging down over it an incandescent electric light. I don't have to get out of bed at all. I have only to turn the key of the shaded light, pick up the pad, and jot down the idea. Then I put the pad down on the table again and turn off the light. Now I lose nothing. I saved enough the first week to pay for putting in the light, and everything that I save in this way is so much clear profit." Light is the most valuable thing in the world. It is better to economize anywhere else than on light. Economy there is always extravagance. Light is the best policeman in the

world for a city, and always the best investment for an individual. The highest grade of light is spiritual light. Christ is the Light of the world, and if we follow Him we shall live with illuminated souls and never walk in darkness.

THE "DON'T WORRY" SOCIETY.

Among the many societies in New York City is one started by Mr. Theodore F. Seward, which is known as the "Don't Worry" movement. There is plenty of room for such a society in every community. Christ intended the church to be that society. Worry is inseparable from a sinful or a faithless soul. If we believe in God and are sure we are at peace with him, then we can live without worry and can utter the language of Isaiah: "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song."

A SOUL ON FIRE.

The Santa Fé Railroad people set a mountain on fire in Arizona and found themselves in the most perplexing situation that any railroad company has ever faced. The tunnel through the mountain at Johnson's Cañon, near Williams, in Arizona, caught fire, and naturally water was used in putting out the fire. They thought they had extinguished it and had completed putting in new woodwork, when suddenly they found it all ablaze. Investigation showed that the

second fire was a case of spontaneous combustion. In short, the tunnel has become nothing but a flue for an immense lime-kiln, the largest, perhaps, that the world has ever known, for it is really a mountain that is being burnt. The geological formation of the mountain, through which the tunnel passes, is chiefly limestone of a high degree of purity. The lime is part of a series of strata, lime, lava, and volcanic ashes succeeding each other. The water which was used to extinguish the burning woodwork in the tunnel resulted in starting the lime of the mountain to slacking. The lime as it is slacked is dissolved into gas, liquid, and ash, which, falling out of place, releases the adjoining strata of volcanic ash and lava. These fall down, catch fire, and add to the conflagration. This mountain thus set on fire, and forever feeding its fires from the inflammable material within, reminds one of the Bible description of a sinful soul, where it is said that it is "set on fire of hell." Every sinner carries in his own heart the materials for a conflagration, the flames of which may never be quenched.

FRESH GOLD.

The richest man in the Klondike is said to be a brawny Scotchman, known as "Big Aleck" MacDonald. He managed to make a large clean-up on one of the first claims staked out in the region, and invested every dollar of it in other claims. He paid part down on these new claims, promising the rest when the water came in the spring. Every one about the

camp knew of MacDonald's speculations, and all wondered whether he would become a bankrupt or a millionaire. The water did not come down early in 1897, and in some instances the clean-ups on the claims he had bought on speculation came so close to the day of payment that the gold was paid over wet from the pan before it had time to dry. Our study of God's word, and our worship, ought to be of that sort. We ought to be finding the fresh gold all the time and be giving it back to the Lord in love and thanksgiving and service before it has time to get dry. The preacher, the Sunday-school superintendent and teacher may also get a lesson from the experience of Big Aleck. It is the fresh gold wet from the pan that will never lack appreciative attention.

THE SKULKING CHARACTER OF SIN.

A man who has been in Africa hunting lions gives an account of his first lion and of the terrible disappointment the experience was to him. They had been following the beast for several miles until the track led them into a thicket of thorn-bushes and shriveled shrubs, and the head hunter sent in the dogs to rout out the game. The sportsmen remained outside, some hundred yards apart. No sound came from the bush, and he was beginning to think the natives had made a mistake, when his eye caught something moving on the outskirts of the thicket. It crept furtively along, still half screened by the trees, then stopped, and raised its head as the yelping of a dog

came through the bush. That seemed to decide it, for without more ado it came out into the open, shambling quickly along, with head down, and so gave him his first glimpse of a wild lion. The sight was immensely disappointing. There was nothing majestic about him. That skulking beast, gray-yellow in hue, almost maneless, stealing shamefacedly along like an unwieldy cat—was that the monarch of the forest? The average lion of the menagerie has twice his grandeur and three times his growth of mane; such, the hunter meditated, is the effect of regular and generous feeding. Sin is always a skulking, vicious thing. The devil often deludes the young into viewing a sinful life as full of something fascinating and heroic, but sin has been a skulker and a vagabond from the beginning.

IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE TEMPTER.

A Delaware farmer was out in the marshes looking for ducks, when he saw a large hole in the ground, and, seizing a long pole, he thrust it into it. Instantly the earth beneath him caved in, and before he realized what had happened he was in a den of squirming snakes. There were hundreds of the slimy reptiles, and they began attacking him from every direction. They coiled about his legs until he was himself a wriggling mass of serpents. The only weapon he had in his hand was a gun. He was unable successfully to combat the snakes with the weapon, and his cries for help soon brought a number of his companions

to his assistance. They threw him a rope, and he clung to it, while they hauled him from his perilous situation. He was half-unconscious when landed from the reptile den and had been bitten in several places. Many a man we meet on the street, and many another who lives in the same block with us, it may be, is in a den of temptation as perilous as that. Every disciple of Christ should be ready to throw a rope of salvation to those who are beset by the serpentine temptations of sin.

HEREDITARY CRIME.

The Chief of Police of New York City speaks of one precinct in that city as the social plague-spot of the city. Arrests in that great, teeming nest of vice and crime average 11,900 annually. The chief gives it as his opinion that all the industrious and respectable families, whose labor will admit of their removal, will, sooner or later, find homes in the suburban part of the metropolis. The criminal classes, however, will stick to their old environments like barnacles to the native rock, and will never go until they are driven out. In the neighborhood of Catharine Market, and in the old Gouverneur regions, generations of criminals have succeeded each other. Mothers have borne sons whom they knew would be hanged or pass their lives in prison. What is needed above everything else, for the salvation of modern cities, is to break up that deadly line of hereditary crime. But it never can be done without down-town churches, backed with abundant

means, not to distribute old clothes or cheap soup, but to preach the old-fashioned Gospel which Paul preached in Ephesus in the spirit that turns the world upside down.

THE FATE OF SELFISHNESS.

A party of sportsmen went to an island off the Georgia coast for a week's hunt. After being there several days they started up the coast in an open, sloop-rigged boat. Just before nightfall there suddenly arose a violent squall, which rendered the boat unmanageable, and carried them twenty-five miles out to sea, damaging the boat to some extent, and disabling her. The seas were running mountain high, and the frail craft tossed about from wave to wave, threatening every moment to capsize and consign its helpless occupants to a watery grave. One of the men, believing that the boat would soon go down, conceived the idea of taking a beer-keg, which was the only thing they had that would keep one afloat, and trying to save himself by deserting the rest of the party. Watching his chance, he seized the keg and jumped overboard. He was, of course, soon separated from the boat. All through the darkness of that night he drifted, with no knowledge of the direction in which he was going. Buffeted by the waves and chilled by the icy winds, he clung to the keg as his sole hope of life. After spending an awful night, he drifted to the shore the next day, more dead than alive. In the mean time, the remainder of the party

stuck to the boat, and, re-rigging the sails, managed to reach shore about nine o'clock in the evening. Selfishness is always bad as a policy as well as bad as a principle. God has so made the world that in self-forgetfulness rather than in self-carefulness there is the truest safety.

THE DESPOILING HAND OF GREED.

The United States Land Commissioner is recommending that a forest reserve be made out of the wonderful petrified forest of Arizona. This forest is one of the greatest natural curiosities of the world; whole trunks of trees and stumps with portions of the root are found there, converted into stone as dense and hard as the finest agate. Every cell and every fiber of the former wood are preserved in stone. A forest of trees appears to have been entombed in the rocks and to have been preserved by a slow process of replacement by silica from solutions permeating the bed. Subsequently the surrounding sediments were washed away, but the enduring fossils of the trees remained. No other country in the world, it is claimed, can send to the lapidary such magnificent raw material of this nature as the petrified forests of Arizona afford. Not even Russia, with its wealth of jasper and massive malachite, and other superb ornamental stones, can rival the beauty of the agatized wood of Arizona. But all these beautiful treasures are being rapidly despoiled for commercial purposes, and the commissioner declares that unless steps are taken at once this

wonder world will be sacrificed to greed. That is like greed always. There is nothing so beautiful, nothing so sacred, that it will not lay its despoiling hand upon it and coin it into money, in the spirit of Judas when he sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver.

STRENGTH IN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

In some parts of India the natives have an interesting way of capturing large snakes. They will start a fire in a jungle which will drive the snakes by the hundred toward a trap with wide-reaching wings of netting. After the snakes are enclosed in the netting the superintendent points out an anaconda that will bring a good price, and as the animal thrusts its head against the netting in fruitless efforts to escape, a stick with a wire loop at the end is introduced, the snake is lassoed immediately back of the head, the wire is tightened, and the future occupant of a menagerie cage, hissing and writhing, is dragged out and seized by a dozen natives at once. Bundles of bamboo cut into proper lengths have already been prepared. Three or four men straighten the snake, and lay him on a bamboo, placing three or four smaller splints around him, and then lash him securely down with bamboo withes every inch of his entire length. Generally the lashing is found to be sufficient, and only when the serpent is very large and powerful are the extra bamboos tied around him for fear he might break the stick to which he is fastened. This operation is not carried on without much protest from the snake;

but the men are in such large force that hissing and wriggling are all in vain. His captors not only lash him down, but finish the operation by forcing his upper jaw upon the lower, and tying the two together to the stick in such a way that he can not even hiss. That is the right way for a church to fight that old serpent, the devil. In a union of Christian fellowship the weakest gain all the faith and strength of the many. The old serpent never can hold out against a united and aggressive church. He likes to pick off stragglers, one at a time.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

A fireman had his right ankle broken, and was taken to the hospital, where his foot was done up in plaster of Paris. In one of the corridors of the hospital is a bell on which are sounded all the fire-alarms rung in the city, so that the hospital authorities may be able to make preparation to care for the injured in case of a bad fire. This bell is just outside the ward in which the injured fireman was placed. He dozed off early one evening, and was sleeping as soundly as a fireman can at nine o'clock. About that time there was an alarm of fire from one of the boxes calling his company. The first stroke of the bell aroused him, and before the second one sounded he had jumped out of bed, and, with his eyes only half open, was searching for the rod on which firemen slide to the lower floors. He walked around on his injured ankle until his hands touched the iron post of his cot. He threw his arms

around the post and tried his best to wrap his legs around it too. He fell to the floor and the bones of his ankle were broken again. What an illustration of the power of habit! The thing that a man becomes accustomed to doing becomes not only second, but first, nature to him. And this is as true of good habits as of evil.

THE DIVINE WISDOM.

It comes as rather a startling piece of news that the people of Florida purpose to make a formal appeal to the United States Fish Commission to restock their rivers and lakes with alligators. It seems that the demand for alligator leather for manufacturing purposes is on the increase, but most of the skins used for this purpose have to be brought from South and Central America. Florida had more than three million alligators in 1880, but to-day she has not one quarter that number, and they are all young fellows unfit for market. The alligator hunters have destroyed the great saurians at such a rate that there is scarcely an old full-grown alligator to be found in Florida outside of the great everglades. The United States Fish Commission has been looking over the field and has made visits to various parts of the State to see what prospects there are for breeding alligators artificially. Thus it is that one after another of the things which men find in the earth and believe to be their enemies, as they near destruction prove to be their friends, and to have been given them by the infinite wisdom of God.

BITTER-SWEET.

The greatest ingenuity is expended nowadays in making confections convey secret stores of many kinds, some of which may be dangerous to those who eat them. Gum-drops are made to serve the place of a rouge-pot; in passing between the portals of pearly teeth they rouge the lips on the route and say nothing to any one about it. There is another use to which the harmless little bon-bon is being put—that of carrying around cologne to brighten the eyes. It is said to bring tears to the eyes and cause velvet orbs to swim in moisture that adds to their brilliancy; but it is a dangerous experiment, and is certainly not nature's way of bringing about the same result. Wine and brandy find their way into tempting candies, and many an elegant young lady with dove-like eyes comes to have a tiger thirst for intoxicants before any one dreams of her danger. Sometimes belladonna is carried about in them, which when swallowed makes the eyes grow dark, and large about the pupils. And so it is that sin is always seeking to find its way in on the pretense that it is sweet and pleasurable; but the bitter dregs come at the last. The devil never fails to foreclose on his mortgages.

GIVE THE SONGSTERS RIGHT OF WAY.

The wild birds had been so crowded out of London that some years since a wild-birds' charter was passed, and since then great care has been taken to protect

them from harm. The result is already very promising. Such pretty, shy songsters as linnets, thrushes, finches, and nightingales, as well as the more democratic blackbirds, are coming back into the city gardens and streets. Many starlings have returned, and house-martins are building their nests again under the eaves of the city houses. Many people become so worldly that their minds and hearts are like city streets, where everything that does not bring in gold or worldly success is hunted to death. It is a glorious day for such people when they come to realize their barrenness and to protect again the sweet singing birds of sympathy, of thoughtfulness for others, and brotherly fellowship. These songsters of the soul, if given the right of way in our hearts, will make life ever fresh and spring-like with their music.

THE GREATEST GOLD-MINE OF ALL.

The richest gold-mine in the world is located under the thriving town of Ballarat, Victoria, Australia. The town has about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, nearly all of whom are employed in the mines. There are more than one hundred miles of tunnels under the city, some of them being at a depth of two thousand feet. The region around Ballarat has been dug over several times by miners. The rock in which the gold is found beneath the city is not rich in the yellow metal; it yields but half an ounce of standard gold to the ton; and yet this one mine has yielded more than two hundred and fifty millions of dollars since it was

opened thirty years ago. The work is done so systematically and so thoroughly that it is enormously profitable in spite of the low grade of the ore. The supply of paying quartz seems practically inexhaustible, and as the vein is extensive, being spread over much territory, the mine bids fair to last for centuries. The Christian church ought to learn a lesson from that Ballarat gold-mine. The greatest mine in which to save souls is not in little pockets of nuggets among the learned or the rich, but the great vein of the common people. There is no human ore so poor but there is gold in it worth saving, and which we can save under the leadership of Christ.

A STRANDED SHIP AND THE PIRATES.

The American bark *Marsion S. Harris* went ashore on a coral reef near Cape St. Roque, and became a total loss. The vessel struck a reef about six miles off-shore, where she remained hard and fast with the sea breaking over her. The captain launched the life-boat and proceeded to Natal in search of assistance. During his absence the vessel was surrounded by a swarm of piratical natives from the coast. The crew with great difficulty managed for a time to keep them from boarding and looting the vessel, but were finally compelled to desert the ship and cargo to its fate. Many men have found life like that. So long as they kept in deep water with plenty of sea-room and all sails spread they were safe enough; but when they played with dangerous and unknown channels, and

became at last stuck on some reef of sin, pirates of savage spirit seemed to spring up out of the sea to threaten them with pillage and disaster.

FOOD FOR THE MIND.

When the late Mr. Gladstone was about to depart on a trip to France, some one asked him if he did not think that his continual reading and study had a bad effect on his nerves. "My dear sir," said Mr. Gladstone, "can you imagine what would be the condition of my nerves if I were compelled to do nothing?" The intellectual necessities of the keen and cultivated mind are always miracles of strangeness to the ignorant and sluggish brain. A congenial occupation for the mind is not only one of the greatest sources of health, but one of the surest aids to peace.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

A ship which arrived in New York from Rio de Janeiro brought in the captain's cabin a pair of canaries from Rangoon. They were both fine singers, the quality as well as the range of their notes being extraordinary; but the distinguishing characteristic of these songsters was that they always sang at night. The Lord has many canaries like that. It is the distinguishing characteristic of the genuine Christian that, like Paul and Silas in the dungeon at Philippi, he is able to sing songs of hope and courage and victory in the darkest night of trial. These songs in

the night are the most effective testimony the Christian ever gives to the worth of his Christianity.

EXCHANGING LOVE FOR FAME.

A pretty little romance has come to light again, connecting the great Lord Nelson's memory with Canada. During his service at Quebec, in 1782, when he was but twenty-four years of age, he became infatuated with a Canadian girl, Mary Simpson, the beautiful and witty daughter of a noted Canadian merchant of that period. On October 14, 1782, Lord Nelson's ship, the *Albemarle*, was ready to sail, and he had a very sad and tender parting with Mary Simpson, and went down the St. Lawrence to board the man-of-war. The next morning arrived and the *Albemarle* did not heave anchor, and Captain Nelson was seen coming back to Quebec in a boat. A friend of Nelson, a man prominent in Quebec at the time, espied him, and asked him what had happened. Nelson is quoted as having said: "I find it absolutely impossible to leave this place without again waiting upon her whose society has so much added to its charms, and laying myself and my fortune at her feet." Nelson's friend protested against such a rash act, and told him that, "situated as you are at present, your utter ruin will inevitably follow." "Then let it follow," replied Nelson earnestly, "for I am resolved to do it." But despite his intentions, the stronger will of his friend prevailed, and he was fairly carried back to his ship and forced to leave behind the girl he

loved. It was many years before he gave up the hope of possessing her; but he never returned to Canada, and Mary Simpson died without marrying. Who can say that he acted wisely? Sure we are that in ordinary observation in daily life no man is so badly cheated as the one who trades friendship and love for money or fame.

IN THE TOILS.

A brilliant young doctor of Union, S. C., went with a physician from a neighboring town to Atlanta to consult with the physicians there, to find, if possible, escape from the dreadful morphin habit into which he had fallen. Believing that there was no hope for him, he determined to take his own life. As the two physicians were sitting in their hotel room, the victim of habit said to his friend that if a physician intended to commit suicide he might make the performance of value to the profession by doing it in the presence of fellow practitioners. The other doctor thought nothing of the remark, and a little later the man who made it retired. He had been in bed but a few moments when he called his friend, and the latter saw that the bed-clothing was being rapidly stained with blood. Throwing off the sheets, he found that the doctor with a keen pocket-knife had severed veins in different parts of his body. The injured man looked up at his friend, and said: "Now, take notes." Then he closed his eyes and passed into unconsciousness. The doctor did not take notes, but vainly struggled to save the life which soon ebbed away. The man who thus

took his own life was a physician with a very large practice, and possessed of a fortune. He left a widow and two children. He began the use of morphin seven years ago, and the suicide was prompted because he had lost hope of breaking himself of the habit. Alas, the fatal power of an evil habit is illustrated on every hand! No man should tamper or dally with an evil habit. Stop it before it begins, or, if already begun, crush it out at once!

A DANGEROUS RIDE.

Two miners started out from Cripple Creek for Colorado Springs one day after the winter began, intending to climb over Pike's Peak and then walk down the cog-road into Manitou. They climbed nearly to the summit, but as they did not know the trail, and the snow was deep, they wandered away from it. They climbed finally to the top of an eminence and were discussing the best way to proceed, when suddenly it seemed as if the entire side of the mountain was falling. They realized that a great snow-slide was taking place, and they were being borne along on the bosom of an avalanche, and hurled down the mountain-side with frightful velocity. One man was buried out of sight in the snow; the other, after making a long descent, was thrown against a great stump, and when he regained consciousness discovered a short distance from him a prospector's cabin, where he was cared for. Men who stray from the path of righteousness are liable to sudden slides into iniquity which

would not have been believed possible to them. When once the safe trail has been left behind, the foundations are treacherous and insecure, and sudden and awful deterioration is possible.

MAKE FOR THE OPEN SEA.

A large finback whale nearly destroyed the fishermen's weir operated in the harbor of Provincetown, Mass. The whale had entered the harbor in chase of schools of mackerel, and, getting in shallow water, followed the weir-leader off to the inclosure, where it entered by the open gate. A steamer approached, and the whale took fright and burst through the weir with a speed and ease that astonished the fishermen. The great poles snapped like parlor matches, and the stout netting melted like cobwebs, and off went the invader seaward. That is what the Christian ought to do who has been tempted into a shallow life and finds himself surrounded by the weir of worldliness. He should rouse himself by the strength of God to burst all these nets asunder and make for the open sea, where he may live an earnest spiritual life.

A FOUNTAIN THAT NEVER FREEZES.

A story comes from Alaska of the discovery, back in the mountains, of a lake the waters of which are always warm. Fish in countless numbers can be caught in the coldest weather without trouble, for the waters of the lake are never so cold but that one could

bathe in them. While this wonderful body of water is hundreds of miles from the ocean, and there is no apparent connection between the two, the lake is affected by the tide, suggesting that some subterranean channel may connect it with the sea. Lake Selawik is the name given to this body of water by its discoverer, Father Tosi, a Jesuit missionary, who for years has been working among the Alaska Indians in the interior. Like this warm lake in the midst of almost arctic cold, Christianity is an upspringing fountain of warmth and good cheer and never-freezing hope, which will maintain its life and comfort in the midst of the most frigid atmosphere of the world's sin and despair.

WOMAN'S UPWARD MARCH.

One of the most remarkable indications of the rapid progress of China toward civilization is the appointment of Miss Hu King Eng, M.D., to be the first physician in the private household of Li Hung Chang. This young lady is the only female native of China who has ever graduated from an American medical college. She was born near Foochow in 1866. Her grandfather was a military mandarin, and early in life embraced the Christian religion and succeeded later in converting his six sons to the same faith. Dr. Eng was sent to the Foochow mission boarding-school, and after graduating there came to New York under the charge of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She

spent ten years in this country in study and in fitting herself for her work. If fifty years ago it had been prophesied that at this date the chief physician in the family of China's grand viceroy would not only be a Christian, but a Chinese woman, who would have believed it? "What hath God wrought!"

THE CHRISTIAN'S RACE.

A great horse-breeder in Kentucky has had a splendid monument built over the grave of a famous race-horse. On one side of the monument there is this inscription: "Here lies the fleetest runner the American turf has ever known." The Christian race is not to the swift but to the patient. The prize is for the one that endures unto the end. "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

THE TRANSPARENT SOUL.

It is a matter of great interest to visit plate-glass works, and inspect the casting-tables on which the heavy plate-glass used in the large store-windows is cast. Each table is about twenty feet long, fifteen feet wide, and from seven to eight inches thick. The rough plate is commonly nine-sixteenths of an inch thick, but after polishing it is reduced to six- or seven-sixteenths. All casting-tables are mounted on wheels, which run on a track made to reach every furnace and annealing-oven in the factory. The table having been

wheeled as near as possible to the melting furnace, a pot of molten glass is lifted by means of a crane, and its contents poured quickly out on the table. A heavy iron roller then passes from end to end, spreading the glass to a uniform thickness. This rolling operation has to be done by expert hands quickly, as the boiling glass, when it comes in contact with the cold metal of the table, cools very rapidly. The glass is then passed into the oven. When it is ready to be taken out of the oven, its surface is very rough. In this condition it is used for skylights and other purposes where strength is desired rather than transparency. But when intended for windows it has to go through an experience of grinding, after which it is smoothed and polished. Transparent souls are made in the same way. Men must be melted down in the heat of the furnace of trial; must have many a heavy roller run over them, leveling their pride and ambition; must be annealed in the oven of patient submission; must be ground and polished by daily exercise in Christian duties, that at last the soul may be so transparent that whoever looks upon it shall see the face of Jesus Christ.

THE MEDICINAL VALUE OF CHEERFULNESS.

The French scientific men have been discussing the question of mirth as an agent for the cure of disease, or of states of mind which favor the progress of certain diseases. Some very novel views were advanced on the subject of mirth as a therapeutic, and the case

was recalled of Lord Lanesborough, a victim of gout, who, on the approach of an attack, began dancing, not as if from a spasm of pain, but with the lightness of joy, and thus escaped the worst effects of the painful twitch. That sort of mirth seems quite artificial, tho no doubt even that sort would be better than tamely submitting to the bondage of the pain. The Bible proverb, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," has more logic in it. The healing beams of sunshine in a Christian's hope sustain many an invalid, and soothe the spirit, making the heart strong to bear if it can not heal the disease.

THE JEWEL-FIELDS.

In the twenty-six years after the first diamonds were discovered at Kimberley, in South Africa, from a limited area diamonds were taken worth three hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars, and the aggregate is increasing every year at the rate of more than fifteen millions of dollars' worth. The finding of these sparkling stones has had a momentous effect on the fortunes of Africa, and has been the cause of the building of many hundreds of miles of railroad. The Christian's diamond-field is all about him in every street and market-place. Wherever men and women are struggling against temptation and sin, or are being marred and covered up by the deadly drift of worldliness, there is a diamond-mine for the soul-winner. If Jesus were here, would he not say to us as he did to the disciples at Samaria: "Say not ye, there are

yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

LOOK OUT FOR THE READING.

Two farm lads in jail at Watertown, N. Y., confessed that they attempted to hold up and rob a lady in her own home on Dry Hill. They gave as the reason for beginning a life of crime that they had both been persistent readers of dime novels, and had become so enamored of the masked heroes in the vile sensational stories that, securing masks and pistols, they started out to win fame and fortune. Parents can not be too careful what their children read. The companionship found in their books and papers has a more persistent influence on them than that which they meet in flesh and blood on the street. Let us watch the door into the inner sanctuary of our children's minds and hearts. This is one of the cases where the positive treatment is much more effective than the negative. Bright, cheery, wholesome papers, full of pictures and healthy life, and good books, are better defenses against bad literature than any amount of "don'ts."

THE GREAT MAGNET.

The scientific world is all agog over Mr. Edison's great discovery of a method by which low-grade iron ore can be saved for commercial uses. The interesting feature of this discovery is the application of the

principle of the magnet on a tremendous scale. By this means he draws the little black particles of ore from the pulverized rock. In brief, his process consists in blasting the ore from the mountain-sides, and then by means of steam shovels and miniature railroad cars conveying it to massive crushers, where it is broken up and passed on to other mills, and there is pulverized. The powder is then allowed to fall in proximity to electromagnets, which deflect the iron to one side, while the non-metallic matter falls by gravity to the other side. These little particles of ore are compressed into bricks for shipment. This gathering of the otherwise useless ore and saving it from the worthless rock can not but suggest to the reverent mind the divine method of saving souls through the magnetism of Jesus Christ. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

THE CHURCH'S QUARRY.

An architectural magazine is responsible for the statement that the members of a Presbyterian church in Waterloo, Iowa, have constructed a new church building out of a single large rock. Stone was scarce, and while looking about for a possible quarry their attention was called to this huge boulder which stood in the middle of a plain about eight miles from the town. This mass of rock was like an island in the midst of a vast sea. About eight feet of it projected above ground. The work of excavating this gigantic boulder was at once begun. When exposed to view, it

was found to be twenty-eight feet high, thirty feet long, and twenty feet wide. On this monolith the workmen began their labors with drill, hammer, and dynamite, and the enormous rock was converted into building-stones, which were removed to the town and built into a beautiful church. The sinful world about us is our quarry. With the hammer of God's Word, the dynamite of the Holy Spirit, and earnest human hearts we are to convert the stony natures about us into beautiful building-stones for the temple of God.

A BULLET-PROOF ARMOR.

A United States marshal had an encounter with "moonshiners," in the mountains in Kentucky, and tho struck by eighteen bullets fired at him by the outlaws, he escaped unharmed because his body was protected by a coat of mail with which he had prepared himself. The Christian has the best coat of mail ever invented. We need never to go into battle without knowing that the darts of the enemy have no power to harm us. Christians everywhere need to have emphasis put on Paul's earnest appeal: "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."

THE SEEKING SAVIOR.

Some shipwrecked sailors have been rescued from an island in the Pacific, who had been for ten months anxiously watching for some opportunity of escape.

For ten months and ten days they had kept their flag of distress flying from the tree-tops during the day, and their signal-fires burning by night. They knew no ship would be seeking for them, and their only hope of succor was in making their wants known to some passing ship. At last their signal was seen, and with joy unutterable they beheld a friendly ship bearing down toward the place of their exile. The sinner has more hope than that, for "the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost." No man who is finally lost can complain that he did not have a fair chance for salvation.

SINAI IN MODERN LIFE.

Efforts are being made to construct a railroad to the summit of Mount Sinai. It is said that a depot will be erected near the spot where a stone cross was placed by the Russian Empress Helena, and where, according to tradition, Moses stood when receiving the Ten Commandments. There have been a good many people in recent years who would like to railroad Sinai out of the Bible and out of the world, but it still stands and will continue to stand so long as God is God and man is man. The need for Sinai is as great in modern life as in any other age the world has known.

SHUN THE POLISHED SINS.

A hunter gunning in the Kankakee marsh in Indiana came upon a flock of wild geese, and bagged sev-

eral of them, one of which astonished him by having as a breastpin an arrow nine inches long. This goose became the wonder of the neighborhood and the study of the scientists, who finally decided that the bird and arrow could have come from no other place on the globe than the Yukon Valley in Alaska, for except in that region no such arrows are made. The goose had spent its summer in Alaska, and had there received the arrow shot from the bow of an Indian, but it had been insufficient to take its life. The bird disdained the weapon of a savage, yet lost its life by the more polished weapon of civilization. So there are many who disdain the gross sins of drunkenness and lust and dishonesty, who are yet brought under condemnation by the more polished weapons of pride and unbelief.

A WILD RIDE.

The death of one of the early settlers of Texas recalled the story of the capture, by a band of Indians, of a young man and his wife on their wedding-day. In order to torture them they were tied on the back of a wild buffalo, and then the desperate and maddened animal was turned loose, and with fiendish jeers the Indians bade them go on their wedding journey. The buffalo was captured finally by their friends, and they escaped death, and had a long life together. One might better be tied to the back of a wild beast than be bound helpless by the chains of habit to some cruel appetite that mercilessly drags the soul down to the gates of death.

EARNESTNESS NEEDED IN SOUL-SAVING.

As the ferry-boat *St. Louis* was nearing mid-stream in the North River, the passengers were startled by a cry of "Stop the boat! My God, stop the boat! My sister has jumped overboard!" It of course attracted immediate attention to the drowning woman, but no one among all the passengers criticized the sister for her passionate outcry or bade her keep still. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that she should evince this deadly earnestness. We need the same passionate earnestness in seeking to save our friends and neighbors who have jumped overboard from righteousness and innocency into the whirling current of sin and worldliness, and will be drowned eternally if not speedily rescued.

THE SMALLPOX ROCK.

In Connecticut there is an old flat rock, of huge dimensions, covered with names and dates, the most recent being 1794. In Revolutionary times there stood on this rock a smallpox hospital, and an old story has been revived of a bride from New Britain who was sent during her honeymoon to this old pesthouse to have smallpox, "according to orders." The young couple had planned a wedding-trip to North Carolina, which was a long journey in those days. It occurred to the bride's father that she might be exposed to smallpox while traveling, and he insisted on her going to the pesthouse on the mountain to take

the disease in its mildest form. The bride wept and entreated not to be separated from her husband, and the latter expostulated, but to no avail. The old soldier was determined, and to the pest-house she went. That old soldier-father was about as wise as the parents of our day who permit their children to read all sorts of books, see all kinds of pictures, and form their own associations, on the theory that it is necessary to have them come in contact with impure things in order to fit them for the temptations that may beset them in after life. The majority of people go through life without having smallpox at all, and it is well to keep young hearts in the first flush and strength of their innocence as long as possible.

THE RESTORATION OF A SOUL.

The superintendent of the Ohio state-house at Columbus decided that the oil paintings which hang in the rotunda needed to be cleaned. He gave his force of janitors orders to that effect, and said no more about it. The janitors went to work as tho they were going to scrub windows, and washed the priceless paintings with common soap and water, and it is feared that some, if not all, are badly damaged. Some people go about trying to restore people who have wandered from righteousness with the same lack of skill and delicacy. We should all seek that spiritual wisdom and gentleness of love that will make us wise in restoring souls. David's grandest tribute to God is: "He restoreth my soul."

A CHILD AMONG LIONS.

A sheep-herder on Casper Mountain, in Wyoming, arose one morning at daylight, as usual, and followed his flock, leaving his wife and little two-year-old child sleeping in camp. When he returned at eight o'clock for breakfast the woman was still fast asleep and the baby was gone. It had awakened and toddled off in its night-dress. A search was at once made for the little one, and its barefoot tracks were found leading to a spring nearly a mile away. Near the spring were also found fresh tracks of a huge mountain lion. No other trace of the babe was found. The little children of our cities are many of them wandering among lions. Many parents sleep in indifference or false security while their children wander away and are destroyed. The Psalmist said on one occasion of fearful trial, "My soul is among lions," but it is a sad thing to let the little babes toddle into the lion's mouth through the indifference of those who ought to protect them.

DANGEROUS LOVE OF DISPLAY.

A visitor to London during the Queen's Jubilee testifies that the diamonds worn by the women of the American colonies outblazed those of the royal family and the wealthiest of the English nobility. This growing love of display is one of the danger-signals of our time. To provide these women with such dia-

monds many a man stakes his soul in desperate gambling transactions in and out of Wall Street. The feverish desire which men often show for great and sudden riches is not infrequently at the bottom the desire of some foolish woman to outshine other women. If he succeeds, she wears the diamonds; if he fails, there is another account of a suicide in the morning paper.

EFFEMINATE YOUTH.

In one of our large cities, on the day before the college opening, an hour's ride distant, a large number of students were saying "good-by" at the railway station to their parents and friends. Among them was one youth who attracted much attention. He came in with a handsomely dressed lady, evidently his mother, for she seemed greatly devoted to him. He was elaborately attired, with flashy tie and pointed yellow shoes, and a heavy watch-chain across his vest. His mother carried his bag and umbrella, the young man's only burden being a light cane. Presently he sidled over to a group of young men and asked for a match. It was handed him, and he thereupon drew out a cigarette and puffed away at it with great satisfaction. "—— College is a good place for that," said one of the young men to his companions. "They'll cure 'mamma's boy' of the cigarette habit down there in short order." "Yes, and of a good many other foolish notions." We all hope this prophecy will come true; yet I could not help but feel what a great blunder this mother had made in not bringing up her

son to be something more than an effeminate cigarette-smoker. The weakness and silliness of many modern youth, both boys and girls, are the products of a family discipline that is nerveless and fatally lacking in conscience and moral purpose. It is hard to improve on the old proverb such as: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son," or, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

RESCUING HIDDEN TREASURE.

After having been submerged in nearly two hundred feet of water for seven years, the treasure on board the steamer *Skyro*, sunk off Cape Finisterre in 1891, has been recovered by divers. Many efforts had been made without avail, but finally with a more powerful diving apparatus a brave diver descended to the wreck, and blew away the deck with dynamite, and secured $45,000 in precious metal. We ought to be as persistent in seeking after the far more precious treasure hidden under the rough exterior of sinful men and women around us. No treasure-ship ever carried freight so valuable as an immortal soul. Well does the Scripture say: "He that winneth souls is wise."

A CHAIN OF GOOD DEEDS.

A miner who had come back from the Klondike had made a unique gold watch-chain, composed of splendid nuggets taken from a mine in the newly discovered

gold-fields in Alaska. A newspaper reporter, writing of it, said that wherever this miner went this striking chain of nuggets made him a walking advertisement for the Klondike, and aroused a desire in other men to go there. The sincere disciple of Jesus Christ who seizes every opportunity to do Christlike deeds is forming a chain of nuggets far more precious. Wherever he goes the imagination of men is aroused, and their desires awakened to know the Christ who makes such deeds possible. This is what Christ meant when he said: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

BLOOMING THROUGH THE SNOW.

A traveler in Siberia tells of the wonderful flower that grows there, and which blooms only in January, when the winter is at its height. The blossom has something of the characteristics of the morning-glory, lasting only a single day. A Russian nobleman named Anthoskoff took a number of the seeds to St. Petersburg. They were placed in a pot of snow and frozen earth. On the coldest day of the following January the miraculous flower burst through its icy covering, and displayed its beauties to the wondering scientists. A hope in Jesus Christ is like that snow-flower in that you may carry it into the heart of heathenism, where all about is foreign and hostile to it, and it will bloom with the same beauty and fragrance as in a land of Christians.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

That was a very striking letter and full of significant statement which Rev. Gilbert Reid, the Chinese missionary, received from Li Hung Chang, in which that statesman says: "Unquestionably, if you can give to the blind leaders of our people light and learning enjoyed in the West, they, in turn, will lead our people out of their darkness. I think I may claim to have many friends in the United States, where you now go. The cordial reception I met with wherever I went there made a deep impression upon my heart, and has greatly endeared your people to me. If it would interest them to know that I regard you highly and give you a helping hand in your future efforts to bring more light into the world and encourage higher aims for human aspirations, you may use for that purpose this letter from your friend." Christ will go on shining until every dark spot of the earth shall be illuminated by his presence.

REJECTING OUR INHERITANCE.

A young woman who had been brought up among the Blackfeet Indians refused to recognize a wealthy citizen of Cincinnati who a few years ago claimed her as his daughter, and married a full-blooded Indian of the tribe. How many poor sinners there are who become so infatuated with evil associations that they refuse to admit their sonship to God, and turn their

backs on purity and heaven that they may wallow in the lusts that have made them captive.

THE SAVING POWER OF A GOOD CHARACTER.

In a terrible storm, on the San Antonio and Aransas Pass road, a large number of Mexican laborers who were camped on the embankment were washed into the bay. When morning dawned after the cyclone, scores of them were missing, and, it was thought, drowned. As a matter of fact not a single Mexican lost his life. For days afterward they could be seen coming across the sand-marsh, each man wheeling his wooden wheelbarrow. When the men realized that they were doomed to risk a watery grave, every one of them grabbed his wheelbarrow and floated away in it. The barrows all grounded as the storm subsided, and the workmen made their escape. A good character is such a refuge when the storm comes and sweeps away every other source of safety. Many a man has tided over the recent hard times and come up safe in the more promising days because his good character floated him on the waves.

SELF-DECEPTION.

There was on one occasion a greatly disappointed young man at West Point. He came all the way from Wisconsin to enter the Military Academy, and when he found that several documents with large seals were necessary for that purpose, he felt very badly

indeed. He was born and reared in a little town in Wisconsin. He had dreamed of being a soldier and determined to come to West Point for a military education. He had a long, hard trip from Wisconsin to the Hudson. He was two months walking and riding on freight trains in making the journey. A sentinel stopped him when he tried to enter the barracks, and explained the necessary requirements to get there. The boy was heart-broken, and cried like a child. The Savior says there will be some deceived like that at the last judgment. People who imagined they were going to get into heaven, and yet, having made no preparation for it, will be turned away at last. Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people.

STANDING IN OUR PLACE.

The president of one of the Brooklyn electric railroads operated his own private car one day with the regular motorman as an only passenger. The democratic railroad official had occasion to go to New York. His private car was run out from the shed at Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue, and the president entered it. The car started toward the Bridge. The motorman was very thinly clad, and as a result he shivered and shook on the front platform of the car until Ninth Street was reached. There, as if seized by a sudden thought, the president jumped up from his richly upholstered chair in the cozy car and dashed out on the platform. "Go inside and get warm," he said to the motorman, who attempted to expostulate.

But inside he had to go. There, seated in the big chair just vacated by his employer, he remained until the Bridge was reached, where the president yielded his post at the motor-box, and went on his way to New York. That is a pleasant story, and does honor to the heart of the railroad president, yet, after all, it was only the kind impulse of an hour to put himself in the workingman's place. But there was One who had all the glory of heaven, before whom angels cast their crowns, who laid it all aside and came down to earth and became a poor carpenter, and put himself in our place, and for three-and-thirty years tasted our grief and sorrow, not that the poor shivering, despairing sinner might be warmed for an hour, but that he might have eternal life and gladness.

THE CONQUEST OF JOY OVER SORROW.

Mr. Landor, the traveler and explorer, who had such a fearful experience in his undertaking to enter the sacred city of Tibet, being subjected to the most cruel tortures that any man ever underwent and lived to tell the story, relates that on escaping from his foes and meeting with his friends his normal spirits, that were beginning to fade away, came back as by magic. One sentence expressing this fact is very striking and suggestive: "It is strange how one moment of happiness makes you forget months of hardships and sufferings." What a benevolent provision that is in the government of the world! God has so ordained it that joy shall make final conquest over sorrow. There is

great comfort in this to the Christian heart. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh with the morning. Life on earth may be full of hardship and trial, but eternity is beyond, where there are no tears, where pain is unknown, and darkness and death shall be forgotten. One hour of heaven will cause us to forget all the hardships of fourscore years.

STANDING ON ONE'S MERITS.

If a man wants to know his weaknesses as well as his strength, he needs to go where people do not know him, and where titles or money or past achievements do not prejudice his associates in his favor. The story is told of Dr. Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury, that he once entered an East End church at night, and standing in a back pew joined in the singing of a Moody and Sankey hymn. Next to him stood a workingman who was singing lustily in tune. The archbishop sang lustily also, but not in tune. The workingman stood the discord as long as he could, and then, nudging the church dignitary, said in a whisper: "Here, dry up, mister; you are spoiling the show."

COOPERATION IN MODERN CIVILIZATION.

An earnest and intelligent man has undertaken to compute what a dinner really cost for which he himself paid seventy-five cents. The pepper came from ten thousand miles away. It grew on a little bush about eight feet high, which must have had a growth

of at least five years. The pepper was picked green; it had to be dried in the sun, and this meant employing women. It took one ship and one thousand miles of railroad to bring the pepper to the United States. The flour of which the bread was made came from Dakota; some one owned the land, and that meant the investing of capital; and then he had also to pay wages to workingmen. Flour had to be ground, and the building of the mill and the plant or machinery meant more money invested. The millers had to be paid, coopers had to be paid for making the barrels, and, of course, the wood of which the barrels were made had to be cut and sawed and shaped, and this meant the employing of more men. Then the flour had to be shipped over the railroad, and handled again by cartmen before it came into the house. The tea on the table came from China and the coffee from South America. The codfish had to be brought from Maine. Men had to be employed to catch the fish; other men and women were employed in drying, packing, and boxing it; and it, too, had to make a long railroad journey. The salt came from the Indian reservation in the northwestern part of New York State. The spices in the cake came from the Spice Islands in the Indian Archipelago. The canned peaches came from California, and they, too, represented the employment of capital and labor. He found that the modest little dinner represented the employment of five hundred million dollars in capital and five million men and women. There is a glorious day coming when Christianity shall have so completely

permeated the hearts of men everywhere that all the men and money in the world shall be working together for the greatest good of every individual. As Frances Willard was fond of saying, "Christianity means 'together.'"

WHERE DO YOU STAND?

A famous naval architect was the guest of a prince of the German imperial family, and when out walking with his host observed that the side of the path he occupied was smoother and easier than that upon which the host was walking. Thinking it to be only ordinary politeness, he changed from the left to the right side. Then he noticed that the notables whom they met saluted the prince with profound respect, but stared at him as if they were very much surprised and wondered who he was. In a short time the prince said: "Did you observe that after you changed to my right side the people whom we met looked at you in great surprise?" "Yes," was the architect's reply; and then he explained why he had changed his position. "Ah, yes! just so!" laughed the prince. "Well, I will explain why they looked so intently at you. It is a rule of the German court that the person of the highest rank shall occupy the right-hand side. All the people whom we met knew me, but when they saw you on my right hand, they supposed you to be a king, and wondered who you could be." This suggests to us the importance of choosing those with whom we shall walk, and the care we should take of our standing-place in life. If

a man stands by Jesus Christ and shares His fate in every question of public righteousness, something of the glory of Christ will add dignity and nobility to his own person.

SELF-FORGETEULNESS.

When the great temperance leader lay dead in Chicago, among the flowers near her was a bunch of violets from a Washington newspaper woman. This woman had never seen Miss Willard but once. It was in a Western city. She was a reporter on a local paper, discouraged, overworked, blue, homesick, and altogether miserable. She was not yet out of her teens, and had been away from home only a few months. Miss Willard came to the city to organize a W. C. T. U. chapter. The young woman reporter was sent to her hotel to ask her something important. Miss Willard was ill, but sent word that she might come up. The reporter found her sitting in an easy-chair, very pale, but very sweet. She had only begun to tell her errand when the great woman arose and came toward her. She put her hands on the girl's shoulder. "Why, dearie," she said, "how tired you look! Take my chair, child." "And I—well," said the reporter, when she sent the flowers to Miss Willard's funeral, "nobody had called me 'dearie' for so long, nobody had called me 'child,' that I—well, I put my head on Frances Willard's shoulder and cried it all out. I had never seen her before; I have never seen her since; but for the

memory of those few kind words I say, 'God bless Frances Willard!'" What a power for good such Christlike self-forgetfulness gives to the disciples of Jesus to comfort and refresh those who are weary and ready to faint!

A TOUCH OF HUMAN FELLOWSHIP.

In the unconventional frontier sections of the great West one often sees realized the truth of the proverb, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." A county clerk was calling the roll of grand jurymen in a Southern California county. He came to the name of Joe Mandivil. At the sound of his name Mr. Mandivil stood up. Tall, with slightly bent shoulders, and with an air about him that bespoke the rough but tender-hearted frontiersman, he made a striking figure in the court-room.

"Your Honor," said he, "I should like to make a statement. I live away up the Colorado River, a long ways above the Picacho Landing."

A few dapper young men about the court-room smiled audibly, but the frontiersman ran his hands through his hair and continued: "Fact is, it's four hundred and twenty miles the way I have to come from my home to this court, and when I received word that I was summoned I didn't have the money for the trip, and was compelled to borrow fifty dollars at two per cent. per month, to pay my fare. I've got three little children out there on the desert, and they're all alone, for my wife died three months ago,

and I ought to be home looking after those kids right now."

Strange, but no one thought of laughing; even those well-dressed youths sobered up most surprisingly, and all listened intently while the frontiersman finished his story.

"I've had a little trouble lately," he said simply, "and a lot of assessment work on some mines needs to be done. I ought to be there to do it, and I'd like to be excused."

"And I guess you may be," said the court, and an hour later Joe Mandivil was homeward bound to his three motherless bairns out on the desert.

FIGHTING AGAINST RESCUE.

In New York City a woman was preparing a table for tea in the dining-room of her home shortly before eight o'clock. She went to a cupboard in a passageway between the dining-room and the kitchen and opened the door. A sheet of flame burst from the closet and caught her gown. The young woman's mother heard her screams and ran from the kitchen, seeking to wrap something about her to smother the flames, but the poor girl was so maddened by pain that she rushed through the hallway into the street. There many tried to save her, but in her frenzy she fought them away until she was burned so badly that her life could not be saved. Alas! there are many, both men and women, whose passions and appetites are on fire with evil, who instead of welcoming those

who try to smother the devouring flames, fight against the rescuers who are seeking to deliver them. There is no frenzy more terrible than the frenzy of sin.

THE UNREASON OF ENVY.

No sin is more silly than envy. The envious spirit often leads its poor victim into the most egregious folly. One day in New York City a sound, well-built man actually bemoaned that fate had not made him a cripple. He stood near Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, trying to sell lead pencils with rubbers attached. He called out lustily, but few people cared to buy. Before him passed a cripple on crutches, who hobbled briskly in and out among the crowd, doing a rushing business in popular song-sheets. As the pencil-vender eyed him in envy, he was heard to mutter, as he stood shivering there, "I wish I had only one leg."

RESIST THE DEVIL.

Animal-trainers say that the secret of handling safely all beasts of the cat species, such as lions, tigers, and leopards, is to keep them constantly afraid of you. The instant they get over their fear, they will attack any one who crosses their path. They are all treacherous, too, and often gather courage for an attack when the master's eyes are turned way from them, altho they would not dare revolt if he faced them. One never knows when they will get over their fear and spring at the keeper if they have

a chance to do it from behind. Our fight with the devil is like that. He is always seeking to attack us from the rear or in ambush. The devil goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, but he is a great coward when faced with courage. "Resist the devil and he will flee from you" is as true in our time as it was when the Apostle James first made the declaration.

CARE FOR THE CHILDREN.

A warm Christian sympathy filling the heart of childhood in its tender days is the surest prophecy of a strong Christian character in later years.

The farmers in Iceland used to rob the nests of the eider ducks of their precious down twice each season, the mother duck supplying it each time from her own body. The third time the drake gave his white down, and this was allowed to remain. The farmers found after a while, however, that this did not pay, as under such treatment the little birds did not thrive well. Now they never take the down until after the little ducks are hatched and get a fair start. It has been found that the little birds thrive better and increase faster when they are allowed to hatch as nature meant them to. So now the mothers are no longer obliged to strip themselves of all their down to furnish their despoiled nests. Sometimes, if the quantity be very great, a little may be taken, but enough must be left to cover the eggs when the duck leaves her nest for food.

USEFULNESS THE TEST OF LIFE.

It is not the weight of a man in avoirdupois that counts, but the number of pounds he lifts in helping on the world's progress. It is not the size of the hive, but the quality and quantity of the honey that comes out for use on the table, that tells the value of the bees. There is a natural beehive in Mendocino County, Cal. It is a rift in the face of a cliff which leads into a large cave where myriads of bees make their home. One can not go very close to it, because at all hours of the day a swarm of bees hover about the mouth hundreds of feet in all directions. During the summer dead birds can always be seen on the ground around the mouth of this giant hive. They have been stung to death while attempting to fly through the swarm of insects. Men have sometimes incased themselves in suits of leather with wire screens about the head, and forced their way into the cave, but have not been able to bring away any great amount of honey.

THE LURKING SIN.

Sin lurks in the darkness, and sometimes clothes itself in what seems harmless and even friendly to us.

A lady living at Port Jervis, N. Y., was attacked one evening by a wild cat. She went out on the terrace back of her house, which is situated at the foot of a mountain in this village, to get a tablecloth.

Seeing the dim outlines of what she supposed was her pet cat, she put out her hand to stroke it. The animal sprang upon her, biting her hand to the bone, and lacerating her arm with its claws and teeth. Her cries brought to her assistance the house-dog, and the wild cat flew up the mountain-side.

THE TIDE THAT SWEEPS TO FORTUNE.

It makes all the difference in the world whether one is alert and wide awake to take advantage of the incoming tide of privilege and opportunity which God brings to us.

A tidal phenomenon occurred in one of the rivers of New Brunswick recently, of which the wise watermen can give no explanation. The young flood rushed up the river like a tidal wave, with no easterly storm outside to account for its tremendous energy. The fish came in great masses, borne along helplessly by the rushing tide. Fishermen who were quick enough and shrewd enough to haul in their nets at once made wonderful catches, and profited enormously by this strange tide; but the fishermen who neglected the pivotal moment saw their nets dragged away, the stakes lifted out of the mud, and their entire outfit swept under the ice and carried off.

THE SWEETS OF HOME LIFE.

Many persons who are giving themselves up to a life of empty show, while the heart aches underneath all the giddy display, would find what would seem in

contrast a very heaven on earth if they would only turn about and cultivate the simple virtues and enjoyments of home life. In the "Life Story of Mary Anderson" (Mme. de Navarra) the American actress dilates on the "hollowness of stage life," and the inexpressible relief and happiness of the calm and the peace of the simple, quiet life she is now leading. The whilom actress is quoted as adding: "Never again will there be a thought of stage life. Life is something greater and better than stage excitement and admiration—as, for instance, that boy up-stairs. One of my constant delights is music and singing, of which I hope to do a great deal. Stage life! No. Never, never again."

ABUNDANCE, BUT NO WASTE.

There is no sign of stinginess in God's universe. There is abundance everywhere, but nothing is allowed to go to waste. The way the heavenly Caretaker brings beauty out of decay and death is illustrated in the creation of amber. The main source of the amber supply is the coast of the Baltic Sea. It is fossil gum, originally the exudation of a species of pine-tree, now extinct. The immense forests of amber pine underwent their natural downfall and decay. The resin of the wood accumulated in large quantities in bogs and ponds and in the soil of the forest. Where the coast was slowly sinking, the sea, by and by, covered the land, and the amber, which had been gradually hardening, was at last deposited

at the ocean bottom. More than two hundred specimens of extinct life, animal and vegetable, have been found imbedded in amber specimens. Some of these specimens are so curiously beautiful as to be almost priceless, and one English collector has a cabinet of them which is valued at a half-million of dollars. One piece embalms a lizard about eight inches long, a little jeweled monster, perfect in its form and coloring, which has no like in anything existing now. Indeed, in many instances, science is able solely through this medium to study details of animal life which perished from the earth many hundred thousand years ago. There are flies preserved with wings poised, as if for flight, where the prismatic sheen glowing through the yellow sepulchre is as brilliant as if they were floating alive in the sunshine.

THE REFLECTED TENDERNESS OF JESUS.

The power of Christianity so to infuse tenderness into the human heart that men will be gracious and kind to each other, and will finally be so mastered by the gentle spirit that all animals will feel its effects, has constant illustration. Twenty-nine aged and infirm horses were given a New Year's dinner at the Home of Rest for Horses in London on the opening day of the present year. The horses were fed in the presence of a large number of subscribers to the Rest, and their friends. The dinner, which had been prepared by the superintendent, consisted of apples, carrots, and bread. Each horse was

supplied with ten large apples, divided in quarters, ten pounds of carrots, and about four pounds of bread. These were mixed and sprinkled with sugar. Some ladies brought several delicacies and fed their special favorites, who seemed greatly to enjoy their repast. The oldest inmate of the Home is a mare called "Betsey," whose age is forty-one years. The famous black charger "Bones," who was once in the Horse Guards Blue, is in the Home, and is quartered with a diminutive animal which was once owed by a muffin-man. Another pony in the Home was rescued by the Duchess of Portland a few months ago from the hands of a brutal costermonger who persisted in ill-treating the animal by putting it to the hardest labor possible in spite of the fact that it was nearly forty years old.

MAN ENTERING ON HIS DOMINION.

The early command to Adam and Eve recorded in the book of Genesis, where God declares that they shall enter into possession of the earth and have dominion over it, is being more rapidly fulfilled in our own time than in any other. Vast as the scheme was to harness Niagara for the production of electric power, work has commenced upon a still larger scheme of water-power development near Massena, on the St. Lawrence River. It is intended to develop here one hundred and fifty thousand horse-power, by taking advantage of the difference in level between the St. Lawrence River and the Grass River, which flows nearly parallel to it at a distance of only three

and one-half miles. A huge canal is to be cut across the intervening plateau, and a fall of water, fifty feet in height, thus obtained on the banks of the Grass River. The latter river will itself form the tail-race of the power-station. This scheme dwarfs the Niagara one, since not only do the plans provide for a greater amount of power, but man is going to do what nature has done for him at Niagara, namely, provide the waterfall. The necessary capital for carrying out this scheme has been provided, work has been commenced, and it is hoped that some of the turbines and dynamos will be working by December, 1898. This will be one of the most remarkable achievements of the century.

THE BEST OF THE WINE FOR THE LAST OF THE FEAST.

The world puts the best goods in the shop window, but it seems to be God's order that things shall get better as we go on. Coal is better than wood; the oil-lamp is better than candles; gas is better than oil, and electricity better than all; and now it seems that some of those countries that have been among the last to come under the sway of man are to prove the richest and the most beautiful. The wild flowers of the Cape, in South Africa, are among the finest in the world, and the gunner, as he quits his night's resting-place and wanders among the hills, may see around him a marvelous array. Oxalis, lilies, brilliant orchids, strelitzias, the wonderful blue agapan-

thus, the wild aurum—so common as to be called by the Boers the "pig lily"—splendid heaths in a bewildering plenty, lovely proteas, many flowering shrubs, gladioli, ixias, noble amaryllis—these and a hundred other flowers contribute for a season to the hunter's supreme enjoyment. He must be worse than a Kaffir if he can not take delight in them. Here a mountain-side is to be seen fairly blushing with pink heath—one of the three hundred and odd heaths of which the Cape can boast. Innumerable wild doves coo softly from the thorny acacia-groves, and as you pass the clear rill of water, gushing from a deep kloof, a little crested kingfisher with mazarine-blue back and blue-and-black crest darts like some living gem up the stream.

CHRISTIAN GRACES IN THE MIDST OF WORLDLINESS.

When the child of God is led in the path of duty there is no place so full of temptation, or so unpropitious to righteousness, but that the graces of the Spirit may blossom and rebuke the wickedness surrounding them. John Muir, the great California naturalist, declares that the most unspoiled natural flower gardens of the continent are on the vast tundras of Alaska. Every summer they extend smooth, even, undulating, continuous beds of flowers and leaves from about latitude sixty-two degrees to the shores of the Arctic Ocean. Tenderly tucked in beneath downy snow through the long white winter, these arctic

flowers make haste to bloom in the spring without trying to grow tall, tho some rise high enough to ripple and wave in the wind, and display masses of color—yellow, purple, and blue—so rich that they look like beds of rainbows, and are visible miles and miles away.

LOSING A LIMB TO SAFE LIFE.

The wisdom of plucking out a right eye or cutting off a right arm and entering into life blind or maimed rather than lose all, which Christ sets forth with so much clearness, seems to run through the instinct of some of the lower animals. The Maine woods in the winter are full of men who are making a good living by trapping. Most of the traps set are equipped with stout springs, and have wide flat jaws suitable for holding otters. Tho an otter is not a hard animal to catch, it is a very difficult creature to hold. Consequently special traps have to be made for the business. The traps, which are toothless, having wide jaws that pinch without cutting, are set along streams near the blow-holes where the small fish congregate. If possible, a trap is set at the entrance to a blow-hole and concealed with a light covering of brush, or snow. A long chain is made fast to the ice, so the animal can not get away with the trap, and a ten-pound stone is attached to the trap for the purpose of drowning the otter when it plunges into the water after getting caught. Other traps are set in swamps, and baited with fresh fish. Here the traps are attached to spring poles that lift the otter and the trap high

in the air. These precautions are taken because an otter will eat off his leg and set himself free in five minutes after he is caught, unless he is placed in a position where he is unable to bite.

TRUE COURTESY.

There is no sweeter grace to soften the rough edges of daily life than the grace of courtesy. It sits with great beauty on strong characters. Martha Littlefield Phillips, a great-granddaughter of Gen. Nathanael Greene of Revolutionary times, relates a very interesting story of Washington, which is new. Early on a bright December morning, a droll-looking old countryman called to see the President. In the midst of their interview, breakfast was announced, and the President invited the visitor, as was his hospitable habit on such occasions, to a seat beside him at the table. The visitor drank his coffee from his saucer; but lest any grief should come to the snowy damask, he laboriously scraped the bottom of his cup on the saucer's edge before setting it down on the table-cloth. He did this with such audible vigor that it attracted the attention of the other guests, among whom were several young people always on the alert for occasions of laughter. These young folks were so indiscreet as to allow their amusement to become obvious. General Washington took in the situation, and immediately adopted his visitor's method of drinking his coffee, making the scrape even more pronounced than the one he produced. The disposition to laugh was quenched at once.

GIVING ACCOUNT FOR OUR TALENTS.

In childhood and youth we are all furnished with a certain hopefulness and courage that belong to innocence, and with talents that are our peculiar trust. When life is over we must face these again and give an account as to how we have used them. A touching and poetical custom prevails in the Welsch Tyrol. When a young maiden is about to be married, immediately before she steps across the threshold of her old home, on her way to church, her mother solemnly gives her a new pocket-handkerchief. The bride holds it in her hand throughout the marriage ceremony, using it to wipe away her tears. As soon as the marriage festivities are ended the young wife lays the handkerchief aside in her linen-closet, and there it remains as long as she lives. Nothing could induce a Tyrolese wife to use this sacred handkerchief. It may be half a century, or longer, before it is taken from its place to fulfil the second and last part of its mission. When the wife dies, perhaps as a gray old grandmother, the loving hands of the next-of-kin place the bridal handkerchief over the face of the dead, and it is buried with her in the grave.

TRACES OF THE DIVINE IMAGE.

One is often astonished to see men whose lives are wicked and openly profane and ungodly, who will still frequent the house of God, and be often moved

by some simple story of affection, or some song of the old worship of their childhood. Surely there are traces of the divine image not yet altogether destroyed by a life of sin. Wild dogs are overrunning the mountain and valley country along the line between New Mexico and the Apache country, Arizona. The animals are apparently the descendants of domesticated dogs that have mingled with the mountain wolves until they have produced a new variety—part wolf and part dog. The creatures have the head and shoulders of the bulldog, with the body, movement, and characteristics of the gray mountain wolf. They look to be about a hundred pounds in weight, and in color they are of an ashen gray, with patches of long black hair. A horseman they will follow for miles through the forests, but this action is apparently the survival of the domestic dog's instinct. They sometimes visit isolated ranches, and when they do the ranch dogs, unless very much attached to their masters, are apt to go away with the wild dogs.

DORMANT SEEDS.

Often on the frontier, when the plow runs deep in the virgin soil, it turns up buried seeds that grow and blossom in a verdure entirely unknown before in the region. So it is probable that in all our hearts and minds there are dormant possibilities which only require the proper circumstances to cause them to burst into unexpected development. About twenty years ago a steam-packet company of Liverpool wished to

buy a piece of land which was owned by a "stay-at-home spinster," as her neighbors described her. She sold her land at a very low price, but insisted upon a clause being inserted in the agreement giving her the right at any time during her life to travel with a companion in any of the company's vessels. When the agreement was closed, she sold her furniture and went on board the first outgoing ship belonging to the packet company. For years this wise spinster lived nearly all the time upon one ship or another, frequently accompanied by a companion, who, according to agreement, was always a person that otherwise would have been a regular passenger, but who purchased her ticket at reduced rates by paying the spinster instead of the packet company. The company offered her more than twice the value of the land if she would give up her privilege; but this she would not do. Her reply was: "You got the land cheap, and I like sailing; so you ought to be satisfied."

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

There is no path in life so dark but that the Christian graces, growing in the garden of the heart, may make the soul like an oasis in the desert. The keeper of the Point Pinas lighthouse at Monterey, on the Pacific Coast, is a woman. When Mrs. Fish entered upon the duties of her office she found the lighthouse a dreary abode, situated as it was far from any neighboring houses upon the gray ocean sands. She at

once began transforming it into a more homelike spot. Within she added warm draperies, rare china, and other dainty furnishings. Without she inclosed a large garden, and made it a brilliant, fragrant spot. About its boundaries she planted the native cypress, which is found nowhere else in the world. Behind these sheltering trees she made a broad, velvety lawn, and planted tea-roses, geraniums, and other fragrant flowers. On the warm, sunny days that come in such quick succession there, this garden, only ninety feet above the sea, and overlooking the vast, blue Pacific, is one of the prettiest, most romantic, and sightly places on the coast. But more careful than of all else is Mrs. Fish of the great light intrusted to her care. Punctual to the moment the lamp always sends its rays across the water, and as punctually it is extinguished when the stronger light of day appears.

THE LOSS OF MANHOOD.

One of the greatest tragedies of human life is the way sin, when persisted in, robs its victim of the free spirit of manhood. A man comes at last to hug his chains and no longer aspires to the free air of a noble life. Frank Jackson, a negro serving a twenty-year sentence in the Missouri Penitentiary, refused to accept a pardon offered him by the Governor of the State. Governor Stephens offered to give the man a pardon as a Thanksgiving present, according to the custom of selecting one from among the prisoners for

clemency at that season. The prisoner replied that he would prefer to continue his stay in the penitentiary. He gave as his reason that he had no friends, no money, and could find no employment.

DESERTED ENTHUSIASMS.

About twenty-five years ago a farmer's wife in the Province of Ontario was searching the woods for a cow that had strayed, and, becoming thirsty, stooped to get a drink from a spring. Slipping, she fell against a small, loose rock, which rolled to her feet, and which proved to be a twenty-pound nugget of almost pure gold. The effect of that accidental find was that within six months a city of five thousand inhabitants was built. An immense quarry of purest white marble was discovered near by, and the city was almost entirely built of marble. This town of Bridgewater is the only city in the world that has a hotel, church, schoolhouse, court-house, and the majority of its dwellings constructed entirely of white marble. Strange to say, tho vast sums of money were spent in search, no other gold of any amount was ever taken from this region, and the city has been depopulated and stands deserted. How many worldly enthusiasms are like that! Who of us can not look back over his past and see many a deserted village along the way? We found a nugget of gold somewhere, or what seemed to be gold to us, and for a time we threw our whole heart and life into it, only to meet with disappointment, and that which prom-

ised to be the richest find in our lives is remembered only as a deserted enthusiasm. There is only one great gold-mine in a human life, where a man may work through all the years and never lose his courage, and that is in fidelity to God and loving service toward his fellow men.

LOVE'S WILLINGNESS TO SHARE EXILE.

While former Captain Dreyfus, the disgraced French army officer, is passing his days in maddening solitude on Devil's Island, his wife is making every effort to join him, that she may share his fate. The political prisoners in France who are sent into exile are usually accorded the privilege of having their wives with them if they so desire, and many a brave Frenchwoman has given up home and friends and has sacrificed everything to be near her husband in his time of tribulation. Altho Captain Dreyfus is compelled to live in an iron cage entirely cut off from the outside world, Mme. Dreyfus is not only willing but eager to share her husband's lot, and is fully prepared to submit to the same rigorous discipline as that imposed upon him. How speedily we could capture the world for Christ if every Christian man and woman would live constantly in the same spirit of devotion and fidelity to Jesus which this heroic woman is showing toward her husband! The church is constantly weakened and its progress prevented by those who make entangling alliances with the world, and who seek to be more popular and successful than

they could be if they were true to Christ. We ought to be willing to go into exile with Jesus. Where the Master is not welcome is no proper place for the disciple to be seeking admission.

CONSIDERATION FOR OTHERS.

An amusing story is told of a big, burly English bishop who entered the compartment of a railway car with a cigar in his hand. The only other occupant of the compartment was a gentle-spirited little country curate. The bishop turned to his companion with a pompous, patronizing air, and said: "You will not mind my smoking, will you?" "Not if your lordship doesn't mind my being sick," submissively replied the little curate. Perhaps there is no better test of genuine Christian breeding than the fact that we can not bear to have another suffer for our indulgence. The genuine Christian gentleman and lady can do without their personal pleasure, or the luxury of having their own way, but they can not do without the joy of making life sweeter and more precious to those associated with them.

TAMING MEN.

Pezon, the great French lion-tamer, owed his success to the use of electricity in taming his beasts. When a wild lion or tiger was to be tamed, live wires were first rigged up in the cage between the tamer and the animal. After a time Pezon would turn his

back, and the wild, treacherous creature would invariably make a leap at him; but, encountering the charged wires, would receive a paralyzing shock sufficient to terrorize it forever. This lesson would rarely have to be repeated, as the mysterious shock was not readily forgotten. There have been a great many efforts in the history of mankind to tame the human heart in some such way, but they have never succeeded. The Christian way is to take the wild and wicked spirit entirely out of a man's nature. Christ met a man in Gadara of whom it was said that he could not be tamed. Every effort had been made, and every device to cure him by fear had been exhausted. But when he met Jesus the Lord he sent the devils away from him, and then he was tame enough. He sat in the presence of the Master clothed and in his right mind. The tiger-spirit of sin must be taken out of the heart.

TAKING RISKS FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

The risks which men take in the interests of science are frequently very great. Many of the colleges and scientific societies sent expeditions to India to observe the total eclipse of the sun. The journey could not be made without great hardship, and even risk of life, and after all the danger and hardship the total eclipse lasted but two minutes. If men will do that much for the sake of adding ever so little to the sum of human intelligence, how willing should we be, who realize the value of an immortal soul and the

joy and salvation which may come to it in Jesus Christ, to risk our ease and even our lives to carry the good news of his salvation to the ends of the earth.

THE KEEN PERCEPTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

When Dr. Nansen was on his famous trip toward the North Pole, and the time had long passed when his wife had expected to hear from him, the suspense became so terrible that her family decided it was best for her that her husband's name should never be mentioned before her. But with her little girl it was most difficult to use any silencing persuasion. She wished to talk of her papa constantly, until her baby perceptions were made to see that at every mention of his name her mother suffered acutely. Month after month passed by, and little Liv kept her promise bravely until one morning, on meeting her mother in the garden, she ran up gleefully, exclaiming: "Papa's coming home! Papa's coming home!" Tears and remonstrances had no effect on the child, and, lo and behold! not half a dozen hours after her confident assertion word ran along the telegraph-wires all over Europe that Dr. Nansen and his companion were landed safe and sound in Norway. Of course this may only have been an interesting coincidence, but we know that in a spiritual way childhood's perceptions are very keen and sensitive. It is the childlike mind to which we need to bring ourselves. There is a world of meaning in Christ's selection of a little child as a model for worshipers,

and his declaration that we must come to him in the spirit of the child in order to receive the blessings which he alone can bestow upon us.

THE HEART'S DEPTHS.

There is an island in the North Sea called Keldive, which contains perhaps the most curious lake in the world. The surface of its waters is quite fresh, and supports fresh-water creatures and fresh-water vegetation; but deep down it is as salt as the bluest depths of the sea, and sponges and salt-water fish live and have their being there, to the despair of scientists. Nansen found much the same thing on his expedition while drifting across the Polar Sea. He would often be able to get entirely fresh water on the surface of the sea, but down a few feet it would be brine. There are many people that are a good deal like that—men and women who have been reared in the midst of Christian civilization, and whose conduct has been so largely influenced by Christian standards that they seem to the casual observer to be as good as Christians. Such people often congratulate themselves that they are as righteous as their genuine, whole-hearted Christian neighbors, but it is only the surface water that is fresh and sweet with Christianity. If some sudden emergency arises or there comes some heart-probing test that stirs them to the profound depths, the salt brine of enmity against God and rejection of Christ's rule comes to the top. What a man is in the depths of his heart he will some time

come to be throughout. The whole heart must be sweet with the Christly spirit or else all will some day be mastered by the brine of sin.

COINING BETTER IDEAS OF LIFE.

That nobler ideas of brotherhood are prevailing, and that peace and good will are growing in the world in spite of all the rumors of wars and evidences of human jealousies, is seen everywhere. The new French piece of fifty centimes has a fine conception of France in the allegorical figure of La Semeuse, and perhaps the allegory will become more and more the device of future coinage. The artist has represented the French Republic as the sower who went forth sowing, "throwing from the full hands the future harvest into the furrows of the world—the seed which will flourish generations to come." France wears a Phrygian cap, her hair and garments float free in the breeze, and the sun is rising at her right hand. The attitude is admirable in its energy, freedom, and power. On the reverse side, the symbolism—a simple olive-branch—speaks of peace and good will.

THE CROAKER.

A strange story of a frog comes from the historic old Ritchie place in Kentucky. There is on the place an old log spring-house, built at the beginning of the century. A never-failing stream of ice-cold water flows into this old house, forming a pool several

feet deep. Here it is alleged a giant bull-frog has had its home since the house was built. As the frog family is endowed with great longevity, it is said, by those who ought to know, that it is reasonable to believe that the frog is the same one which took up its residence in the Ritchie spring-house in pioneer times. What lends color to this theory is the fact that there has never been but one frog seen in the neighborhood of the old spring, and Mr. Stephen Ritchie, now a man well advanced in years, states that this same frog, or one very similar to it, had its home in the spring when he was a child, and that he has often heard his grandmother term the frog her rain-sign. This frog is said to be of vast proportions, and to croak away year after year with a thunderous voice that can be heard a great distance. The old croakers seem to be long-lived. Their wailing notes, always telling of storms of trouble, may be heard in every community and in every church. Perhaps they are necessary to try the nerves and patience of working saints.

KEEP THE ROOF GOOD.

A heavy rainstorm not long ago forcibly demonstrated that the roof of the National Capitol was sorely in need of repair. There were leaks in half a dozen places. In the rotunda two of the frescoes, the "Landing of Columbus" and the "Burial of De Soto in the Mississippi," were damaged by a stream of dirty water, and several of the historic paintings were threatened by the water dripping from the roof through

a crevice dangerously near them. In some places the water came through so fast that an attendant was stationed near some valuable paintings to mop up the water and keep the pictures from damage. Perhaps there are some people who would say we might apply this to Congress itself, and suggest the danger of leakage, by way of bitter partizanship, political demagogery, and legislation for selfish ends, that threatens the most sacred treasures of the republic. But there is also a personal lesson for us. It is possible for us so to draw over our heads the truth of God's Word that its waterproof promises will protect us in any storm that may beat above us. The Psalmist says: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." There are some tiles which will make a roof that the storms of life may beat upon in vain.

DRUNKEN BEES.

It is said that the honey of certain flowers has an intoxicating effect on bees. But honey may also be changed into alcohol. In former days it was the source of the chief intoxicating drink in England, as well as other countries. It is believed that honey is sometimes thus transformed while still in the flower. Germs of fermentation are ever floating about in the

air, and may settle down in the honey-cups which form the feeding-ground of the bee. The sweet juice being changed to alcohol, the bee finds there a way-side tavern. Jean Ingelow must have had reference to this when she sang:

"Crowds of bees are giddy with clover."

Keats also writes of—

"Honeysuckles full of clear bee-wine."

Edgar Allan Poe speaks of the intoxicating influence of the blue flowers of sephalica:

"It still remaineth, torturing the bee
With madness, and unwonted revelry."

The sweetest honey of our American citizenship is the liberty which we sip from our free institutions, but when it ferments and changes into license it becomes a deadly liquor that endangers all our civilization.

DOING HONOR TO PARENTS BY A NOBLE LIFE.

The writer of the book of Proverbs says that the father of a righteous child shall greatly rejoice, and that the father and the mother shall be glad always in the remembrance of such a son. In no way can sons or daughters more highly honor the parents who have toiled and sacrificed to obtain for them opportunities for education and development, than to live lives noble and honorable before the world. Every good deed which a boy performs is a wreath on the

brow of his mother and is treasured up in the father's heart with more joy than if the deed were his own. Who doubts that the parents of Lieutenant Hobson feel more than repaid for all the labor of love expended on their son's preparation for his career, by the one deed of heroic patriotism which has made his name immortal? But in the quieter ways of peace there are daily opportunities for heroism and noble living by which any youth may do honor to the white hairs that grace the home of his childhood.

CITIZEN SOLDIERS.

A Nashville paper says that the mustering in of a military company in that city on the call for volunteers to go to Cuba was marked by an incident worthy of the noblest age of patriotism. At the last moment one man was lacking, and the sergeants were out scouring the camp for some one to take the place, so that the entire regiment could be sworn in. Learning the need, Captain Beyland, who brought down an extra company which had to be distributed among the other companies, retired to his tent without a word to the other officers, who were standing before the men anxiously waiting for one more man to be found. Hope was almost gone, when an erect figure came striding toward the line. When he came in full view, some one said: "It's Captain Beyland." The young man marched up to the line of privates and silently but determinedly took his place in the ranks. He had cut off his shoulder-straps and he took the

oath as a private. This noble act thrilled the men, tho there was no demonstration of approval from these military men. The colonel of the regiment said: "It is just what we might have looked for in a man like Beyland." We need men like that in every department of duty as citizens—not men only who are willing to wear shoulder-straps, but men with public spirit enough to do ordinary duty in the ranks on common, prosaic days.

CAGED HEADS.

A gentleman who went out with Stanley to Africa took with him a number of bird-cages in which he hoped to bring back some specimens of the rarer birds of the interior. Owing to the death of one of his carriers, he was obliged to throw away the bird-cages with a number of other articles. These were seized by the natives in great glee, tho they did not know what to do with them; but they eventually decided that the small circular cages were a kind of headgear, and, knocking off the bottom, the chiefs strutted about in them with evident pride. One chief, thinking himself more wise than the others, and having seen the white men eat at table out of dishes, thought they were receptacles for food, and took his meals from one, ceremoniously opening and shutting the door between mouthfuls. In modern political life there are a great many men who go with their heads caged. The bosses cage their followers, and they are not permitted to act, talk, or vote except as the boss

gives permission. One of the saddest features of American citizenship, and one of the most shameful, is the sight of intelligent Christian citizens who thrust their heads into the cage of some party boss, and go strutting about as tho they thought it was a badge of honor.

THE SORROW FROM DISLOYAL CHILDREN.

It has been well said that Job was spared the deepest depth of bitterness: he never knew what it was to have a wayward and disloyal child. His sons were honorable and respectable men, and his daughters were the fairest and most delightful women in the land. They were kindly and gentle with one another also, and often visited each other in genial fellowship. Poor David knew a more profound depth of sorrow than ever Job knew. When he lost Absalom's heart, and the lad who had been as the apple of his eye began to stir up sedition, and finally treacherously led an open revolt against him, then it was that the iron entered David's soul. Who can tell the agony of David—unless he has gone through the same experience?—when the news came of Absalom's death at the hand of Joab, and he went weeping into the chamber over the gate, crying aloud: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

OPPORTUNITIES FOR HEROISM.

Many young people dream that life would have been far more romantic and splendid if they could

have lived in some other age, when the opportunities for heroism and chivalry were more abundant. All such make a very great mistake. In the very nature of things, because of the multiplication of mysterious forces which have been brought into action in our time, this is the most romantic age the world ever saw. Opportunities for heroism are always happening to those who live in the heroic spirit. In New York city a young man was riding along on his wheel, when he saw smoke coming from the windows of a tall tenement-house. He stood his bicycle against a post at the street corner and hastened to climb the narrow stairs. At the first landing he met an old woman groping her way down with a babe in her arms. She was half blinded by the smoke. He helped her to the lower floor, and then asked: "Is there any one else in the building?" "Yes," she replied, "the two little children of the janitor are on the top floor. I tried to get them to follow me down, but they were too frightened." Without hesitation the young fellow ran up the three flights of stairs through the blinding smoke. The children in their fright had locked the door. Putting his shoulders against the door, he burst the lock. He picked up the terror-stricken children, and with one under each arm staggered down the stairways, and handed them over to their mother, who had been away from home, and had just returned and was wringing her hands in grief. She tried to thank him through her tears, but he only smiled and said, "It's nothing," and on learning that there was no one left in the

building, mounted his bicycle and rode away. No one will ever hear a young man of that spirit talking about life not being worth the living. And yet opportunities to do the same kind of service in different ways come to us all if we are trying to live helpful lives.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

A Frenchman who came here from Paris met with a very sad mishap. He brought with him to this country 10,000 francs, which was all his fortune. He met at his boarding-house an affable Spaniard, who, after he had made friends with the Frenchman, borrowed his money, giving him five gold bricks as security. Then the Spaniard went away, and the Frenchman took his bricks to a jeweler, who on investigating found that they were composed of copper, tin, and zinc, without one particle of gold. The despair of the poor Frenchman when he discovered that he had been swindled out of all his little fortune was very sad to behold. But how many are deceived in a similar manner. Men and women invest all their time and talent in glittering and delusive treasures which promise happiness and peace, but when one needs to realize on them they are only a base alloy. Many who have been thus deceived are crying out that life is not worth the living, and the newspapers every day tell the story of those who have wickedly put an end to their lives because they had not the courage to rise out of their defeats. But those who live genuine lives, doing the will of God with honest hearts, and

seeking always to please him, do not find life a cheat. All such find life worth the living, and have heaven added as a crown of glory which fadeth not away.

BE CAREFUL OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

In one of the large New York slaughter-houses a man while at work in a deep tank was overcome by ammonia, and two companions who went to his rescue fell senseless from the stifling fumes. The tank is one of several in which refrigerating pipes holding ammonia are placed. Each tank is about twelve feet wide and fifteen feet deep. It is a Board of Health regulation that the interior of these tanks shall be painted once a year. A man can not remain in a tank more than four minutes because of the fumes, and when the bottom is reached two minutes is as long as a workman can remain there. In this case four men were painting one of the tanks. The first man who entered had been down only a minute when he fell unconscious. One of the others slid down the ladder to his aid, and in trying to raise the first was himself overcome by the fumes. A third workman shouted the alarm, and then descended to rescue the two other men. Employees of the slaughter-house crowded to the tank, and found all three senseless. They were quickly rescued, but the rescuers themselves staggered out half stupefied by the horrible fumes. It is awful to have to work in a place like that; but it is still more terrible when men unnecessarily thrust themselves into wicked and impure asso-

ciations, and place themselves in a position to be poisoned in mind and heart by fumes that come from the very mouth of the pit. Better to breathe the fumes of ammonia than to stupefy the soul with the stench of salacious conversation. Well does Wisdom cry: "Forsake the foolish and live; and go in the way of understanding."

A PUG-DOG'S TESTIMONY IN COURT.

A strange thing happened in Trenton, N. J., in a law case which was on trial there. A pug-dog was the main witness, and the entire suit turned on his testimony. He was not sworn in, either. The judge and jury depended on the dog being true to his instinct. It was a case where a dog had been stolen and sold, and a suit for damages was brought against the one who had possession of the dog. The dog was brought into the courtroom in a wicker basket, which was placed on the table and the lid lifted. The pug jumped out, looked carefully around the room, and then made a dash for his owner, from whom he had been stolen, and leaping into her lap covered her face with affectionate kisses. No further testimony was offered, and tho two witnesses had testified that the dog belonged to another person, the evidence won the case against them. This is a signal illustration of how, when people are free to do as they please, their inner desire will dictate destiny. Phillips Brooks, in one of his greatest sermons, declared that the freeing of souls is the judging of souls, and that

in the day of judgment it will only be necessary to lift off all the restraints that bind us to the good or bad, and then the people who love pure things and noble things will mount up to heaven, and those who in their hearts love what is filthy and wicked will go down to hell. It is a serious thought, but it is fearfully logical.

CAUGHT UNDER ONE'S OWN SAIL.

A boat was capsized off Rockaway, L. I., and five men were shipwrecked. Four of them were thrown clear of the boat, and were rescued, but one man was caught under the sail of the boat, and drowned before he could be reached. His struggles under the sail were indicated by the heaving canvas, and grew less and less marked until they ceased with his death. After all, it is not an uncommon thing to see a man on the voyage of life who is capsized by carrying too much sail in the wind, and is drowned because he is entangled in ambitious and worldly ways that drag him down to destruction. There is a safe Pilot who is ever willing to come on board with us, and where he goes it is always secure.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

In a Brooklyn court the following conversation took place between the judge and the prisoner.

The judge, having looked long and earnestly at the prisoner, said: "——, you don't look like a thief. I have investigated your case. You have a good sis-

ter, who has pleaded for you. You have a sweetheart, and she, too, has begged me to be lenient with you. You are engaged to be married, are you not?"

"Yes, your honor," sobbed the young fellow.

"How long have you been engaged?"

"A year and two months, your honor."

"Well, ——," said the judge, "on your sweetheart's account I will suspend sentence, if you will promise to behave."

Love is the magical power of the universe. "God is love." Therefore the highest measure of power belongs to us when the spirit of love masters and controls our lives. If we do our work for love's sake, nothing can stand against us.

SHOUT THE GOOD TIDINGS.

A lawyer in New York City has received instructions from Havre, France, to find a young man who ran away from home and went to England, and afterward came to America, where he became a vagabond tramp. A fortune has come to this young tramp, and it is desired that he shall come home and enter into his inheritance. The newspaper telling the story says the lawyer does not believe in advertising, and is seeking to find his client in a very quiet way. If the poor tramp should not be heard of for a good while, and in the mean time should be suffering want, he will hardly thank that lawyer for his quiet, conservative ways. He will be likely to inquire why he did not advertise for him everywhere, and bring the good news to his

attention as speedily as possible. One reason why the church does not bear more fruit in the salvation of souls than it does is because a great many churches have the same quiet, conservative ways, and do not seem to appreciate the fact that they have news of a rich inheritance for every poor sinner who walks the streets. Every church ought to be full of advertisements for lost men and women who have strayed away from the rich inheritance that waits for them. It is not so much how we get the news to people, as to make sure that we do not fail to reach them with it. I would rather see the notice of a fortune coming to me in a penny paper than to have a high-salaried detective hunting for me in a palace car for ten years. Let us shout the good tidings everywhere!

USING OUR CAPITAL SO AS TO INCREASE IT.

The deepest well in the world is being bored near Pittsburg, Pa. It is now more than one mile deep, and when finished it may reach down two miles into the earth. It is being bored in the interests of science. The object in penetrating so deeply is to determine just what the interior of the earth is like. From a commercial point of view the well was a success long ago; a comparatively few feet below the surface both gas and oil were struck in paying quantities; but the company owning the plant determined to dedicate it to science, and invited Prof. William Hallock, of Columbia College, to carry on a series of temperature investigations as the hole is carried deeper and deeper

into the earth. That which interests me specially in the experiment is that the gas found near the surface is now used to operate the powerful engines which do the drilling. Thus the natural power already issuing from the well is utilized for the purpose of deepening it. That should suggest to us the true way for a Christian to deepen his religious experience. If we will put the joy and comfort already received into Christian work, we shall find that it is constantly enlarged and strengthened.

PASSING OPPORTUNITIES.

A horse, that was hitched to a carriage in which were a father and his three-year-old child, took fright in Elizabeth, N. J. In trying to stop the runaway horse the father was thrown out. The child remained in the buggy until a front wheel struck a lamp-post. The shock brought the horse to a standstill, and shot the child into the air as if from a catapult. The little one was only a few feet from the windows of a large drug-store, and was thrown straight at them, but while in the air a young man standing in front of the store, with wonderful presence of mind, threw up his arms in that single moment of opportunity, and, catching the child, saved its life. The force with which the child was moving threw the young man and his burden against the window, but neither of them was hurt. Many of the opportunities of life, both for doing and receiving good, come to us in that way. We must catch them on the fly if we grasp them at

all. As there will be little time to meditate when the opportunity comes, we ought to live in the spirit which will cause us to make right decisions at the opportune moment.

TAMPERING WITH SIN.

A young lady in Morristown, N. J., grasped the guy-wire on the electric-light pole in front of her father's house, to see if she could get a slight shock. Her hand was suddenly contracted by a powerful current which swept through her body. The young girl screamed in agony. She writhed and twisted and fell to the ground, but she could not relax her hold upon the live wire, which was burning her hands, for she had reached up with her left to tear her right hand away. Men and boys ran toward her, but not one dared to put out a hand to save the girl. Then her mother ran out. "Oh, mamma," cried the girl, "save me! My hands are burning up!" The mother quickly grasped her daughter around the waist, but she was hurled to the ground as if by the blow of a club. Finally a man came up with presence of mind enough to take an ax and sever the wire. He was in time to save the girl's life, but she was fearfully burned. The incident suggests tragedies that are taking place every day before our eyes. Many people are willing to tamper with sin, and run the risk of a slight shock. A boy likes to drink a glass of wine that will make his nerves tingle, and many are asking themselves, How far can I go in the wrong way without being overthrown? That is the way the

devil fishes for men and women. People grasp his wires and get a slight shock, and only laugh at danger; but some day they take hold of a live wire, that has all the fire of hell in it, and they are struck through and through with death. It is better not to play with the devil's wires at all.

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

If men could only know how after they are dead and gone their weaknesses and their follies will be seized upon and used as an example for harm, many would be more careful. Could there be a more striking illustration of this than in the fact that a Boston saloon-keeper has placed in his saloon window a bust of Daniel Webster surrounded with liquor bottles. In that way he keeps before the minds of young men passing on the street the remembrance that Daniel Webster was not a total abstainer, and was sometimes overcome by liquor. The young man who undertakes to follow Daniel Webster's example in tippling is pretty sure not to follow it in anything else. But let the saloon-keeper's schemes serve to put us all on our guard as to the example we are setting.

DEATH IN LIFE.

The workmen in tearing down some furnaces at the Columbia Tire Works, at Anderson, Ind., discovered a chemical wonder. Sparrows, in attempting to fly across the great chimneys of the furnaces, are often

overcome with the heat and fall as though dead. A great many fall into the furnaces. The workmen suddenly came upon four birds, perfect in color and eye and feather. They looked as though they had just died, but when touched the birds were found to be perfectly carbonized and as hard as flint. Even the tips of the feathers were perfectly tempered. The chemical conditions which brought this about are a mystery. It is thought that a small vacuum was formed in the furnace and that they fell into this and were exposed to the intense heat. They had evidently been there for months. I have seen men and women in the same condition in a spiritual way. Sometimes the fierce heat of worldliness seems to carbonize people's hearts until they are as hard as flint. They look like men and women, but they are really only carbonized money-getters, like the iron toy-bank that sits on the mantel. Solomon says: "Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right."

RUN TO THE RESCUE!

A brakeman named John Hull, on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, prevented a terrible accident by his fidelity to duty and his speed as a runner. A freight train on which he was at work was wrecked at five o'clock in the morning; the cars were thrown across both tracks, and a section of the block-signal system was destroyed. John Hull saw the danger at once, and started at his best speed for the nearest signal-tower north of the wreck. He ar-

rived in the very nick of time to enable the operator to notify the nearest station, and three express trains from Buffalo and the West, which were about due, were held there. If we could only know how many might be saved from wreck by our seizing every opportunity to speak the word of warning concerning perils which lie in the track of careless souls, we would surely be more faithful to follow the injunction of Scripture to "Run, speak to that young man!"

A SPECIES OF SAVAGERY.

The wild Indians from Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show visited the Stock Exchange of New York City, and the newspapers made a good deal of sport out of the visit. It is said that the Indians, some of whom have been in Indian wars against the whites, and have taken human scalps, would have felt very much at home if they could have known with what savage ferocity the bulls and bears of the Exchange sometimes attack and destroy one another. But there is another species of savagery which is clothed in a still gentler guise. It is the savagery of gossip and slander that rejoices in stabbing reputations, and setting the fire of scandal until it runs through society like a fire in a forest of pines, blackening and blighting what it does not kill. St. James says of an evil tongue, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! and the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and is

set on fire of hell." Such a tongue is the candle of the Lord lighted at the devil's fire.

FLYING INTO THE FACE OF DANGER.

A train running from Long Island City to Patchogue at a late hour at night crashed into a herd of deer which were standing on the track. The animals seemed dazed by the headlight of the engine. Two of them were killed outright, while others were injured. One of the maddened animals jumped up past the cab and landed in the middle of the coal-laden tender. The deer is the most timid and gentle of all animals, and yet when confused becomes the most reckless in its desperation. No one knows of what reckless, foolish deeds he may be capable if once the heart is fascinated and confused by the baleful glare of evil. It is better to keep away from the track where the devil runs his engines.

A DEAD MAN AT THE HELM.

A captain coming into port at San Francisco reported passing a schooner which had been dismantled in the storm and was drifting helplessly on the waves. The mainmast had been broken off close to the deck, and it was dragging after. Lashed to the iron davits astern, and directly over the wheel that whirled back and forth as the waves washed under the rudder, was the body of the mate, dressed in oilskins. A weather-beaten sou'-wester still remained on his head. He

had lashed himself to one of the davits, and there the body hung in the lashings. The left hand trailed over the vessel's rail, and on its third finger was a plain gold ring. His lifeless hand had dropped from the wheel, and tho the dead man was still at his post, the vessel drifted where it listed. A ship is in a hard plight with a dead man at the helm, but in no worse plight than a family, or a church, or a political party, whose leader's tongue has become palsied through fear or sin so that it will not speak the message of righteousness God gives it. St. James compares the tongue to the helm of a ship, which, tho small in itself, produces great results in the hand of a wise pilot. He says: "Behold also the ships, which tho they be so great, and are driven of fierce winds, yet are they turned about with a very small helm, whithersoever the governor listeth. Even so the tongue."

THE MESSAGE OF A PRINCE.

Mr. Edison has in his laboratory a phonograph cylinder which he values very highly because it is one that retains a message spoken to the inventor by Prince George of Greece. The message is as follows: "Hail, Edison, greatest of inventors. George, Prince of Greece, salutes thee." But I know another message spoken by the Prince of Peace, and treasured up in that wonderful phonograph we call the Bible, which is infinitely more interesting than that. It is a word of command and good cheer from him who is King of kings and Lord of lords: "Go ye, therefore, and

teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

GOD SEEING THE HEART.

A medical journal gives a very interesting account of how, by the aid of the X-rays, a physician has been able to observe the action of the heart of his patient. That is only a suggestion of the great truth that our hearts are always open and naked to the eye of God, and he beholds with perfect clearness all the thoughts and purposes that are formed there. If we are seeking to live righteously this is a great comfort, for it insures against his misunderstanding us. But if we are trying to hide some impure desire or unholy purpose we may be sure it is not hidden from the eye of God. God does not value the outward pledge of our lips unless the heart within is in harmony with it.

A RICH MAN'S GENEROSITY.

A story good enough to be true is told concerning a well-known politician and business man who is also very rich. At a time when he was exceedingly busy he was informed that one of his corps of bookkeepers was about to be married. The man of business at once sent for him, and asked where he intended to go on his wedding tour. As the young man was poor, he

timidly replied that he did not expect to make much of a trip. "How would you like to go through the Great Lakes and return on one of my boats?" pursued the employer kindly. "Very much," the bookkeeper replied, brightening up, "if I could be spared so long." "I will give you a vacation and a pass," was the reply, and the young lover went away rejoicing. True to his promise, the magnate went to the captain of one of his finest boats, and told him to give the bridal couple the best quarters and every attention without charge. "After you are well out from shore," continued the employer to the captain, "hand the bridegroom this envelope with my compliments, and tell him to have a good time." The envelope contained $200. All the little worries about ways and means were swept away for these young people by the rich man's generosity and kindness. If a man can do so much to shed light on the path of his fellow, how much more may the assurance of God's embracing love dissipate our worries and put them to flight! The rich man's generosity was only a temporary kindness, but God is always dealing with us in that way, and his rich provision for us is unlimited.

THE HEROISM AND FAITHFULNESS OF CHRIST.

Seldom has there been a more heroic sacrifice than that made by seven nuns at Roberval, Quebec, when, on the 6th of January, 1897, their convent was found to be on fire at six o'clock in the morning. When the alarm was given, the nuns bravely undertook the task

of rescuing the young girls who were in attendance at their school. From floor to floor of the doomed building they rushed through blinding smoke and lurid flame, and not until every one in their charge was warned of the danger and safely out of the building did they turn to the saving of their own lives. It was then too late, and, overcome by the heat and smoke, seven of the heroic sisters gave up their lives. Such a deed arouses our sympathies and touches our hearts to admiration and tenderness. Yet these women held their students as a sacred charge, and duty and love alike united in leading them to this heroic sacrifice. But Christ came to die for our poor race when we were sinners, and tho men rejected him, and hated him, and persecuted him even unto the cross, he prayed for them in his dying moments and gave his life to redeem them. The world does not furnish a parallel for such a sacrifice. We may be sure that he who gave himself to die upon the cross for us when we were sinners will never desert us when we are trying ever so feebly to please him. Well does Isaiah say, "Faithfulness is the girdle of his reins."

THE WASTE OF SPIRITUAL RICHES.

A gentleman living in New Jersey discovered that he had what was equivalent to a little gold-mine on his farm—a mine of which he was entirely unconscious, but which other people were working to their own advantage. There is a species of rush that grows along

a little stream that flows through his property, which is used extensively for polishing meerschaum goods. These rushes are rare, and therefore very valuable. The gentleman had regarded them as only an incumbrance, until he found out that some men were secretly cutting them and carrying them away to New York. He began to investigate, and found to his astonishment that for a number of years over $1,000 worth of rushes had been sold from his property every year.

Another incident of the same character, but covering a much larger sum of money, comes to us from Montana. For several years the water which flowed from the Anaconda and St. Lawrence mines, near Butte, Mont., was allowed to go to waste, although it was known to be heavily freighted with copper. But they have now devised a plan by which they can save the copper which is carried out of the mine in the water. And they find that this refuse that has been going to waste yields $360,000 a year, or about $1,000 a day. It is estimated that $1,500,000 went to waste before the loss was discovered, or at least before a way was discovered to prevent it.

The saddest thing in modern life is the waste of spiritual resources in our churches. Multitudes of men and women who by character, culture, refinement, ability, are capable of splendid work for the Master are going with idle hands while the world "lieth in wickedness." If all the buried talents could be brought out of their hiding-places and put to work in the activities of the church, what an abundance of spiritual wealth would be disclosed! This waste of

spiritual possibility is the saddest waste of all. It is a small matter that rushes or copper should be lost, compared to the loss of soul treasures that could so sweeten the earth if properly husbanded and put to use.

DANGER OF DELAY IN DEALING WITH LITTLE SINS.

Thirty years ago a French naturalist brought a handful of gypsy moths to this country for purposes of scientific experiment. Some of the moths escaped. If taken in hand at once, they could easily have been destroyed, but the State authorities dallied with the question for twenty years before they really set to work to destroy them. Up to the present time, that little handful of moths has cost the State of Massachusetts alone $700,000, and it is estimated that it will cost at least $1,000,000 more to put an end to them. The dangerous multiplication of evil thoughts and the growth of sinful habit are like that. If the wicked thought is driven out at once, it can be done easily; but if permitted to nest in the heart it rapidly multiplies in power and influence.

KEEP YOUR BASKET OPEN.

A little girl in Brooklyn, only two and a half years old, being left alone for a minute where there was an open window, climbed up on to the window-sill in a fourth-floor flat. She fell out. There was a network of clothes-lines running from poles to the win-

dows. The child struck one and bounded to another, and was thus delayed in falling. It happened that a woman was hanging clothes from the ground. She looked up and saw the child falling. She screamed, but, notwithstanding her terror, thought and acted quickly. She picked up her clothes-basket, and, bracing herself, caught the baby in safety. It is good to cultivate the art of reaching out the helping hand, and putting our basket of salvation under those who have lost their footing and are tumbling to disaster.

MAKING FRIENDS FOR THE FUTURE.

Richard T. Grant, at one time a very well-known writer, died in a New York boarding-house, alone and broken-hearted. His last poem was found among his papers. When taken in connection with his death, it is full of pathos:

"In a time forgot, in a land unknown,
There lived a man unto none akin,
Whose life was a ceaseless monotone,
That jarred with the harmony within.
In the links of friendship's golden chain
His hungering heart he eager bound,
But each link brought with it bitter pain,
For his seeming friend he faithless found."

It is infinitely sad to see a life go out in such loneliness. Those who in youth make friends with Jesus Christ will find, as they grow older, that he will not only be faithful to them, but will introduce them into many other comforting associations. Let no young

man or young woman delay to make this holy friendship that will be the chief comfort in old age.

IS YOUR SIGNAL RELIABLE?

A horrible accident occurred on Long Island, when a railroad train ran unheralded into a tally-ho coach, and destroyed several precious lives. The accident seems to have been caused by the block-signal gong machinery being out of order. The people living near by the place of the accident testified that the gong had not rung the alarm at the approach of a train for several weeks. It is well for every Christian to ask himself frequently whether his signal system is all right or not. Is the conscience tender and sensitive to the approach of evil? Does his daily example fly the flag of obedience to Christ? Let us see to it that we are not stumbling-blocks to others. A little patient self-examination every day will be a good thing for every one of us.

THE REWARD OF PERSEVERANCE.

A man who was camping out in British Columbia was digging a trench around his tent so as to drain away the water from the rainfall, when he struck a gold-seamed rock that was wonderfully rich. He had been prospecting for a long time, and had almost lost hope. The only words he could say when he met his friend were, "I've found it! I've found it!" Many lose the great blessings of life because they give up

too soon. There is no field so fertile for human cultivation as the one called patience. It is the one who perseveres unto the end who shall obtain the crown of life which fadeth not away.

A MILLIONAIRE ON THE GALLOWS.

A young man was hanged in the State of Missouri for the murder of his wife and child when he was intoxicated. He was a man of education, and had many brilliant gifts. He had been reared in affluence, and his father left him an inheritance of a million dollars. Liquor became his master. When under its influence he was a miserable slave who did its foul bidding. Better a thousand times to be poor and free than a millionaire and the slave of the wine-cup!

THE NEED OF AN UP-TO-DATE CHURCH.

A man digging a well in Minnesota discovered an old Spanish gunboat which has since been completely unearthed. The impression is that the boat was run up into that region by the early Spanish discoverers about the year 1600, when a much larger part of the State was under water than now. Five cannon and two mortars and a large number of cannon-balls were found on board. The gunboat was found in the bed of a creek, which was no doubt in the old time a navigable river. As the years have passed by, it has been covered over completely by the soil, until thus discovered by accident. It is interesting as a curi-

osity, but worthless as a gunboat. A good many churches are in that condition. They belong to another age. Instead of keeping pace with the current of the world, floating on the bosom of its life, keeping in touch with its living heart, they have been covered over with its drift and forgotten. They are interesting relics of a dead past, but are worthless as allies in the capture of the world for Christ. Almost every church has some members in the same condition.

SLAIN BY DWARFS.

A young man twenty-seven years of age, living in Williamsbridge, N. Y., was sent to an insane asylum, his mind having been destroyed by cigarette smoking. He was a bright young fellow, and graduated from the high school at the head of a large class. All who knew him predicted for him a brilliant future. He obtained a good position in New York City, and was rapidly promoted. There was one little worm, however, at the root of this fair young tree, which has now utterly destroyed all its brilliant promise. He began to smoke cigarettes during his school-days, but at the outset he was moderate. As he became interested in business, the daily consumption of cigarettes increased, until it undermined his health and sapped his ability. He tried to quit, but failed. The little piece of rice paper was his master. Nothing that harms us is too small or insignificant an enemy for us to treat with contempt. Keep the body pure.

DEATH ALWAYS NEAR.

One evening in Brooklyn, a great scare was caused at the junction of DeKalb Avenue and Fulton Street, when the DeKalb Avenue trolley-wire broke and, curling down, got caught between the front wheel of the car and the rail. The whole block was lit up with a noonday brightness, the white light being accompanied by a great sizzling. The people in the neighborhood fled in all directions, and several drivers had difficulty in holding their frightened horses. The passengers in the car were nearly wild with fear, and every face was white as they were assisted out of danger. We are always thus near to the gate of death—not here and there one, but everybody. This makes Easter the most splendid of all our holidays, for it has a message of good cheer and hope to the universal human heart.

STANDING IN OUR PLACE.

A New York merchant who is very wealthy is afflicted with blindness, caused by the atrophy of the optic nerve. He so greatly desires to recover his sight that he has offered a reward of a million dollars to any one that will restore him the use of his eyes. A very poor young man, who is afflicted in the same way, has been hired by this wealthy merchant to permit the experiments which are suggested to him to be tried on his eyes. He stands in the rich man's place with the added interest that if the experiments are

successful he will recover his own sight, as well as lead to the recovery of his employer. But suppose it were turned around, and the rich man were to give up his wealth, and his own sight, and his life even, to stand in the place of this poor man, and bring recovery and comfort to him, how infinitely more striking and interesting it would be! But Christ did more than that for us. He had the glory of heaven, and riches beyond our dreams; and yet he became poor and lonely and outcast, and suffered and died upon the cross in our stead; went down into the grave for us; but, blessed be God! he broke the bands of death asunder, and stands glorified in heaven, the pledge that all who sleep in Jesus shall have like victory!

NEED OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.

That is a splendid appeal of St. Paul, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." One may be very much alive in every other department of his being, and yet share no spiritual life with Jesus Christ. Dr. C. A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, England, has given utterance to this striking sentence: "It is possible to be intellectually great, ethically enthusiastic, and spiritually dead."

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

A little girl of four, with her nurse, was walking at the seaside. They came to an inlet, and the nurse decided to row across, believing that by so doing

she would shorten the walk home. When the boat reached the opposite side, she put the child ashore, thinking she was but a little distance from home, and rowed the borrowed boat back. The distance was not great, but was very rough and difficult for a child so small. She struggled on through the coarse grass and heavy sand, until at last her mother saw her coming, and hurried to meet her. The mother exclaimed: "Were you frightened, my sweet?" "I felt very lost," was the reply, "but I sang 'Lead, Kindly Light' to myself all the way." This sweet little story suggests to our thought the multitude of children who have grown taller, who are pressing their way through the hard thickets of life and the heavy sand of the seashores of mystery, to whom the Easter hope is the "Lead, Kindly Light" that is nerving their souls and inspiring their courage to press forward—

"O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which they have loved long since, and lost awhile!"

"THE RISING ONE."

Our German ancestors personified the beautiful spring as a goddess whom they called Ostera, "The Rising One," and her festival was celebrated at the rising period of the year. In the whole ritual of the nature-cult there could be nothing more winsome than the worship of this daughter of the sun; and when the rough people of the North had set Jesus in the

place of all their old deities, the festival which honored him as "the Rising One" drew to itself the dear old name of Easter.

A PETTY SPIRIT.

Some people are always getting roiled up like a shallow spring. If a spring is deep and large enough, you can dip a great bucket of water out of it and stir no mud; but if it is a little shallow place, a pint cup will roil it so that no one will want to have anything to do with it. A Congressman went to New York to attend the Grant memorial exercises, and because the reception committee, by accident, failed to recognize his majesty when he got out of the train in Jersey City, though afterward they did everything they could to make it all right, he sulked and pouted and refused to register at the hotel where the other Congressmen were staying; yet, some way or other, the program of the day was carried out just the same. One never makes a greater blunder than by condescending to allow little and petty things to disturb his peace. That is a strong and true sentence that comes to us from the wise prophet of old, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

LOOKING OUT FOR OLD AGE.

It is a great thing to live one's youth and middle life in such a spirit that in old age the forces of earlier life will continue to give us interesting and

happy employment of mind and hand. I think one of the most pathetic things I have read for a long time is an utterance credited to Prince Bismarck: "I feel tired, but I am not sick. My complaint is uneasiness of life, in which I no longer have any object. Nothing that I can see gives me a pleasure. I feel lonely. I have lost my wife, and my sons have their own business to attend to. Agriculture and forestry have lost interest, and politics are beginning to bore me." How Mr. Gladstone's enthusiasm for the Armenians, and his admiration for Grecian heroism, and his interest and happiness in every good deed that was being performed anywhere in the world, stand out in brilliant contrast to this. If we spend our youth and our middle life in real fellowship with Christ, seeking to make the world better, we shall not lose interest in life as we grow old, but our youth will be renewed in the new struggles for liberty and righteousness which are ever being exhibited.

LITTLE MEN REQUIRE MUCH ROOM.

If Lot had been as large a man, in mind and heart, as Abraham, there would have been plenty of room for them both in the same country; but Lot was a little man with enormous greed. It is hard for such a man to live in peace anywhere. A very interesting surgical operation, performed at Atlanta, Ga., let the light of intelligence into the darkened mind of a girl who, at the age of eleven, had the intellect of a baby. A bright young physician suggested that the trouble

was due to the fact that the child's skull was too small and rigid to permit her brain to grow. He urged her parents to permit an operation which would lift the skull and give the brain more room. The parents wisely decided to risk the experiment. The operation was successful, and the child immediately showed marked mental improvement. Such men as Lot need some sort of moral surgical operation to open their hearts and give them room for a larger vision.

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

The whole world never tires of doing honor to the great captain who, at the close of a long and bloody war, had a soul large enough to see in his conquered foes an army of brothers, and voiced the best sentiment of the nation's heart when he uttered the words that have been graven on his splendid tomb, "Let us have peace." It was deeds like that that made it possible for the South to vie with the North in expressions of affection and honor at the tomb of Grant.

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE.

The spirit in which we live is, after all, more important than the deeds we do. Abraham lived in the desert, and tented out like an American Indian, but he lived in a great and reverent spirit, so fine in its quality, both in its faith in God and in its generosity toward the men with whom he had dealings, that he has stood up from the desert a sort of beacon-light of history, a lighthouse to which men look for courage.

As Christians we are urged to live in the spirit of Christ. That noble-hearted Scotchman, John Stuart Blackie, used to say to his friends, "Look Christ in the face; in all things note what Christ did in like circumstances, and do as he would have done." Any one of us living our lives in that spirit will find that commonplace duties grow fine and romantic.

USELESS CONSULS.

A young New York business man who has been making a tour of the West Indies in search of information as to trade conditions and possibilities in that region, complains that he could not get the slightest assistance from the United States consuls. This was not because they were unwilling to assist him, but because they were entirely unfit for their positions. He often found the Stars and Stripes flying over the door of a man who could not speak a word of the language of the people among whom he lived, and knew nothing about the commerce or resources of the island where he represented the United States. Every Christian is under obligation to represent Jesus Christ to those who do not know him. Many times those who bear his name fail to properly make him known because of their ignorance. If we are going to make our Christianty of value to others, we must be not only earnest, but intelligent Christians ourselves. We should study to know Christ more perfectly, not only for our own comfort, but that we may be able to make our knowledge a blessing to others.

OUR SISTERS IN THE SWEAT-SHOPS.

The State Factory Inspector of New York, Daniel O'Leary, reported that some of the worst sweat-shops in New York City had been found where the most fashionable clothing was being made for the well-to-do and the rich. It was discovered that young girls were compelled to work in quarters that rendered health impossible. They were wan-looking, with eyes inflamed from bad light and lack of ventilation. If well-to-do women, as well as men, would only take the care to find out where their clothing is made, and make sure that the workers receive a fair compensation, these crime-breeding, health-destroying sweat-shops would soon be a thing of the past. Our carelessness about these things is one of the greatest factors in the cruel oppression of the poor. A Christian conception of the brotherhood of man will cause us to be careful and not careless of the people who minister to our comfort.

LIVING IN POVERTY WITH WEALTH LYING IDLE.

A man who lived alone, a sort of hermit life, died in Brooklyn, and had been dead several days before the body was found. He had been living seemingly in great poverty and had spent scarcely anything for the comforts of life, but on his death it was discovered that he owned a three-story house, and, besides a great deal of money stuffed away in odd places about

his room, had more than $12,000 in the bank. It is a sad thing to see one denying himself the common comforts of life when he has within reach an abundance of means to supply them; but it is far sadder for one to live in poverty of soul, without the pleasures of hope and faith and love, when these soul-treasures are within his reach in unlimited abundance.

RICHES FORFEITED THROUGH DISOBEDIENCE.

The newspapers have had a good deal to say concerning the conduct of a young lady in California who married contrary to her father's wishes, and who felt constrained on account of this disobedience to return to her father $1,500,000 worth of property which he had given her during her girlhood. This was, of course, a voluntary act, as her father had no legal claim upon the wealth. It suggests, however, a frequent occurrence in regard to spiritual things. The soul that sins against God and disobeys his will forfeits all spiritual wealth. This is not because God is miserly, or takes it away from us in anger, but because it is impossible for us to enjoy the rich treasures of the soul unless we are at peace with God through obedience to his will.

THE LIGHT THAT WARMS.

On the Yukon River in Alaska, during the winter months, the aurora, or northern light, shines with great brilliance, and is intensely beautiful. This

lovely light commences to reveal itself early in the fall, and lasts, with more or less brilliancy, throughout the long arctic winter. It generally begins upon the setting of the sun, altho in midwinter it has sometimes been so bright that it was visible at noon, while the sun was shining brightly. The rays of the light first shoot forth a quick, quivering motion, are then gathered and form a great arch of fire, spanning the heavens. It glows for an instant like a girdle of burnished gold; then, unfolding, great curtains of light drop forth. *The Alaska News* says these royal mantles of bright orange, green, pink, rose, yellow, and crimson are suspended and waved between heaven and earth as with an invisible hand. The rapid gyrations and scintillations of light and blending colors are intensely bewildering and superbly beautiful. The whole phenomena of waving wreaths, flickering flames, rays, curtains, fringes, bands, and flashing colors, the strange confusion of light and motion, now high in the heavens, then dropping like curtains of gold and silver lace, sparkling with a wealth of rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds, penetrating dark gulches, and darting through sombre green forests, lighting the whole landscape as with tens of thousands of electric lamps, form a picture of which words can convey but a very poor idea. And yet in all this light, beautiful as it is, there is no warmth. As it flashes along the frozen rivers, and reveals the huge mountains of glistening ice, it only causes one to button his coat closer over his chest, and with a shiver he is glad to seek a light of less brilliancy, but of life-giving warmth.

All the lights of worldliness are like the aurora of the Arctic. No matter how brilliant they may be, they have no power to give saving warmth to the soul. Jesus Christ, the "Sun of Righteousness," who rises in his resurrection glory upon our hearts, has warmth and healing in his beams. The glory of his presence "will swallow up death in victory," and the warmth of his love will chase "tears from off all faces."

TRANSFORMING OUR NATURES.

Dr. A. E. Brehm, in *The Popular Science Monthly*, tells the story of a baboon which he kept as a pet in his home in Germany. The baboon at first concentrated her tenderness upon the children of the village, but, to her great sorrow, they were all afraid of her. Then she turned to cats and dogs, and teased and tormented them in every way. One bright little kitten, which most of the time she carried in her arms, was tired one day of her company, and attempted to escape. The ape strongly objected; and the kitten, in its struggle, scratched her in the shoulder. Gravely the baboon seized one of the paws of her pet, examined it carefully, and, evidently regarding the sharp claws as a dangerous superfluity in so small a being, deliberately bit them all off one by one. That is the idea some people have of reformation. But Jesus Christ goes far deeper than that. He transforms our nature not by destroying our passions and appetites and tempers, but by purifying our hearts, and setting all our powers to the defense of righteousness. The

ideal Christian manhood is not obtained by marring and maiming our nature, but by bringing all into harmony with the spirit of Christ.

CHARACTER BUILDING.

There was a great deal of curiosity aroused at one time in society circles in Naples, Italy, concerning a beautiful shaft of Carrara marble which had been set up in the cemetery there, and on which the leading sculptors were constantly at work, beautifying it with delicate designs in subtile carvings. Its splendid art and magnificence aroused the admiration of critics, and, as there was no name on it, its unknown destiny kindled widespread curiosity and interest. But later all curiosity was satisfied when a sculptor's chisel carved the name "Crispi" near the base. They knew then it was to mark the resting-place of the great Italian statesman when his life-work was ended. This suggests a significant truth. Every one of us is building up steadily and surely a character, either good and beautiful or ugly and repulsive, that is to be a more enduring monument than ever was carved from a block of Carrara marble. On what ideal are we forming it?

WHERE ARE YOUR TREASURES?

A miser in Chicago was so suspicious of everybody that he would not trust his money in the bank, but buried it in his cellar. One night some thieves broke

into the cellar and dug up every inch of sand and dirt until they found his box of gold and carried it away. The poor old fellow was nearly crazy over his loss. But the old man has many people following his example in the care of priceless treasures. How many there are who are laying away all their treasures in the sand and dirt of this earthly cellar, when heaven's strong vaults are offered to us for their safe keeping. Jesus says: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

SAVING OR LOSING.

Dr. Nansen, the great Norwegian explorer, was greatly honored in London. Seven thousand distinguished people gathered to cheer him, while the Prince of Wales presented to him the medal of the Royal Geographical Society. To Nansen what a contrast it must have seemed to the loneliness and cold and danger of the arctic solitudes where this honor was earned. There is no easy way to greatness. That which is worth having costs heavily. This is true also in the spiritual world. How clearly Christ sets forth this truth: "For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it: but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

There has been a good deal of comment on the lack of cleanliness on the part of the bakers. Some of the bakeshops in the city of Brooklyn were closed by the State Factory Inspector on this account. It is, of course, very important that the room where bread is made should be clean, and that the men and women who make it should be cleanly in their habits. But how much more important it is that all who handle the Bread of Life, whether ministers or laymen, should have clean hands and pure hearts, that no infection of worldliness or sin may cling to the sacred food.

HELP THAT COMES TO LATE.

Some gentlemen interested themselves in securing pardon for a young fellow who had been sent to prison at Sing Sing, nine years ago, on a thirty-year sentence for a comparatively small offense. The young man's life in prison showed that he was not a criminal at heart, and efforts were made to secure a pardon and give him one chance more to make a man of himself. But the matter was not pressed very urgently, and the poor fellow watched in vain day after day, until he lost heart. Finally the Governor granted the pardon, but, alas! it arrived in Sing Sing the day after he had died of a broken heart. How many weary souls there are outside of prisons, in respectable walks of life, who need words of kindness, of sympathy and for-

giveness. Let us not wait until to-morrow to speak them. Beware of waiting until your help comes too late!

OPPORTUNITY.

A good rendering of the word opportunity is "Opposite a port." Any sailor knows that when you are opposite the port it is best to sail in at once, for if you drift by the harbor's mouth, it may be well-nigh impossible to beat back against the wind and current. God has put the spirit of missions into all his creation. One thing ministers to another throughout all nature. It is said that even the wasps, when they find honey, go to tell others about it. Surely we ought to be better than the wasps, and joyfully carry the Gospel honey to the ends of the earth.

BOARDING THE SHIP A SECOND TIME.

During January, 1897, a British bark was in awful peril on the Vancouver coast near Cape Beale. For four days the captain saw neither sun nor stars on account of dense fog. One day, at noon, a shout of "Breakers ahead!" was the first warning he had of the dangerous position in which he was placed. A heavy sea was running at the time, and an attempt to weather the ship proved futile. The anchors were then let go, and, as the big ship rounded, one of the cables parted, leaving her within one hundred feet of the shore and in immediate danger of parting the other cable. Breakers were running forty feet high, and as

there was no possibility, apparently, of saving the vessel, it was finally decided to launch the boats and attempt to reach shore. Several boats were capsized as soon as launched, but finally the officers and crew of thirty-three men escaped safely through the surf. The sailors spent the night under the upturned life-boat. In the morning the weather had moderated, and as, to their great astonishment and delight, the ship still headed to her anchor, the captain and crew boarded her, and, setting sail, soon escaped from the dangerous position. Let no man give up because he has been shipwrecked and cast ashore. Board the Gospel ship again and set sail. Peter did that after his shipwreck, and God gave him a great host to bring with him into the harbor of heaven.

A MORAL DERELICT.

It is said that between Fire Island and the southern end of Ireland are ten wrecks in the line taken by steamers sailing to and from New York. These derelicts, as they are called, are the hulls of wrecked vessels that, tho they show but little or nothing above the water, form a fearful peril for the ocean steamer. There is perhaps no danger in ocean travel that gives the steamer captain so much serious anxiety as the derelict. Alas! there are many moral derelicts in our churches. Their names are on the church-rolls, but they are water-soaked and water-logged with worldliness. They carry no flag and no light, but they are dangerous to run against. It ought to be our purpose

not to drift with the currents, but to sail somewhere with a definite purpose. The drifting soul is always a danger to others as well as in deadly peril itself.

TRAITORS ABOARD THE SHIP.

The steamer *Commodore*, which was sunk off the coast of Florida while on her way to carry aid to the Cubans, it is thought was sent to the bottom by the hand of a treacherous enemy on board the ship. Two men who claimed to be friends of the enterprise scuttled the vessel, after having removed the valves from the pumps so that the crew could not save themselves. Beware of treachery in your own heart. How often we hear it said of some man, "He is his own worst enemy." It is never safe to harbor an evil habit, or a lurking thought which is treacherous to the main purpose of our lives. In the midst of the storm, off a rocky coast, the cherished secret sin will scuttle the ship and send us to the bottom.

KNOWN BY HIS LIMP.

A man recently escaped from jail, but in doing so injured his leg in getting over the prison wall. About the only thing the police had to go by, in helping them to capture him, was the knowledge that he limped, and it was his limp that caused his arrest. How many of us, in a moral way, are known by our limp. An ugly temper, a habit of sneering at another's success, a critical, gossipy spirit, a carelessness about

truthful statement, a reputation for relating salacious stories, or a soft spot of self-indulgence—some *limp* that the world sees far more clearly even than we do. Christ sees our imperfections, too, but he is sensitive to them with the feeling of the physician who is able to heal them.

THE POWER OF DISCIPLINE.

The power of discipline was not long ago illustrated at the House of Refuge on Randall's Island. But for it, six hundred young boys would have been thrown into a panic and many lives lost. Tho they were aroused out of slumber at two o'clock in the morning, the signal for fire-drill was given and the well-disciplined lads fell to their places and were marched out of the building in safety. If we are to do good work for humanity, we must discipline ourselves to regular effort. It is the steady onward push of the disciplined purpose that counts in the struggle of life.

A SNOW-BLOCKED SWITCH.

A serious accident was caused on the elevated railroad in Brooklyn not long since by a snow-blocked switch. The snow had so packed in and blocked the switch that it would not work, and the result was the collision of two trains. In Christian work, as in handling railroad trains, it is very important to keep the switches open. Our silent, unseen influence is all the time switching immortal travelers to the right or

the left. The snow of indifference or worldliness must not be allowed to gather in our hearts or freeze up our Christlike devotion to duty.

A LOST CROWN.

The presence in Washington of ex-Queen Liliuokalani, of Hawaii, was made an occasion of newspaper gossip and jest and scoff. There does not seem to be anything more utterly without a place in the world than a dethroned queen or king. While they are on the throne there are plenty to do them reverence, and their power for good or ill is very great; but when the crown is taken from their heads their situation is pitiful indeed. This should suggest to us the emphasis we ought to put on the earnest words of Christ, "Let no man take thy crown."

HOW THE CHINOOK WIND COMES.

The "chinook" is a piercing wind that blows over the great plateaus of eastern Oregon and Washington, and will sometimes melt a foot of snow in a single night, changing the temperature many degrees within a few hours. Sometimes the coming of Christianity to a nation is like that. It has been that way in Japan, where the old religions have seemed to break down within a few years, and Christian civilization to come upon the people like a chinook wind on the northern snow-fields. The warm wind of the Gospel is always blowing, and the snow-fields and icebergs

of heathenism will steadily give way before it until "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun doth his successive journeys run."

A SCOTCH STEWARDESS.

Two women were traveling alone across the Atlantic. It was a stormy passage, and the seasickness and fear caused them to cling desperately, as to their only friend, to the little stewardess who nursed them. She was a gentle Scotchwoman, a little past middle age, and being lonely, too, in the huge, noisy steamer, her tongue was loosened by their kindness. They very soon knew all about the sweater's shop for which she had worked twenty years in Glasgow, and how some wonderful good luck had brought her the chance of this place, and how, if she could keep it for two years longer, she would have saved enough to go back to her old mother in the Highlands, and live on their cotter's patch in peace to the end of their days.

"Mother is hoping for it, too. It will be great comfort," she said, ending her story, her grave eyes shining. "I will bring your tea now."

But a strange woman brought the tea.

"Where is Jean?" they asked impatiently.

"The chief steward has ordered her to another part of the ship," was the reply. "Two passengers are ill, and she is to nurse them."

"They can not need her as much as we do," the Americans grumbled; but Jean did not come again.

On her way for the tea, the head steward had met

her. "Two women," he said, "are seized with what the doctor hopes is only measles. They must be isolated, with one stewardess to attend them. I have chosen you. Get what is necessary, and come at once."

"Must I go?" Jean faltered.

"You are single, and the other women have children depending on them. The disease may be malignant." The man hesitated, looking at her. "I can't force you to do it," he said gently; "but somebody must go."

Jean stood a minute. She saw the old mother at the door of the little cottage. So many years she had worked for her.

"Yes, I will go," she said quietly.

A few minutes later she passed into the hospital-room, carrying a bundle, and the heavy oak door closed behind her.

The fact that the two patients were isolated was kept secret in the ship, in order that the passengers should not be alarmed. They recovered sufficiently before the vessel reached port for her to escape quarantine.

"There were no other patients?" the examining physician demanded.

"But one," replied the captain; "their nurse. She was not strong, and succumbed at once."

"You are fortunate; I can pass you."

Days before the ship reached harbor, a plain, wooden box was brought on deck, one evening, and, after a brief, hurried service, slid into the sea.

"Who is dead?" asked a startled passenger.

"Only one of the stewardesses," was the reply.

One's heart breaks over that simple story, and yet it is only a faint suggestion of the wondrous sacrifice which Jesus Christ made on the cross for us. The noble little Scotch stewardess had a chance of escaping the disease, and these were her sisters for whom she risked her life. But Jesus Christ laid aside all the glory of heaven, and came down into the hospital-room of our poor sin-sick world, and died in our stead. It seems strange that there is any human heart so hard that it does not melt at the sight of the Cross.

FAMILY TREASURES IN A JUNK-SHOP.

A wealthy man of New York City has a summer mansion up the Hudson, and also a residence in the city. Desiring to return to the city late in the season, he directed his butler to clean up the house from top to bottom, and get it ready for the family. The butler, in the course of his house-cleaning, came upon a lot of old papers and books, stowed away in the attic, and, thinking they were only rubbish, sold them to a junk-dealer for two cents a pound. But they proved to be most sacred family relics, that were priceless in their value to the family, and were finally rescued through the junk-dealer selling some of them to a historical society. How many people there are who are bartering away priceless treasures as tho they were only rubbish. Many a young man has bartered away his purity and innocency of soul, thinking, as Solomon says, that "Stolen waters are sweet, and

bread eaten in secret is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell."

CHRISTIANITY AND THE X-RAYS.

Wonderful things are happening these days in surgery by the aid of the X-rays. In a hospital in Bridgeport, Conn., a woman who was born blind has been given her sight through a surgical operation which was only made possible by the aid of this new and wonderful light. When John's disciples came to Jesus asking for proofs of his Messiahship, he told them to go back and tell John that the blind had received sight at his touch. The world was never so full of evidences of the divinity of Christianity as it is now. Every hospital and every invention to relieve human suffering bears testimony to the divine mission of the "Great Physician."

A HEROIC YOUNG PRINTER.

Nicholas Doyle, working in a printing office in New Brunswick, N. J., was known in the office as the printer's "devil," but proved himself a noble young hero when the building in which he worked was on fire. The fire originated in the press-room, and Doyle discovered it. Despite the danger, he rushed upstairs, through the thick smoke, and went to every department giving the alarm, and did not think of trying to save himself until all the rest were safe.

By that time escape was cut off by the stairway, and he was compelled to jump from the second-story window, but fortunately was not badly hurt. He saved twenty lives by his unselfish heroism. Christian heroism is like that, in that its chief glory is in its unselfishness. To think first of others and put ourselves last is to follow in the footsteps of Jesus.

A BRAVE POLICEMAN.

A horse ran away on Third Avenue, New York City, with a two-wheeled gig attached to it. He had already hurt several people, and, with the wrecked gig pounding away at his heels, was frantic, and plunged still more wildly down the crowded street. Policeman Johns saw the runaway coming, and determined to stop it at whatever peril to himself. He stationed himself directly in line, and as the horse drew near threw himself at his head and grasped the head-stall with both hands. Those who saw the act gasped. They expected to see the policeman trodden under foot. The horse did his best to shake off the heavy man, but Johns hung on. He was dragged clear across the bridge to the Harlem side. Then his weight won the victory, and he slowly pulled the horse to a halt. Others ran up and held it, and the policeman, exhausted, fell to the street at the feet of the animal he had conquered. His prompt and daring heroism had no doubt saved several lives. It was like that that Jesus Christ threw himself before our wild and headlong race when it was going recklessly to

ruin, and tho he was trampled to death, he conquered death and the grave, and lives forevermore to intercede for poor sinners. Every once in a while there is a man like John Howard, or William Lloyd Garrison, or a woman like Dorothea Dix, or Florence Nightingale, or Clara Barton, with so much of the spirit of Christ that they throw themselves, with seemingly reckless self-sacrifice, to stop the waste of human life. Such heroic personalities, possessed by the spirit of Christ, are the saviors of their times.

STRANDED ON THE MUD-FLATS.

Three men undertook to sail from Barren Island to Canarsie in Long Island. As the tide was very high, they attempted to sail across what is known as the "slop-meadows," thinking the high tide would carry them safely anywhere. They were caught, however, on the mud-flats, and were compelled to remain out in the rain all night. The simple incident suggests the annoyance and mortification which a great many people meet in forsaking the simple channels of life, which are not only safe but which are well known to them, and seeking to float upon the high tide of extravagance, or social vanity, which is often so alluring. Nothing is more pitiable than to see a farmer have to mortgage his farm, and after a while be compelled to give it up to strangers, because his vanity prompted him to build the finest farmhouse in the community; or to see a well-to-do business man going into bankruptcy, and settling with his creditors at fifty cents

on the dollar, to satisfy the whims of his family in their desire to shine in a social set which regards them as interlopers. The happiest as well as the most useful life in the world is one of straightforward simplicity which affects nothing but does its best, and shines because it is genuine.

SAVED OTHERS BUT COULD NOT SAVE HERSELF.

A little girl eleven years old, who was doing the housework in her home in Elizabeth, N. J., during the sickness of her mother, was suddenly horrified to see that her little baby brother had upset the lamp, and his clothing had taken fire. She determined to save the child, and ran with him to a lounge, screaming for help. She rolled him over and over until the flames were put out, altho her own clothing had taken fire and she was being burned to death while she was making sure of the baby's safety. She saved the baby and he was not badly burned, but the heroic girl died after a few hours. The brave little girl was living in the spirit of Him who, when he was hanging upon the cross, was mocked by his persecutors, with the insulting challenge that was truer than they knew, "He saved others; himself he can not save."

AN EEL THAT STOPPED A TRAIN.

A fast express train on the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad was brought to a standstill one evening in a strange way. The fireman found that it

was impossible to keep up steam. Examination showed that only a very small amount of water was coming through the feed-pipe. The train was stopped, and a further investigation was made, with the result of discovering a big eel in the pipe. The stranger was alive and wriggling, but the engineer soon despatched him, and brought him along as proof of his story of the cause of his being late. The eel had probably been sucked up into the water tank when quite small. Many a train of righteous influence, making for the salvation of men, has been stopped by an equally insignificant cause. We must beware of little things that will shut off our supply of spiritual power. There must be no wriggling eel of selfishness in the spiritual feed-pipe.

THE BEST INVESTMENT.

The best place to invest one's energy and ability is in the bettering of human lives. It is sad indeed to see men or women who have passed by all the opportunities of enlarging and enriching character that would go on with blessed influence, and have invested their all in money, which only surrounds them with a horde of greedy paupers and sharks who seek to prey upon them. In the Fair will case in San Francisco the physician who attended the millionaire in his last illness testified to a series of incidents which would have made a fitting picture for Hogarth's pencil. Not one of Mr. Fair's children was at his death-bed. Only hired attendants were present. The valet was

drunk. His confidential bookkeeper and his collection agent would seize the drunken valet every time he came out of the room, eagerly asking, "Is the old man dying? How much longer will he last?" Finally the valet reported that Mr. Fair was actually in the throes of death, when these two rushed in. They paid no heed to the pitiful figure on the bed, gasping for breath, but hastily gathered up all the papers, account-books, and other documents that were in the safe and bureaus, even the personal belongings of the millionaire. How much better if this rich man had put his riches into streams of intellectual and spiritual blessings that would not only have refreshed his own nature but have made his life a rich blessing to the world! Greed is the poorest investment any man can make.

FROZEN HYDRANTS.

In one of our large cities a fire that with proper resources could have been quickly extinguished spread to enormous proportions and destroyed a large amount of property because the firemen found the water frozen in the first hydrants they undertook to use. Revivals of religion and attempts to put out the fires of sin in the community are often hindered in the same way. The hydrant of the water of life in some minister or layman who stands in the necessary relation to the work in hand is frozen up. It is a terrible thing to have people depend on us and resort to us in time of great need, and have only a frozen heart to show them.

THE ICE-RINGS ON TREES AND HEARTS.

Traveling through the Mohawk Valley on a railroad train when the ice was breaking up, it was interesting to notice that where the valley had been overflowed by the river the high-water mark on the trees growing in the valley was a huge circle of ice around the trunk of the tree. The ice had frozen there when the river was high, and when it fell away this huge ring of ice remained. The trees looked very odd with these ice-rings, many feet above the present stage of the water. As I looked at them, however, it seemed to me they illustrated the condition of a great many people whom we meet in churches, in whom religion at some time has been at high-water mark, and they have retained certain ice-rings of reminiscence, which they are always exhibiting, but the current of spiritual life no longer surges in their hearts. It is always a pitiful sight.

KINDNESS AND JUSTICE IN THE LABOR WORLD.

The proverb of Solomon that a soft answer turneth away wrath is not more true in personal relations than in the larger affairs of social intercourse. In these days, when the papers are filling up again with the rumors of strikes, and strife between labor and capital, it is very comforting as well as interesting to notice the splendid success which attended Commissioner Waring's "Labor Senate," which he organized in

the Street-Cleaning Department of New York City. Under this arrangement all complaints, grievances, petitions, or suggestions for improvement came before a committee of forty-one, which was selected by the men themselves. The result was that the streets never were so clean in the history of the city, and that peace and mutual respect reigned throughout the department. Nothing works so well as applied Christianity in human affairs.

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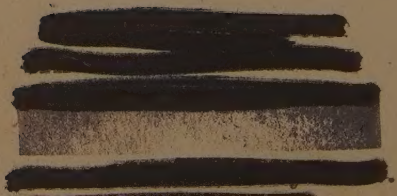

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